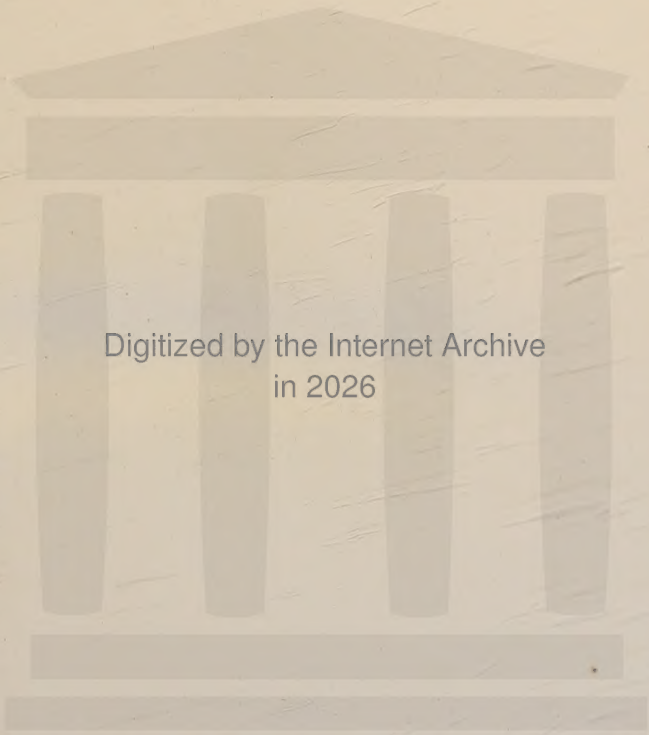
Tannahill's Poems and Songs.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Robt Fannahill.

THE

POEMS AND SONGS

AND CORRESPONDENCE

OF

ROBERT TANNAHILL

WITH

LIFE AND NOTES

BY

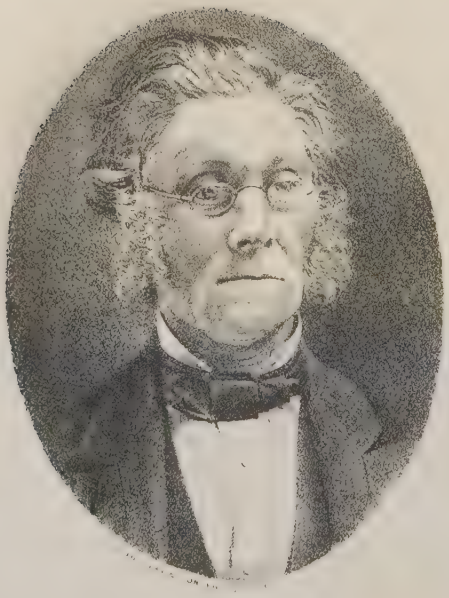
DAVID SEMPLE F. S. A.

"I would I were a weaver, I could sing all manner of songs"

Shakspere

PAISLEY: ALEX. GARDNER

1876



Yours faithfully
Wm David Semple

TO THE

SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF PAISLEY,

BORN AND ADOPTED,

AT

HOME AND ABROAD,

THIS EDITION

OF

TANNAHILL'S POEMS AND SONGS,

WITH NOTES AND

LIFE OF THE AUTHOR,

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

BY THE EDITOR,

DAVID SEMPLE.

PREFACE.

TWENTY months ago, I had not the most remote idea of Editing the Works of the gentle lyrist of Paisley, ROBERT TANNAHILL. Within the last six years, I have been asked on four different occasions to assist in writing notes to several of the poems and songs of TANNAHILL for as many Editors or Publishers; but it went no farther with three of them. The fourth was the present Publisher, who asked me in the middle of April, 1874, to write a few topographical notes for his Centenary Edition, which was announced for publication on the 3rd of June following; and I supplied him, then, with a few hurried notes. The Centenary Edition having been eagerly bought up, and a new edition demanded by the public, I became zealous to furnish full notes, and entered on the preparation of this Edition as a labour of love; and I may say it has afforded me unmixed pleasure.

During the brief period I was engaged upon the topographical notes, I observed that, even at this distant date, a large amount of information could be gleaned respecting the Poet and his family, which, undoubtedly, in the course of a few years would be lost for ever, and

resolved at once to collect everything of interest. I soon discovered that I was not a day too early in commencing the good work, for in a very short time a large number of aged persons whom I had seen, and from whom I obtained information, were cut down by the severe winter of 1874—a winter that will long be remembered for its great severity and the excessive increase on the ordinary rate of mortality.

It was at once apparent that great improvement could be made upon the arrangement of the poems and songs by correcting titles, grouping, numbering, restoring the Scots dialect, and giving the first lines of the pieces in alphabetical order. The Scots dialect had not uniformly been given,—the tendency having rather been in each successive edition to render the Scots dialect as much as possible into English,—similar words in the same piece, even in the same verse, occurred in Scots and English, which grated harshly on the ear. These have been corrected.

A great acquisition to the volume is the introduction of a "Map of the Land of Tannahill," with a "Guide to Gleniffer Braes," which will be useful to visitors.

The manuscript Scottish song of "Cruikston Castle" has been photographed for the admirers of the Poet, who must feel gratified to observe the careful manner in which he has both written and punctuated his compositions. In comparing this manuscript song with that in the former printed editions it will be seen that a

number of the Scots words had been altered to and printed in English.

In former editions the indices were either given in the order of paging or by a mixture of titles and first lines. To obviate the difficulty of discovering any given piece I have framed an alphabetical index of first lines, not only of this edition, but of all former editions. This has the advantage of shewing the several pieces which have been printed in each edition, and also the page where each piece has occurred in the various editions.

Having obtained valuable information, and discovered important facts concerning the Poet and his family from reliable sources and authentic documents, I have written the full and complete events of his life as they occurred in strict chronological order. These facts have justified me in placing the Bard in the elevated position which he ought always to have occupied.

The poems and songs have been numbered and collected into kindred groups. The Scots words being softer and more phonetically written than the English, the pronounciation and the sense of the subject will assist an English reader in understanding them without referring to the Glossary. A few of the titles of the songs have been altered.

Several missing stanzas, unpublished and unedited pieces have been discovered, and will be found at the end of the songs.

Having been successful in recovering a large number

of TANNAHILL's letters, I considered it better that they should form a special department along with the extracts from correspondence published by former Editors. The whole are placed in chronological order. This new and important feature will, I trust, recommend itself to the admirers of the Bard.

Brief sketches of the Drawer of TANNAHILL's likeness and former Editors of his works will be found in the Appendix, and also accounts of the institution of the TANNAHILL Club in 1858, the Erection of a Monumental Tombstone in 1867, the Fixing of a Tablet of his Birth in 1872, and the proceedings at the Centenary in 1874. A complete Glossary of Scots Words is appended.

A copious Index is given at the end of the volume, enabling readers at once to put their finger upon any particular place in the volume.

I have now specially to refer to the note to the song "Thro Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's," page 233, giving the descent of His Royal Highness Prince Leopold from the heroine of the song, the beautiful Marie Queen of Scots. On the occasion of His Royal Highness visiting Paisley, when the guest of Colonel Campbell of Blythswood, I sent two copies of the page containing the note to the gallant Colonel, who wrote me on 30th September, 1875, as follows:—"His Royal Highness Prince Leopold, desires me to say that he was born on the 7th, not the 14th April, as in your printed extract." I have now most cordially to tender my best thanks to

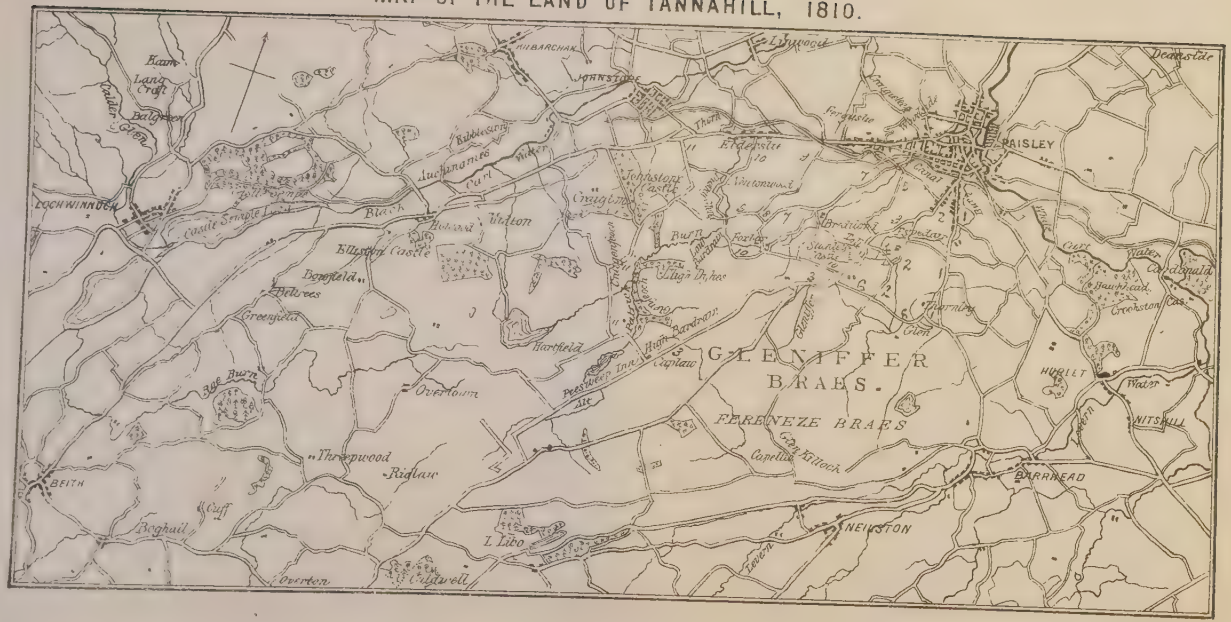
His Royal Highness for his kindness in directing my attention to the mistake.

In conclusion, I have sincerely to thank all my informants, and to acknowledge the kindly manner in which I was uniformly received and made welcome by every one for the sake of the good work I had undertaken. I specially thank the ladies and gentlemen who favoured me with letters of the Poet in their possession, and other valuable relics for publication.

DAVID SEMPLE.

TOWNHEAD,
PAISLEY, *1st December, 1875.*

MAP OF THE LAND OF TANNAHILL, 1810.



MAP OF THE LAND OF TANNAHILL.

GUIDE TO GLENIFFER BRAES.

The foregoing map, embracing portions of Renfrewshire and Ayrshire, was prepared for the benefit of visitors visiting the Land of TANNAHILL and the classic Braes of Gleniffer. These braes were the ancient forest of Paisley—the hunting ground of the Stewarts, Barons of the Barony of Renfrew, afterwards called Paisley Braes, and now, in one of the sweetest songs of the lyric poet, "The Braes o Gleniffer."

The map extends east and west a length of 17 miles—from "Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's" in the Abbey Parish of Paisley, to the lands of Boghall in the Parish of Beith, which formerly belonged to the poet's grandfather, and the scene of the song, "Oh! are ye sleepin, Maggie," and south and north a breadth of 8 miles, from Neilston to Kilbarchan, two villages where the poet had kind and blythe friends whom he often visited.

Visitors, on arriving at the Cross or Market Place of Paisley, should proceed down Saint Mirin Street and up to the head of Causeyside where the road divides,—the one to the *left*, marked on the map No. 1, in ancient times leading to the *furyness* (Fereneze), and the other to the *right*, marked No. 2, leading to the *louchlybosyde* (Loch Libo side).

I. They may take the *Neilston Road* on the *left*, marked No. 1, passing through Neilston Street, Lylesland, Dovesland, Carriagehill, Colinslie, Potterhill, and Thornley, turning to the *right*, into the *Glen Road*, marked No. 6, and they will soon arrive at Glenfield, belonging to William Fulton, Esq. of Glen,—one of the loveliest spots a person can visit. A picturesque path leads to the WELL,—which the late Mr. Fulton named "Tannahill Well," after the Poet,—the cascade of Craigie Linn, and the Braes, on the elevated summit of which a magnificent panoramic view of the country, embracing seven counties, will be obtained. This is where the great demonstration proceedings were held on the Poet's Centennial Birth-Day celebration. Proceeding westward along the road, No. 6, skirting the Braes of Gleniffer, they will enter the *Corsebar Road*, marked No. 3, at Nethercraigs, opposite the Stanely Road.

II. Or they may take the *Calside Road*, marked No. 2, at the head of Causeyside, through Calside Street, past Fairhill, until the division of the road,—the road to the *left* being a continuation of road No. 2, and the East Corsebar Road to the *right*, marked No. 3. They may either continue along No. 2, passing the Brodie Public Park and Blackland Mill, where the road divides again,—the one to the *left*, *Braehead Road*, being still a continuation of No. 2 (which crosses No. 6), thence to Braehead,—or take the *West Blackland Road* to the *right*, marked No. 4, which merges in No. 3 at the Corsebar Toll.

III. Or they may take the *East Corsebar Road* on the *right*, marked No. 3, which is better; through that road, passing Corsebar Curling Pond and the Paisley Water Works direct to the Glen of Gleniffer, which they will see marked on the map. This road, passing "the bonnie wee well on the breist o the brae," leads to the Peesweep Inn, and goes round by the Craigenfeoch Road to the Thorn, marked No. 11, famed for its varying scenery.

IV. Or they may proceed from the Cross along High Street to Broomlands Street, down Maxwelton Street to Maxwelton Road, turn to the *left* into *West Corsebar Road*, marked No. 5, passing the Burgh Asylum, till it merges in No. 3, near the Corsebar Toll.

V. Or they may take the *Brediland Road*, marked No. 7, leading off Maxwelton Road across "Tannahill Bridge," passing Loundsdale, into *Leitchland Roads*, marked Nos. 8 and 9, merging in the Alt Patrick Road, No. 10.

VI. Or they may take the *Fulbar* or *Chain Road*, marked No. 9, leading off the Beith road at the west end of Millarston, which merges in No. 10 at Low Bardrain.

VII. Or they may take the *Alt Patrick Road*, marked No. 10, leading off

the Beith road at Sclates, near Elderslie. This road leads to the "*Dusky Glen*" and "*Glenfeoch*," and the other scenery of Alt Patrick Burn,—the scene of the "Soldier's Return." The road passes Foxbar and Stanely Castle "wi its auld turrets" by the *Stanely Road*, also marked No. 10, merging in No. 3 opposite the west end of the Glen Road, No. 6.

VIII. Or they may take the *Craigenfeoch Road*, marked No. 11, leading off the Beith road near Thorn, past Craigenfeoch and Craigmuir, merging in No. 3 at the Peesweep Inn. Craigenfeoch,—Gaelic, *The Rock of the Raven*,—from which a splendid view of Strathgryffe is obtained.

"Glenkilloch" will be found on the south side of the Map among Fereneze Braes. "Fairy Woodside," "Sweet Ferguslie," and "Bonnie Wood o Craigiclee," nestling on the north-west side of Paisley; and "Calderglen,' "Balgreen" ("The Echoes o Bowgreen"), and "Langcraft" (which belonged to the Poet's granduncle), will be seen in the far west above Lochwinnoch, and "Overton Braes," near Beith, where "Dear Will" resided.

INDEX

TO THE

FIRST LINES OF THE POEMS.

1875.

No.		Page
8.	Again the happy day returns, ...	54
11.	Almighty pow'r who wings the storm, ...	67
1.	A range o hills o'erhung wi waving wuds, ...	7
35.	As secret's the grave be the man whom I trust, ...	142
36.	Barbarous ! cried John in humanising mood, ...	142
51.	Come a ye frien'ly social pack, ...	161
17.	Come *fancy* thou hast ever been	75
59.	Cried Dick to Bob, 'great news to-day,'	175
23.	Dear kindred saul thanks to the cause, ...	104
22.	Dear Will my much respected frien, ...	102
171.	Do you see the old beggar who sits at the gate, ...	352
54.	Encircl'd in a cloud of smoke, ...	167
63.	Ever green be the sod o'er kind Tom o the wood, ...	184
60.	French threats of invasion let Britons despise, ...	175
20.	Gude Pibrocharian jorum jirger, ...	92
175.	Ha ! Doctor your powders and potions give o'er, ...	358
31.	He who, unmoved can hear the suppliant cry, ...	184
64.	Here lies Jamie Wight wha was wealthy and proud,	186
66.	Here Slaethorn Mary's huncheon bouck, ...	186
16.	How seldom 'tis the Poet's happy lot, ...	73
34.	I hate a flatterer as I hate the devil, ...	141
170.	I hate that drum's discordant sound, ...	351
45.	I scorn the selfish purse proud, ...	158
65.	If loss of worth may draw the pitying tear, ...	186
48.	If thou on earth would live respected, ...	160
38.	In mony an instance without doubt, ...	143
5.	King Geordie issues out his summons, ...	44
43.	Let gang your grip ye auld grim devil!	157
4.	Let grief for ever cloud the day, ...	41
53.	Let ither *bards* exhaust their stock, ...	166
21.	Let those who never felt its flame, ...	99
57.	Loud souns the deep mouth'd parish bell, ...	172
33.	Mark what *demon* hither bends, ...	141
174.	My colour's brown my shape's uncouth, ...	358
25.	My gude auld frien on Locher banks, ...	113
61.	Nature impartial in her ends, ...	175
3.	Now the dark rains of autumn discolour the brook,	39
9.	O Death ! it's no thy deed I mourn, ...	60
6.	Once on a time Almighty Jove, ...	45
52.	Peaceful slumbering in the ale house, ...	165
18.	Please accept the thanks and praise, ...	81

PREVIOUS EDITIONS.

1807.	1815.	1815.	1817.	1819.	1822.	1825.	1833.	1838.	1841.	1846.
1873.	No. 1.	No. 2.							German.	
Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page	Page
...	...	...	...	237	...	...	...	159	...	38
75	82	114	114	...	55	49	...	166	...	25
9	...	...	....	...	3	107	...	...	...	13
138	97	300	300	...	111	51	93	175	...	40
137	...	...	...	...	109	92	...	...	...	39
80	...	...	...	...	60	86	...	...	...	28
49	42	74	74	...	34	51	...	136	...	20
142	98	131	131	...	114	103	...	176	...	40
89	...	...	...	...	67	59	...	112	...	27
101	...	...	277	...	77	77	...	111	...	28
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
70	188	253	253	...	52	45	70	71	...	27
143	100	132	132	...	116	105	...	177	...	41
142	99	131	131	...	114	103	...	176	...	41
91	...	...	265	...	69	66	...	105	...	29
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
136	96	128	128	...	108	100	92	173	...	39
144	101	133	133	...	116	105	...	178	...	41
144	101	133	133	...	116	105	...	178	...	41
99	...	...	276	...	75	42	...	172	...	31
138	97	129	129	...	110	9	93	174	...	40
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
140	...	...	...	...	112	97	...	...	...	40
143	99	132	132	...	115	104	...	177	...	41
141	...	...	...	...	113	98	...	...	...	40
124	3	35	35	...	98	15	...	126	...	35
108	...	...	...	...	84	106	...	...	...	33
135	95	123	127	...	108	100	...	173	...	38
44	...	170	170	...	29	33	80	24	237	19
48	...	...	...	...	33	44	...	...	...	20
96	...	...	272	...	73	64	...	109	...	30
43	...	...	...	...	28	28	...	148	...	19
45	63	94	94	...	30	26	...	147	...	19
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
103	36	68	68	...	79	70	...	118	...	31
142	90	131	131	...	115	104	...	176	...	41
39	14	47	47	...	25	31	...	132	...	43
78	88	120	120	...	58	40	...	169	...	25
55	71	103	103	...	38	34	...	153	...	21
112	...	...	...	...	88	79	...	174	...	33
76	32	64	64	...	56	75	...	103	...	25

No.		Page
14.	Pure emanation of the honest soul, ...	71
42.	Quhy screim the crowis owr yonder wud, ...	155
37.	Quoth Gobbin Tom of Lancashire, ...	143
62.	Responsive to the roaring floods, ...	176
24.	Retired disgusted from the tavern roar, ...	106
44.	Rich Gripus pretends he's my patron and friend, ...	158
40.	Some folks there are of such behaviour, ...	150
12.	Stop passenger,—here muse a while, ...	68
55.	The great the important hour is come, ...	168
26.	The muse is now a wee at leisure, ...	122
27.	The rough hail rattles thro the trees,...	131
15.	The simile's a very useful thing, ...	72
41.	The western sun shines o'er the loch,...	152
56.	This warl's a tap room owre an owre, ...	171
32.	Thou little badge of independence, ...	139
13.	Thro winter's cold and summer's heat, ...	69
58.	Twas night, the winds thro the dark forest roar'd ...	173
28.	Twas on a sunny Sabbath day, ...	132
49.	Wee A—— self sainted wight, ...	160
46.	What gars yon gentry gang wi Jock, ...	159
47.	What need'st thou dread the end of sin, ...	159
39.	When hope persuades and fame inspires us, ...	148
30.	When love proves false and friends betray us, ...	137
50.	When the devil got notice old Charon was dead, ...	161
19.	While colleg'd bards bestride Pegasus, ...	84
7.	While Gallia's chief with cruel conquests vain, ...	50
10.	Why heaves my mother oft the deep drawn sigh, ...	65
2.	Ye patronizers of our little party, ...	37
29.	Ye votaries of pleasure and ease, ...	136

INDEX TO THE FIRST LINES OF THE SONGS.

77.	Accuse me not inconstant fair,...	214
164.	Adieu ye cheerful native plains, ...	340
169.	Ah feechanie they're no for me, ...	349
161.	Ah ! Sheelah, thou'rt my darling, ...	336
86.	All hail ! ye dear romantic scenes, ...	225
128.	An war ye at Duntocher Burn ?	297
109.	Auld Wattie o Kebbuckston brae, ...	269
163.	Awake my harp the cheerful strain, ...	339
150.	Away gloomy care, there's no place for thee here, ...	325
82.	Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi my faither O,	220
92.	Brave Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,	239
105.	Chill the wintry winds were blowing, ...	260
151.	Come hame tae your lingels ye neer-dae-weel loon, ..	326
98.	Companion of my youthful sports, ...	252
139.	Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katie, ...	310

1807. 1873. Page	1815. No. 1. Page	1815. No. 2. Page	1817. Page	1819. Page	1822. Page	1825. Page	1833. Page	1838. Page	1841. German. Page	1846. Page
90	93	125	125	...	68	79	...	172	...	29
61	68	100	100	...	44	83	82	151	288	31
137	...	...	280	...	110	97	...	175	...	40
115	...	...	281	...	90	92	...	162	...	36
64	23	55	55	...	47	20	...	114	..	23
139	...	...	...	...	111	102	...	...	...	41
46	9	41	41	...	31	43	...	129	...	19
73	86	118	118	...	54	50	...	168	...	24
120	53	85	85	...	95	89	...	143	...	33
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	122	...	...
73	85	117	117	...	54	84	92	168	...	24
59	64	96	96	...	42	56	...	149	...	22
132	49	81	81	...	104	80	...	140	290	42
139	...	...	280	...	111	102	...	175	...	40
135	94	126	126	...	107	99	...	...	...	36
113	91	123	123	...	88	88	...	171	...	33
60	66	98	98	...	43	27	...	150	...	28
128	18	50	50	..	101	46	...	133	...	37
141	...	...	...	...	114	103	...	...	...	40
136	...	...	...	...	109	101	...	...	...	39
140	...	...	...	...	113	102	...	...	...	40
41	11	44	44	...	26	29	...	130	...	18
100	61	92	92	...	76	85	...	146	...	34
139	...	...	...	...	112	98	...	...	...	40
83	...	...	...	...	62	60	...	...	...	26
109	77	109	109	...	85	37	...	156	...	34
71	83	115	115	...	53	19	...	167	...	24
87	38	89	89	...	65	57	...	145	...	27
63	...	...	...	...	46	25	...	...	...	22

PREVIOUS EDITIONS.

162	179	245	245	..	132	148	65	66	276	58
...	...	219	219	...	...	...	54	50	265	54
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
...	...	206	206	...	...	...	45	43	260	52
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	73	83	...	...
...	...	...	...	76	...	...	87	81	...	62
168	190	255	255	...	137	154	71	72	...	60
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	98	...	...
...	..	...	...	..	...	...	...	95	...	...
21	139	183	183	...	10	117	34	30	..	15
...	...	...	..	75	...	...	86	90	...	65
...	136	181	181	...	...	...	32	29	245	48
...	...	...	...	75	...	...	86	89	...	64
...	122	162	162	...	...	..	22	19	...	46
..	...	...	...	77	...	...	89	93	...	63

No.		Page
158.	Dear Judy, I've taken a thinking, ...	333
157.	Dear Judy, when first we got married, ...	332
148.	Dorothy sits i the caul ingle newk, ...	323
87.	Far from the giddy court of mirth, ...	227
90.	Far lane amang the Hielan Hills, ...	234
149.	Fill, fill the merry bowl, ...	324
132.	Fly we to some desert isle, ...	303
118.	Fortune frowning most severe,...	286
100.	From hill to hill the bugles sound, ...	254
85.	From the rude bustling camp to the calm rural plain,	224
120.	Full auchteen simmer's up life's brae, ...	288
70.	Gloomy Winter's now awa, ...	198
136.	Hark ! 'tis the poor maniac's song, ...	307
159.	How gay rose this morning how cheerful was I, ...	335
156.	How light is my heart as I journey along, ...	331
122.	I'll hie me tae the Sheelin hill, ...	289
135.	I'll lay me on the wintry lea, ...	306
115.	I mark'd a gem of pearly dew,...	280
69.	Keen blaws the win o'er the braes o Gleniffer, ...	195
83.	Langsyne beside the woodlan burn, ...	222
93.	Lawlan lassie wilt thou go, ...	241
91.	Let us go, lassie go, ...	237
78.	Lone in yon dark sequestered grove, ...	217
142.	Louder than the trump of fame, ...	313
95.	Loudon's bonnie woods and braes, ...	246
130.	Mary, why thus waste thy youth time in sorrow ? ...	300
140.	Meg o the Glen set aff to the fair, ...	311
104.	Mongst life's many cares there is none so provoking,	259
126.	My days have flown wi gleesome speed, ...	295
138.	My faither wad hae me to marry the miller,... ..	309
129.	My heart is sair wi heavy care, ...	299
117.	My Mary is a bonnie lass, ...	284
101.	Now let the procession move solemn and slow, ...	256
103.	Now Marion dry your tearfu e'e, ...	258
72.	Now winter wi his cloudy brow, ...	204
116.	O are you sleepin Maggie, ...	281
162.	Oh could I fly like the green coated fairy, ...	338
134.	O how can you gang lassie, how can you gang ? ...	305
79.	O laddie can you lea me ?	217
81.	O lassie will you tak a man, ...	219
168.	Oh ! lassie wilt thou gang, ...	348
131.	O sair I rue the witless wish, ...	302
97.	O weep not my love though I go to the war, ...	251
124.	Och hey ! Johnny lad, ...	291
155.	One night in my youth I rov'd with my merry pipe,	330
80.	Our bonnie Scots lads in their green tartan plaids, ..	218
176.	Plunkin kens a queer auld cock they ca Rab, ...	359
114.	Responsive ye woods wing your echoes along, ...	279
143.	Scenes of my childhood your wanderer hails you, ...	314

1807. 1873. Page	1815. No. 1. Page	1815. No. 2. Page	1817. Page	1819. Page	1822. Page	1825. Page	1833. Page	1838. Page	1841. German. Page	1846. Page
...	...	217	217	..	...	...	47	49	...	53
...	...	215	215	...	...	...	50	48	262	52
...	...	172	172	...	..	...	29	25	...	47
157	173	239	239	...	127	143	78	62	...	56
148	201	141	141	439	118	134	11	7	215	43
...	...	157	157	...	...	...	20	16	228	45
...	123	163	163	...	...	...	23	20	...	46
159	177	243	243	..	129	145	63	65	...	58
155	166	232	232	...	125	141	51	57	270	56
33	134	178	178	...	21	128	27	28	...	18
...	...	...	. .	76	...	...	87	92	...	62
...	149	193	193	383	...	...	40	35	251	50
165	182	248	248	...	135	151	65	67	279	59
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	97	...	...
...	130	174	174	...	...	...	30	26	239	47
...	..	153	153	...	...	...	15	14	225	45
...	...	..	...	75	...	...	86	92	...	61
...	195	259	259	...	...	..	66	75	...	61
166	203	143	143	398	136	152	12	8	217	44
22	110	147	147	...	12	118	14	10	...	15
163	160	226	226	...	133	149	54	53	...	54
...	116	154	154	391	...	...	18	15	226	45
...	...	...	...	...	..	...	...	98	...	...
160	...	...	...	...	130	146	...	83	...	...
...	107	139	139	...	...	...	10	5	213	42
...	143	187	187	411	...	...	36	32	247	48
...	...	...	...	77	...	...	93	88	...	64
...	141	185	185	...	...	...	35	31	...	49
...	...	...	...	78	...	...	90	96	...	63
...	...	...	...	74	...	..	85	88	...	64
...	170	236	236	...	...	...	60	60	212	56
153	162	228	228	. .	123	139	57	55	268	55
172	...	...	...	...	142	158	...	82	...	...
...	...	...	...	77	...	...	88	95	...	63
151	147	191	191	...	121	137	39	34	...	49
152	158	224	224	...	122	138	59	52	266	55
...	...	213	213	...	...	...	28	46	...	53
...	...	...	...	76	...	...	88	91	...	65
...	...	...	...	261	...	...	85	94	...	61
19	118	156	156	...	9	115	19	16	...	14
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
...	124	164	164	...	...	...	24	21	...	46
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	97	...	...
161	120	160	160	...	131	147	21	18	231	46
...	...	209	209	...	...	...	47	45	...	47
14	119	159	159	...	5	112	21	17	230	14
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
154	164	230	230	...	124	140	58	57	...	55
...	...	...	...	78	...	...	91	93	...	63

No.		Page
121.	Sing on, thou sweet warbler, thy glad ev'ning song,	288
154.	The breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's breast, ...	328
99.	The cold wind blows, ...	253
160.	The harvest is o'er and the lads are so funny, ...	335
141.	The lasses a leuch and the carlin flate, ...	312
73.	The midges dance aboon the burn, ...	205
102.	The Queensferry boatie rows light, ...	257
111.	The sun had kissed green Erin's waves, ...	275
75.	The sun has gane doun o'er the lofty Benlomond, ...	208
167.	The sun just glancing thro the trees, ...	346
96.	The weary sun's gane doun the west, ...	249
68.	Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee, ...	192
74.	Thou cauld gloomy Feberwar, ...	207
94.	Thou dark winding Carron once pleasing to see, ...	243
106.	Tho' my eyes are grown dim and my locks turn'd grey,	261
133.	Tho simmer smiles on bank an brae, ...	304
89.	Thro Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's, ...	229
108.	Tis haena ye heard man o Barochan Jean, ...	266
84.	We'll meet beside the dusky glen on yon burnside,	223
144.	Weel wha's in the bouroch an what is your cheer, ...	315
119.	Whan gloamin treads the heels o day, ...	287
166.	Whan I the dreary mountains pass'd, ...	345
127.	Whan John and me were married, ...	296
147.	When poortith caul an sour disdain, ...	321
107.	When Rosie was faithfu how happy was I, ...	263
125.	Where primroses spring on the green tufted brae, ...	294
67.	While the grey pinioned lark early mounts to the skies,	189
145.	Why unite to banish care, ...	318
113.	Wi waefu heart and sorrowing e'e, ...	278
112.	Wild drives the bitter northern blast, ...	276
146.	Will you come to the board I've prepared for you, ...	320
173.	Will you gang tae Inverness, ...	356
172.	Will you gang tae Sherramuir, ...	354
76.	Ye echoes that ring roun the woods o Bowgreen, ...	213
153.	Ye friendly stars that rule the night, ...	327
165.	Ye maids of green Erin why sigh ye so sad, ...	341
152.	Ye may boast of your charms and be proud, to be sure,	327
71.	Ye mind whan the snaw lay sae deep on the hill, ...	202
88.	Ye sunny braes that skirt the Clyde, ...	228
123.	Ye wooer lads wha greet and grane, ...	290
110.	Ye'el a hae heard tell o Rab Roryson's bonnet, ...	273
137.	Yon poor Negro girl an exotic plant, ...	308

Poems in the several editions, ...	...	70
Songs ,, ,, ...	...	106
Total number of pieces	...	176

1807. 1873. Page	1815. No. 1. Page	1815. No. 2. Page	1817. Page	1819. Page	1822. Page	1825. Page	1833. Page	1838. Page	1841. German. Page	1846. Page
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	97	...	...
...	126	166	166	...	...	...	25	21	233	46
...	135	179	179	...	...	...	33	28	243	48
...	...	210	210	...	...	...	52	44	...	52
...	...	...	...	77	...	...	89	94	...	65
...	153	197	197	53	...	...	41	38	256	50
...	132	176	176	...	...	...	31	27	241	48
...	128	168	168	...	...	...	...	23	235	47
...	105	137	137	376	...	...	9	3	21	41
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	98	...	...
158	175	241	241	...	128	144	62	63	274	57
...	...	...	...	76	...	...	88	95	...	63
156	163	234	234	302	126	142	61	59	...	57
...	196	260	260	...	...	...	77	76	...	61
...	...	...	...	78	...	...	90	87	286	63
...	114	151	151	...	...	...	17	12	223	44
...	...	204	204	...	...	...	37	41	258	51
26	112	149	149	425	15	121	16	11	221	16
...	...	...	...	73	...	...	84	78	282	62
149	152	196	196	...	119	135	45	38	...	50
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
150	156	200	200	...	120	136	42	37	254	51
173	198	262	262	...	143	159	75	77	...	61
170	185	250	250	...	140	156	68	69	280	59
157	172	238	238	...	127	143	74	61	...	56
...	150	195	195	...	...	...	38	36	253	50
...	155	199	199	74	...	...	44	39	...	50
164	180	246	246	...	134	150	64	66	277	58
147	145	189	189	...	117	133	81	33	249	49
...	...	220	220	...	...	...	53	55	...	53
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...
...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	...	63
167	183	249	249	...	137	153	67	68	...	59
...	...	211	211	...	...	...	49	45	...	53
...	...	222	222	...	..	...	56	51	...	54
...	...	...	...	78	...	...	90	96	...	63
...	...	...	...	312	...	...	91	84	284	63
...	109	145	145	...	...	...	13	9	219	44
...	...	...	...	...	..	...	...	80	...	...
...	...	202	202	...	...	...	43	40	..	51
171	187	252	252	...	141	157	69	70	...	60
64	39	40	47	1	64	64	7	51	3	65
33	54	69	69	29	33	33	88	99	40	88
97	93	109	116	30	97	97	95	150	43	153

The pages in the Editions of 1807 and 1873 are the same.

INDEX TO CORRESPONDENCE.

Those marked thus * are excerpts.

Date.		Letters.	Editors.	Page
*1802—March	14.	Tannahill to Wm Kibble.....	*Ramsay*...	365
1804—Nov.	18.	Wm. Livingston to Tannahill...	*Semple* ...	365
1805—April	9.	James Clark to James Barr.....	*do.* ...	367
—May	8.	John Crawford to Tannahill ...	*do.* ...	368
* —Aug.	31.	Tannahill to James Clark.....	*Ramsay* ..	372
*1806—		——— to ——————.....	*Smith* ...	371
—March	7.	Wm. Livingston to Tannahill...	*Semple* ...	372
—May	1.	Tannahill to James Barr.....	*do.* ...	374
— ,,	23.	Do. to do.	*do.* ...	380
* —July	19.	Do. to do.	*Ramsay*...	381
1807—Feb.	2.	Do. to James Clark.....	*Semple* ...	382
—April	6.	William Kibble to Tannahill...	*do.* ...	386
* — ,,	11.	Tannahill to William Kibble...	*Ramsay*...	387
—May	1.	Do. to Wm. Thomson....	*Semple* ...	387
— ,,	4.	Do. to Robert Lang.....	*do.* ...	388
		Do. to James Bishop.....	*do.* ...	389
—June	30.	Do. to James Barr.....	*do.* ...	390
—July	19.	James Clark to Tannahill.....	*do.* ...	391
—Aug.	6.	James King to do.	*do.* ...	393
— ,,	20.	Tannahill to Jn. Macfarlane ...	*do.* ...	397
—Sept.	3.	Do. to John Crawford....	*do.* ...	398
* — ,,	20.	Do. to James Clark..... ..	*Ramsay*...	400
* —Nov.	2.	Do. to James King.....	*do.* ...	401
— ,,	16.	James Clark to Tannahill.....	*do.* ...	403
1808—Jan.	5.	Tannahill to James Barr.....	*do.* ...	405
* —Feb.	14.	Do. to ——————.....	*Muir* ...	406
,,		Wm. Finlayson to Tannahill...	*Semple* ...	448
—March	1.	William Kibble to do. ...	*do.* ...	407
— ,,	5.	Tannahill to Wm. Finlayson...	*do.* ...	408
—May	3.	R. A. Smith's Concert Handbill	*do.* ...	412
— ,,	12.	Tannahill to Jn. Macfarlane...	*do.* ...	410
* — ,,	28.	Do. to James Clark.....	*Ramsay*...	413
* —June	6.	Do. to Geo. Thomson.....	*do.* ...	413
* —July	17.	Do. to James King.....	*do.* ...	415
— ,,	23.	William Kibble to Tannahill...	*Semple* ...	415
*1808—Aug.	6.	Tannahill to Geo. Thomson.....	*Ramsay*...	418
— ,,	10.	Do. to James Barr.....	*Semple* ...	419
— ,,	27.	Do. to R. A. Smith.....	*do.* ...	419
* — ,,	28.	Do. to James Barr.....	*Ramsay*...	420
—Sept.	3.	Do. to Jn. Macfarlane .	*Semple* ...	422
* —Nov.	24.	Do. to James Clark	*Ramsay*...	423
—Dec.	3.	Do. to James Barr.....	*Semple* ...	424
*1809—		Do. to ——————.....	*Smith* ...	426

	Date.		Letters.	Editors.	Page
	1809—April	4.	Tannahill to James Clark.....	*Semple* ...	427
*	—May	9.	Do. to James King	*Ramsay*...	428
*	—June	4.	Do. to do.	*do.* ...	429
*	—July	3.	Do. to Geo. Thomson	*do.* ...	430
	— ,,	9.	Do. to Jn. Macfarlane...	*Semple* ...	430
*	—Sept.	10.	Do. to ——————...	*Muir* ...	432
*	— ,,	,,	Do. to James King.....	*Ramsay*...	432
	—Oct.	28.	Do. to Jn. Macfarlane ...	*Semple* ...	432
*	—Nov.	12.	Do. to James King	*Ramsay*...	433
*	—Dec.	17.	Do. to James Clark.....	*do.* ...	433
*	— ,,	24.	Do. to James Barr.....	*do.* ...	435
	1810—March	1.	Do. to Thos. Stewart	*Semple* ...	435
*	—April	1.	Do. to James King	*Ramsay*...	437
*			Do. to Alex. Borland....	*do.* ...	437
	1859—June	9.	James Barr to Wm. Porteous...	*do.* ...	443
	—Sept.	28.	Do. to do. ...	*do.* ...	445
	1818—July	9.	R. A. Smith to Robert Lang...	*Semple* ...	438
	1848—Oct.	20.	J. Crawford to M. Tannahill...	*do.* ...	442

Life of Tannahill.

INTRODUCTORY.

TANNAHILL is a common surname in Ayrshire; in 1547, there were seven families in Kilmarnock bearing that appellation. We have no intention of tracing them downwards to the present time, but merely remark that the Paisley Poet of that name would be descended from one of these families. The present narrative commences with his paternal grandfather and grandmother.

Thomas Tannahill, son of Robert Tannahill, weaver in Kilmarnock, was born in the year 1700, and Mary Bunten, daughter of James Bunten, weaver in Kilmarnock, and Janet Linton, spouses, was born in 1701. Thomas Tannahill, who had been brought up to the trade of a weaver in Kilmarnock, and Mary Bunten were married in that town on Tuesday, 21st July, 1730. They had a family of seven children, four sons and three daughters, born and baptised as follows :—

1st,	MARION,	born	16th,	and baptised	18th July, 1731.
2nd,	JAMES,	,,	9th,	,,	10th May, 1733.
3rd,	THOMAS,	,,	4th,	,,	6th March, 1735
4th,	JANET,	,,	26th,	,,	27th Feb., 1737.
5th,	MARY,	,,	11th,	,,	11th Feb., 1739.
6th,	ROBERT,	,,	27th,	,,	29th Aug., 1742.
7th,	JOHN,	,,	6th,	,,	7th Nov., 1744.

Thomas Tannahill brought up his four sons to his own trade of a weaver.

The four brothers James, Thomas, Robert, and John Tannahill left Kilmarnock and came to Paisley in the year 1756, when the manufacture of textile fabrics was rising into importance and becoming a prosperous trade in the latter town. The population of Paisley at that time did not exceed 4297, so that the town was a very small place indeed. It extended westward from the west side of the Old Bridge spanning the River Cart, to the road formerly leading to the Over-Common, now Lady Lane; northward, from the market-cross to Sneddon Dyke, now Back Sneddon Street; and southward, from the Cross down the Water Wynd, now Saint Mirin Street, and up to the head of Causeyside. There were then eight old streets as follows:—Main Street, now High Street; Wangaitend, now Moss Street; Grammar School House Wynd, now School Wynd, Dyers' Wynd, Water Wynd, Causeyside, Gordon's Lone, and Common Lone, now Canal Street; and other seven modern streets named New Street, Shuttle Street, Orchard Street, Prussia Street, Old Sneddon, New Sneddon, and Back Sneddon. In these days the pathways at the sides of the streets were of raised earth, and the roadways were considerably lower and of the roughest description, not paved except at the Cross, which was laid with small boulder stones. In wet weather these roadways were nearly impassable from mud, as there was no provision for drainage. The Main street curved round Oakshawhill, there being 114 properties in it, 56 on the south side, and 58 on the north side. The houses were of all ages, and were either one, two or three storeys high, of irregular order, nearly all of ruble construction, built with clay or lime,

and thatched or slated. There were 34 thatched houses on the south side, 38 on the north side, 22 slated on on the south side, and 20 on the north side of the street.* All the houses of two and three storeys high had an outside stair to the front, leading from the street to the second storey. The four most prominent houses in the Main or High Street were, No. 25, belonging to Cochran of Ferguslie, built in 1700, No. 29, to Cochran of Craigmuir, built in 1608, No. 55, called the Bighouse, belonging to Alexander Wallace, Sheriff-Clerk, occupied by the Rev. John Witherspoon, of the Laigh Church, Paisley, taken down in 1786, and No. 94, built by Andrew Sempill, Master of Sempill, in 1580, and were all originally erected for baronial town residences. The houses, Nos. 6, 7, 8, 9, 24, 35, and 100, were built in the Flemish style of architecture, of three or four storeys high, with craw-stepped twin gables in front, giving them a very antique appearance. The ashlar-built houses, Nos. 40, 66, and 79, still existing, are fine specimens of the mansion houses of the merchant princes of Paisley 130 years ago. The houses which were seen by James Tannahill when he arrived in Paisley, and can still be seen at the present time in the Main or High Street, are twenty-two, and are Nos. 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 24, 25, 29, 38, 39, 40, 51, 61, 62, 63, 66, 67, 70, 79, 91, 97, and 100.† All the houses of the other numbers have been taken down and rebuilt. The other streets of the town in 1756 were similar in appearance to those in the Main

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* These 72 thatched houses were reduced to 32 in 1820, and to 3 in 1875.

† The front walls of these houses have undergone many an alteration and improvement since the year 1756.

Street, but rather inferior. The houses in the suburbs of Sandholes, Maxwellton, and Smithhills were also inferior; thatched houses of one storey predominating.

In noticing the public buildings of the town when the four Kilmarnock weaver brothers arrived in Paisley, we shall commence with becoming respect at the venerable Abbey. The only portion of the building remaining then, and at the present time, is the Nave, now occupied as the Abbey Parish Church. The rebuilding of the Abbey after the destruction of the House of Devotion by fire by the incendiaries of King Edward I. in 1306, was commenced in 1330, and, correctly speaking, has never yet been finished. Abbot George Schaw, in 1484, founded and erected a high ashlar wall, of a mile in circumference, round the Abbey garden, and, at the north west angle or *newk*, he placed a stone tablet of five feet three inches in length by two feet six inches in breadth, containing the following poetical inscription, probably written by the Abbot himself:—

Ya callit ye abbot georg of schawe *.*
about yis abbay gart make yis waw §
A thousande four hundereth zheyr ∞
Auchty ande fywe the date but beir
Pray for his saulis salbatioun —∞—
Yat made thus nobil fundatioun.

When the wall was taken down, on the Abbey garden being feued in 1777 for building houses, the stone tablet was placed as the lintel of the passage in the house erected on the same site, the locality continuing to be called the "Waw-Newk," now called Wallneuk Street. The "Waw-Newk" tablet has now been exposed to public view for nearly 400 years, and may have

been the silent inspirer of the Paisley Poets, whose names are now legion. The Place of Paisley, or Mansion of the Lordship of Paisley, was situated on the south side of the Abbey, and belonged to the Earls of Abercorn, afterwards to the Earls of Dundonald, and again to the Earls of Abercorn,* and consisted of four houses, two of them of four storeys, each fronting Balgonie Court, and two of them of two storeys each, the one fronting Abbey Street, and the other fronting Abbey Close.† The other features of interest seen by the Kilmarnock weavers were Saint Rocque's Cross, eight feet high, erected about 1517, at the east end of Broomlands, in front of Saint Rocque's Chapel and Kirk-yard; the Chapel was taken down in 1617, and the Cross removed in 1764. The Meal market, erected in 1665, No. 26 High Street, and taken down in 1799.‡ The Alms House or Hospital, erected in 1724 (No. 82 High Street), better known by the name of the Wee Steeple, from the stunted appearance of its spire. In the front of that building there was a poetical inscription :—

"He that hes pitie on the puir,
Of grace and mercie sall be suir,

Quha gie the puir till God he lends,
And God agane mair grace him sends."

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* This Earldom was raised to a Dukedom in 1868.

† The Mansion of two storeys fronting Abbey Close, was taken down in 1874, to widen the street from 22 to 50 feet in breadth. A model of the Abbey, with a *monastic building of imaginative architecture* on the site of the mansion house, is exhibited in the Paisley Free Museum, but we consider it proper to state that no such building ever existed where it has been placed.

‡ The armorial stone built into the front wall of the old meal market can now be seen in the Museum.

The reader will observe this is a paraphrase of the 17th verse of the 19th chapter of Proverbs, "He that hath pity upon the poor lendeth unto the Lord, and that which he hath given will he pay him again." These stones, with their poetical inscriptions, which had been in the previous Alms House, built in 1618, may also have had some influence in wakening the muse in the hearts of the Paisley poets. The Steeple and Hospital were both taken down in 1808; the clock and weather-cock were transferred to the Steeple of Hope Temple, an edifice built by John Love, in connection with his public garden of six acres;* the bell was bought at the price of £14 by the Linwood Cotton Spinning Company for their Mill. The new or Laigh Church in New Street, founded 13th May, 1736;† the new Hospital, No. 7 New Sneddon Street, erected in 1752, and still in use; the Grammar School, No. 4 School Wynd, built in 1753, superseded in 1802, and presently used as a candlework, would be seen by the four Kilmarnock weavers. The ancient *Pretorium* or Town Hall and Tolbooth or Prison, with spire at the south-west angle of the Wangaitend, now Moss Street, and Main Street, now High Street, had been taken down in 1756, and a new Town Hall and Jail erected in 1757. The Cross Steeple of 120 feet high was erected at the same time, from designs by Bailie John Whyte.

From the suppression of the monastery at the Reformation in 1560, the staple trade of Paisley had been

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* Hope Temple and Steeple were taken down in 1868, and the site and grounds converted into the Fountain Gardens. See page 191.

† This church now belongs to the Evangelical Union. It was improved in its architectural appearance in 1873, and the street opposite the Kirk yard widened from 24 feet to 40 feet in breadth in 1875.

weaving, and on the arrival of the four brothers Tannahill in 1756 there were 1311 working looms in town, 710 employed in linen cloth, 517 at muslin and silk gauze, 30 miscellaneous, and 54 unoccupied, but which were very quickly filled. The two manufacturers of importance at the time were Mr. Humphrey Fulton from Beith, in Ayrshire, who commenced business at Maxwelton, in 1749, and Mr. Andrew Brown from Kilmarnock, who commenced business in New Street, in 1753. Each of these houses carried on business for upwards of a hundred years, in the face of all the fluctuations of the fancy weaving, the changes in business and depressions in trade. The weavers of Paisley were principally located in the Townhead—west end of the main street—Causeyside, and the suburbs. Textile manufactures rapidly increased, and multitudes of weavers flocked into the town from all parts of Scotland, and particularly from Ayrshire, to participate in the prosperity.

The Tannahill brothers belonged to the more intelligent class, were superior workmen, and industrious at their occupation. Thomas Tannahill was married to Margaret Biggar in 1762, and they had several children. He purchased a house in West Brae, and he died there in 1823 at the patriarchal age of eighty-eight. He was an

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* The Town Hall and Jail fronting Moss Street were taken down in 1821, and a handsome new building erected for additional accommodation to the Saracen's Head Inn in High Street. The under storey was occupied by two shops, and an entrance to the Inn. The Cross Steeple and the old portions of the Inn in High Street, and the new portion in Moss Street, were taken down in 1870, the High Street widened from 28 to 44 feet in breadth, and the City of Glasgow Bank erected on the remainder of the site.

elder of the High Church, Paisley, for upwards of forty years. In 1763, James Tannahill, the eldest brother, was married to Janet Pollock, eldest daughter of Matthew Pollock, farmer, eldest son of Matthew Pollock of Boghall, in the Parish of Beith. At that time, she was domiciled in the house of her uncle, Hugh Brodie, farmer, Langcraft, in the Parish of Lochwinnoch. The banns of the proposed marriage were proclaimed in the Laigh Church of Paisley, and in the Parish Church of Lochwinnoch, on Sundays the 21st and 28th; and the marriage was celebrated at Lochwinnoch on Monday, the 29th August, 1763. The wedding festivities were held at the same place; and, after the conclusion of the day's enjoyments, the company, according to usual custom, sang the 127th Psalm. Before proceeding further with the Tannahills, we will briefly notice the Pollock and Brodie families with whom James Tannahill had connected himself.

The lands of Boghall were part of the lands of the barony of Braidstanes, in the Parish of Beith, belonging to Sir John Shaw of Greenock, and were feued out by him about the end of the seventeenth century. Boghall contained between forty and fifty acres; but we are not aware who was the original purchaser, or at what date it was purchased. Matthew Pollock, the grandfather of Mrs. Tannahill, however, acquired Boghall in the eighteenth century. Matthew Pollock died about the year 1770, and was succeeded by his eldest son, Matthew, who had married Janet Brodie, sister of Hugh Brodie of Langcraft. He died about 1789, leaving a family of eight children, one son and seven daughters :— 1st, Matthew Pollock, *tertius*, then a farmer at Shawlands, near Pollokshaws, who was twice married; first, to Mary

Donald, by whom he had three daughters, and second, to Janet Purdon, by whom he had three sons and four daughters; 2nd, Janet Pollock, married to James Tannahill, weaver, Paisley; 3rd, Jean Pollock, married to John Craig, cooper, Renfrew; 4th, Mary Pollock, married to Alexander M'Neil, weaver, Paisley; 5th, Agnes Pollock, married to William Orr of Kaim, in the Parish of Lochwinnoch; 6th, Anaple Pollock, married to James Stevenson, farmer at Whytehills, afterwards carter at Thorn, both in the Abbey Parish of Paisley; 7th, Ann Pollock, married to William Deans, farmer, Dovehill, in the Parish of Cathcart, near Pollokshaws; and 8th, Margaret Pollock, married to James Gavan, weaver, Millarston, Paisley. Matthew Pollock, *tertius*, on the death of his father, came to reside at Boghall, and he died there about 1823—about the same time as his sister, Mrs. Tannahill. Matthew Pollock, *quartus*, his eldest son, then succeeded to Boghall; and in ten years thereafter, in 1833, sold the property to Mrs. Margaret Sheddan, wife of James Dobie, writer and banker, Beith. The lands of Boghall, after remaining in the family for four generations, then passed quickly through several proprietors, and were acquired in 1858 by William Ross, Esq., Gallowmuir, Perth, the present proprietor, who has repaired the farm steading of the Pollocks in a substantial manner, and erected a large mansion-house, and otherwise laid off and improved the whole grounds in a very tasteful manner.

We will now take up the Brodie family. Hugh Brodie, farmer, brother of Janet Brodie, wife of the second Matthew Pollock of that name, was married to Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Brodie, Langcraft. In

1760, the lands of Langcraft belonged to three persons, viz., — the said Hugh Brodie, one-third; Andrew Brodie, one-third; and Bailie Robert Fulton, merchant, Paisley, the remaining one-third. In 1762, Andrew Brodie conveyed his one-third part to Elizabeth Brodie (his daughter) and Hugh Brodie (her husband) in liferent, and to Andrew Brodie (their eldest son) in fee; and the other one-third was acquired from Bailie Robert Fulton at the same time, and conveyed in the same manner. Hugh Brodie was the poet-laureate of Lochwinnoch, and wrote several songs which were sung, but never published. He was one of the twenty-four founders, in January, 1765, of "The Kilbarchan Farmer Society," for the parish of Kilbarchan and neighbourhood. It was one of the rules of the society that the preses should deliver an address to the members after his election. Hugh Brodie was elected fifth preses, in 1769, and he delivered an excellent poetical address on Husbandry, containing sixty verses, which was printed in William Semple's continuation of George Crawfurd's *History of Renfrewshire*, published in 1782, page 116. Andrew, his eldest son, a strong-built man, six feet in height, went to Dublin, and commenced business as a manufacturer. In 1804, he sold the lands of Langcraft. Hugh had another son, Robert Brodie, a little man of about 4 feet 3 inches high. He was sent to Paisley to learn the weaving, and became a frequent visitor at James Tannahill's house, being a cousin of Mrs. Tannahill's. He was a poet like his father, and being highly respected, and a thoroughly sterling man, and well gifted, he was frequently invited to weddings and funerals, at which he acted as chaplain. Robert Brodie removed to Saltcoats, and commenced the business of a

linen manufacturer, and made money thereat. He still attended funerals and weddings, and when the Rev. Mr. John Henry was minister of the Parish of Ardrossan, the Kirk Session appointed him one of the elders of the Parish Church in Saltcoats. Robert Brodie took a deep interest in the welfare of the poor, and saw justice dealt out to them. This "Nathaniel without guile" died, esteemed and lamented, in 1823, in the 78th year of his age. This is the individual whom Tannahill refers to in the Kebbuckston Wedding—

> "Wee Patie Brydie's tae say the grace—
> The bodie's aye ready at dredgies an weddin's."

We will now return to the Tannahills. On 29th November, 1763, Thomas Tannahill entered as master with the Weavers' Society, and on 9th December following his brother, John Tannahill, entered as journeyman with him. On 2nd March, 1764, James Tannahill entered master with the Weavers' Society, and the same day his brother, ROBERT TANNAHILL, entered Journeyman with him. This society had been incorporated by charter from the Bailies and Town Council of Paisley on 20th October, 1702. The other two incorporated trade societies in town at the time were the Taylors, instituted in January, 1658, and the Shoemakers on 16th September, 1701.* It would thus appear from these entries that James Tannahill, the eldest brother, had taken charge of the third brother, ROBERT; and Thomas

* The Taylors' Society was dissolved in 1858, after existing 200 years, and the Shoemakers' Society was dissolved in 1859, after existing 158 years. The Weavers' Society, now called the Old Weavers' Society, has existed for 173 years, and is at present the oldest trade or friendly society in Paisley.

Tannahill, the second brother, had taken charge of the fourth brother, John.

The vacant steadings in the modern streets of Paisley had now been all built up with houses; but these did not accommodate the increasing population. With the view of supplying the demand for houses, the Corporation laid off several streets in the lands of Broomlands, in 1764, containing hundreds of steadings. These steadings were rouped at different times, and purchased by persons for the erection of houses for their own occupation, by builders and joiners on speculation, and by magistrates and councillors, to encourage the sale of the town's steadings. Bailies Andrew Smith and John Slater each purchased, in 1769, two steadings in Castle Street and two steadings in Queen Street, lying together, and formed a street *across* from Castle Street to Queen Street, which was called Cross Street,—thus increasing their building stances from eight to sixteen steadings. Bailie Smith sold his steadings lying on the north side, and Bailie Slater his steadings on the south side of Cross Street.

Printing was commenced in Paisley in 1769, says our namesake, William Semple, the historian of the town, by Messrs. Alexander Weir, bookseller, and Andrew M'Lean, printer. They were burgesses of Paisley,—the former in 1758, and the latter in 1771. These printers, and Mr. John Neilson, who commenced business shortly thereafter, printed numerous works of different authors by subscription, which, being circulated among the inhabitants of the town, increased the intelligence of the inhabitants of Paisley. These books generally contained a list of the subscribers' names, and it is very interesting at the present time to read the names of our forefathers

recorded and preserved in these printed volumes. About 1770, and for thirty years afterwards, a number of book clubs were instituted in Paisley for mental culture. One club purchased one class of books for circulation among its members, and another club procured another class of books for their members. These several clubs again accommodated each other, and interchanged books until every member had an opportunity of perusing the whole books in the several clubs. The most important of the book clubs was the *Encyclopedia Club*, which took out the first edition of the work of that name in 3 vols., quarto, published in 1771; the second edition of 10 vols., in 1778 and 1783; and the third edition of 18 vols., in 1797.

In 1775, James Tannahill acquired Bailie Slater's steading in Queen Street, and erected upon it a one-storey thatched cottage, with a passage through the centre—the north side being occupied as a dwelling-house, and the south side as a four-loom weaving-shop. James Tannahill was a very accurate individual, and he kept an account of the whole cost of the building, which has been preserved in his memorandum or note pocket-book to the present day. The book was originally rather tastefully got up, and this precious relic of the Tannahills is still in existence,—carefully preserved by one of the daughters of James Tannahill, the immediate elder brother of the Poet. The handwriting of the father is even better than that of any of his sons. The building of the house was one of the important acts in the life of James Tannahill, and to show the cost of a house of a *bein* weaver in Paisley a hundred years ago, we give it here :—

Account of Erection of James Tannahill's Cottage in Queen Street, Paisley.

Wood,			£13	13	0		
Windows,			5	4	3		
Wright work,			3	16	8		
Mason work,			16	9	9		
Plastering,			2	10	9		
Roof and safe lintels,			3	0	6		
Thatch, twine, and wages,			2	14	2		
Steading,			6	12	6		
Carry forward,			£54	1	7		
Brought forward,			£54	1	7		
Nails,			1	3	6		
Sand,			1	4	3		
Bricks, carriage, and tolls,			1	2	10		
Smith work,			0	18	0		
Carters' wages and tolls,			0	5	0		
Rigging,			0	6	9		
Drink,			1	14	5		
			£60	16	4		

Only the last item in the account requires explanation. In these days, and for centuries previous, it was the practice to give the masons "founding and finishing pints," and a drink every morning of a certain beverage during the progress of the work. The amount of these, it would appear, came to £1 14s. 5d. There is also another entry in the memorandum note book, "5th June, 1776, Widow Dunn, dinner and drink, £2 14s. 6d.," which we believe was the sum expended in the "house heating"—the entertainment given to friends on entering upon the occupancy of a newly finished house. At that entertainment, we believe the three Bailies of the town were present.

James Tannahill was about five feet four inches in height, and of a slender make. He was of a gentle disposition, with a considerable amount of pride. Mrs. Tannahill was nearly the same height as her husband. She had a hale constitution, was a strong-minded woman, and well able to manage the affairs of her household. The couple generally appeared in public on Saturday afternoons to take a walk, as was the custom in those days, the gudeman dressed in blue coat with dollar buttons, silk vest, knee breeches with silver buckles, linen thread

stockings, and silver buckles in his shoes; and his wife in white linen cap, or mutch, and scarlet cloak. They had eight children, seven sons and one daughter, born and baptised, as recorded in the Register of Baptisms for the Burgh of Paisley, as follows :—

1st,	Robert,	born on	2nd,	and baptised	2nd August, 1764.
2nd,	Thomas,	,,	27th Nov.,	,,	3rd Dec., 1766.
3rd,	Janet,	,,	23rd,	,,	23rd April, 1769.
4th,	James,	,,	17th,	,,	19th Sept., 1771.
5th,	ROBERT,	,,	3rd,	,,	5th June, 1774.
6th,	Matthew,	,,	14th,	,,	27th July, 1777.
7th,	Hugh,	,,	25th,	,,	25th Jany., 1780.
8th,	Andrew,	,,	19th,	,,	19th March, 1784.

As the entries of the births in the handwriting of the father in the memorandum book may be considered interesting, we insert them, as follows :—

"James Tannahill and Janet Pollick was married at Lochwinnoch, August 29th, 1763.

"Their son Thomas was born August 2nd, betwixt the hours of nine and ten of the clock forenoon, 1764. Died, September 27, 1765.

"Second son, Thomas, was born November 27, betwixt the hours of four and five afternoon, 1766.

"Our oldest daughter, Janet, was born April 23, betwixt the hours of one and two of the morning, 1769.

"Our third son, James, was born October 17, at seven o'clock in the morning, 1771.*

"Our fourt son, Robert, was born June 3, betwixt nine and ten of the morning, 1774.

"Our fifth son, Matthew, was born July 14, betwixt the hours of eight and nine at night, 1777.

"Our sixt son, Hugh, was born January 25, betwixt the hours of three and four of the morning, 1780.

"Our seventh son, Andrew, was born March 19, at one o'clock in the morning, 1784."

* There is a discrepancy in the name of the month between the Register and the memorandum-book.

The eldest child, named Robert in the Register, is called Thomas in the private memorandum book of the father, and died in infancy at thirteen months; *Thomas*, the second son, would be named after his paternal grandfather, Thomas Tannahill; *Janet*, the daughter, after her maternal grandmother, Janet Brodie; *James*, the third son, after his father; *Robert*, the fourth son, after his paternal uncle, Robert Tannahill; *Matthew*, after his maternal grandfather, Matthew Pollock; *Hugh*, after his maternal granduncle, Hugh Brodie; and *Andrew*, after Elizabeth Brodie's father, Andrew Brodie.

Bailie Slater died before James Tannahill obtained his Feu Disposition, and the granting of it had to be delayed till his only child, Janet Slater, was served heiress to her father.

On 25th May, 1779, the Bailies and Town Council of Paisley, with consent of Janet Slater, spouse of Robert Orr, manufacturer, Paisley, executed the Feu Disposition to James Tannahill, weaver in Paisley, of "All and Haill, "that steading of ground in Broomlands of Paisley, *with* "*the house built by him thereon*, and yard at the back of "the same; bounded by Alexander Gibson's house and "yard on the south; a corner steading, sold to Thomas "Whyte, on the north; the highway on the west; and "Walter Macfarlane's yard on the east parts." James Tannahill and his wife were strongly attached to the cottage belonging to, and erected by themselves. All the children were brought up in that dwelling and their earliest associations were connected with their sweet home, where their happiest days were spent.

The Hospital, in New Sneddon Street, was managed by 15 Directors,—three from the Town Council, three from the Kirk Session, and nine chosen from the town

at large. On 1st June, 1786, Mr. James Tannahill was chosen one of these nine Directors of the Hospital, and he was re-elected annually for five successive years. In several of these years, he stood at the head of those chosen from the community, which showed the esteem in which he was held by his fellow-townsmen. During his term of office the bell was put into the belfrey of the Hospital, and three times a day called the inmates to their meals. Those acquainted with bell language interpreted its voice to ring:

> "Tinklum, tanklum, tinklum, tanklum,
> Tak your parritch, or want them!"

Porridge in these days was the chief article of food for breakfast and supper. The bell settled all complaints about the food; and those inmates who would not take the diet at one meal, could take it at the next. James Andrew, schoolmaster, an acquaintance of James Tannahill, carefully educated the children in the Hospital, and took charge of the Minute Book of the Hospital. The names of James Tannahill and James Andrew will be found as subscribers to books published about this period.

James Tannahill, the respected head of the family, was chosen Deacon, or Boxmaster, of the Paisley Old Weavers' Society on Monday, the 9th day of October, 1786. The Incorporation of Weavers, at that time, were owners of several pews in the Laigh Kirk of Paisley, and one of them was devoted to the use of the Deacon and Managers of the Society. Like the Bailies, the Deacons of the weavers in these days wore cocked hats to the Church. On Sunday, the 15th of October, 1786, Deacon Tannahill came out of his cottage in Queen Street dressed in his cocked hat, to attend, along

with the Managers, the ministrations of the Rev. Colin Gillies in the Laigh Kirk. On the 1st of June, 1788, he was further elevated in being elected one of the Directors of the Paisley Dispensary,* instituted on 18th April, 1786. Only the intelligent and respectable inhabitants of Paisley have filled these responsible offices, and these appointments at once establish the position and status in society in which the Poet's father was held by his fellow-townsmen.

This upright and intelligent tradesman tried the manufacturing of patent netts (a fancy textile fabric of the period) for a short time, but he had not the dash about him to embark largely and plunge deeply into the business. He brought up a large family respectably, and being an attentive and industrious weaver, and proprietor of the house in which he resided, he was always looked upon as a person in easy circumstances. He followed the even tenor of his way till the day of his death in December, 1801, or January, 1802, in the 69th year of his age. He was interred in the burying-ground attached to the Relief Church,† Canal Street, Paisley.

Having now spoken of the respectability of the parentage of our Author from authentic documents of easy access in a much fuller manner than other biograpers, the atmosphere becomes clearer to enter upon the life of his son. It did not require to be enveloped in the scholastic language and polite literature of one original biographer, or wrapt up in the flowery language of another. It stood out in bold relief among his im-

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* Now the Paisley Infirmary and Dispensary. The 89th Annual Report was issued this year, 1875.

† Now the United Presbyterian Church.

perishable songs. Subsequent compilers, without making the smallest enquiry to glean a little new and true information, attempted to improve the former biographies, either by modifying or exaggerating previous statements, while their emendations or inferences were more frequently on the wrong than the right side.

Memoir of Robert Tannahill.

BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

Robert Tannahill, according to the memorandum note-book of his father and register of baptisms for the Burgh Parish of Paisley, was the fifth child and fourth son of his parents, and was born between the hours of nine and ten o'clock in the morning of June 3rd, 1774. A sickly child during his infant years, with a delicate constitution, he endured considerable pain. The careful attention bestowed in the nursing of his tender frame established his health and strengthened his body. A slight bend in the right foot was straightened, and the slender appearance of the leg overcome by the simple contrivance of wearing additional stockings. During his childhood he was shy in the meeting of strangers, and that bashfulness continued more or less during his whole life.

EDUCATION.

Both the father and mother had received a liberal education themselves, and they had a strong desire, and were both able and willing, to give all their children a similar advantage. Robert was sent to school when

about six years of age, and he continued for several years to receive the usual instruction taught in English schools to the children of parents moving in their position. All his brothers received a good education, and some of them afterwards filled situations which required a superior knowledge of writing and arithmetic. We have read letters written by several of these brothers, and can testify that they had either received a better education, or had applied the instruction they had obtained with great ability. In support of the education of the Tannahills, we may refer to the daughter, Miss Tannahill, having been sent to a ladies' school, to learn sewing, a course of instruction in these days only given to the daughters of the upper classes in town. Miss Tannahill sewed a neatly executed sampler having the letters of the alphabet in roman capital and small letters, the initial letters of the names of her parents and brothers, and the front elevation of her father's cottage in Queen Street, all bearing the *imprimatur*, "Janet Tannahill sewed this sampler in 13th year of her age" (1782) closing with the 30th verse of the xxxi. chapter of Proverbs, "Favour is deceitful and beauty is vain, but a woman that feareth the Lord shall be praised." Robert Tannahill did not distinguish himself in school from the other boys and girls on the forms, but it has been said that at ten years of age he astonished his schoolmates in attempting impromptu rhyming and making verses on the public characters in town or on a curious boy in school. After he had left the school, he procured a pocket dictionary to obtain the meaning of words, and from a grammar in the volume he instructed himself in the art of speaking and writing correctly.

APPRENTICESHIP.

After leaving school, he was bound, in 1786, apprentice to his father at the weaving trade for the space of five years. It was the custom at that time to bind all apprentices whether they learned the trade with their parents or other parties. In the Minute Book of the Weavers' Society, now called the Old Weavers' Society, the following entry occurs,—"7th December, 1786, Robert Tannahill, son to James Tannahill, weaver in Queen Street, Paisley, is entered apprentice with his father."

Muslin, linen, and silk gauze weaving, was a very light employment, and a child could have wrought at it. Robert Tannahill being brought up with his father and two elder brothers who were all weavers before him, and the weaving shop and dwelling house being a *but* and *ben*, he would occasionally try his hand at the shuttle, and very naturally and early took to the weaving. Twelve years of age was then a very common age for boys to be sent to the weaving, and they were not subjected to long confinement. It was neither from necessity nor poverty, as insinuated by some of the Poet's biographers that he was thus early sent to the loom, but from the industrious habits of the family, the lightness of the manual labour, and the high remunerative wages derived from the employment. The Weavers' Society, when they entered Robert Tannahill, then twelve and a-half years of age, an apprentice, must have considered him quite fit to learn the trade at his age, and we think it must be admitted the managers in 1786 would be better judges of the capacities of the young lads engaging in the trade of the period, than the Biographers of Tannahill giving their

opinions thirty years afterwards, when a generation had passed away, and new kinds of weaving carried on altogether.

RAMBLES IN THE COUNTRY AND SOCIAL PLEASURES.

During the schoolboy days of ROBERT TANNAHILL, he rambled much in the grounds of *Fairy* Woodside and the lands of *Sweet* Ferguslie, which were within three minutes' walk from his father's cottage—up Queen Street and down King Street, into the dark waving plantings and green shady bowers of Craigielee. As he grew older he extended his rambles to Meikleriggs Muir, Newton Woods, the Braes of Gleniffer, Stanley Castle, Cruickston Castle, Neilston, Kilbarchan, Lochwinnoch, and Beith. During these delightful excursions he was storing his mind with material, which afterwards broke forth into lyric strains which astonished his companions. These walks would also be taken to strengthen his delicate constitution that it might endure greater fatigue, although in long walks he felt pain in the necessary exertion.

The five brothers of ROBERT TANNAHILL were all brought up to the trade of weaving, as the textile manufactures of Paisley, whither of linen, silk gauze, or cotton lawn, had maintained their superiority both at home and abroad. With the view of still further encouraging the weavers and manufacturers of the town, the ladies of the Court of Queen Charlotte all appeared in Paisley Silk Gauze on 19th May, 1790, Her Majesty's anniversary of her birth-day. From a leaf of the shipping ledger of Messrs Fulton and Pollocks of Maxwelton, Paisley, dated 15th October, 1790, and pasted on one of the boards of the Minute Book of the Paisley Burns

Club to form a pocket for pens, pencils, and papers, it appeared that goods of that extensive house had been shipped, per the Mediterranean Packet, of the following patterns :—Spider Nett, Clermont, Corded, Soft Lawn Gauze, Patent Nett, Inkle Spots, Silk Spots, Tiffany, Figure, Italian Tiffany, Chain Figure, Cut Chain Figure, Stripes, Black Soft Turkey Gauze.

It was customary for the youths of both sexes in Paisley in these days to acquire the art of dancing. The teacher of dancing, during the life of TANNAHILL, was William Banks, whose school was situated in the Wangatend (No. 5 Moss Street). Previous to 1767 the Flesh Market was situated there, when it was removed to the opposite side of the street, on the ground now occupied by the Exchange Rooms. The under flat of the old Flesh Market was then converted into the Custom-Booth, and, in 1771, the upper flat into an Assembly Hall, and let to William Banks, who continued to occupy it till the building was taken down in 1807, and the present range of four storey houses erected. The young people were afterwards in the habit of attending the dancing halls, of which there were several throughout the town, to enjoy the exhiliarating exercise and practise for the annual ball. It was also a common practice for several companions to unite themselves into convivial parties, and invite their sweethearts to a night's enjoyment when the song, innocent conversation, the jest and banter served to pass many a tedious winter's evening.

About this time the Poet's eldest brother, Thomas Tannahill, the tallest in the family, was in the hey day of his youth, and considered one of the greatest *beaus* among the young Paisley Weavers, while his sister Janet Tannahill was looked upon as the chief of *belles*. They

dressed each other on the Sundays for the church. The High Church in these days was the most popular place of worship, and the seats were let by public roup. The dress of Thomas on Sundays was a three-cornered cocked hat, powdered hair with a queue tied behind, the coat of blue cloth mounted with yellow gilt buttons. The coat had a low collar, so that the stoned silver buckle which bound his neck-tie behind might be seen. A silk vest with black and yellow stripes across with a row of small buttons on each side; two large flaps were folded over to allow his shirt of 1700 linen, pure as the snow, to be seen, with large projecting ruffles down its breast. The knee breeches were of nankeen cloth, with silver buckles at the knees. Silk stockings and cordovon leather shoes with large silver buckles. Such was the dress of a Paisley Weaver in those days, and many such were to be seen in the area and front of the gallery of the High Church on Sundays.

Janet Tannahill dressed equally grandly on Sundays. A satin bonnet gaudily got up, white muslin dress or silk gown according to the state of the weather, red silk quilted petticoat, silk stockings, cloth shoes, and pattens in wet weather. In winter, cloth gown, muff and cloak. In all seasons, an umbrella, an article which had then been recently introduced into Paisley and was sold by Mr. Alexander Weir, cloth merchant, at the Cross. Miss Tannahill, being a dressmaker, came out pretty strong in the fashions of the day to shew her ability for the business. On the 27th of January, 1792, Janet Tannahill, then 23 years of age, was married to James Smith, weaver in Paisley, after two days' proclamation of banns, thereby showing that they belonged to the middle class of society. James Smith was a native of the neighbour-

ing parish of Inchinnan, and was a very quiet, inoffensive person, respected by all his acquaintances.

The apprenticeship of TANNAHILL had expired in 1791, and in that year the tale of "Tam o Shanter" was published in "Captain Grose's Antiquities," a very expensive book; but by 1794 it was published in a cheaper form, and could even be bought for a penny. "Alloway's auld haunted Kirk" was the resort of tourists in those days, and became more interesting to Paisley bodies from Burns introducing the heroine of the tale, *Wee Nannie*, as dressed in

"Her cutty sark o *Paisley harn.*"

Tannahill, with a few companions, walked from Paisley to Alloway Kirk. He remained there six weeks admiring the scenery of the land of Burns, and storing his mind with the beauties of Coila. On reaching Ayr, the Paisley Lyrist wrote the song of "My ain kind Dearie."

Persons like TANNAHILL, desirous of acquiring knowledge, sought to improve their minds by reading and study. The correspondence at the end of this volume shews the success which attended the Poet's exertions in this direction. The qualifications to which he directed his attention were those treating of poetry and music. The songs of the bards were his delight, and his favourite musical instrument a German flute. He insensibly became an antiquarian in the pursuit of old airs which had been favourites in their day, and by writing appropriate verses to these airs which he hoped would again become as great favourites in their new dress as they had been formerly. He became known among his companions for the gift of song. The old airs which he recovered he

hummed over at his loom, and tried to fit them with words. To catch every fugitive thought, he hung an inkbottle to his loompost, and fixed up a coarse shelf which served as a desk that he might jot down his ideas without rising from his *seat tree.** Thus was his mind elevated above the commonplace dullness of weaving, although in driving the shuttle forwards from right to left, and backwards from left to right, and knocking up the weft with the lay † to form the cloth, he could only produce a whirring, humming sound, like the monotonous ditty of

Fing at him,
Fung at him.

COURTSHIP.

Dancing and convivial meetings have generally the effect of brushing up young folks to greater forwardness and self-possession, but they had not this effect upon TANNAHILL, whose bashfulness and diffidence still continued. In 1795, TANNAHILL became acquainted with Jenny Tennant, who then resided in the neighbourhood of Queen Street. She was born in Dunblane in 1770, and came to Paisley with her mother to obtain employment in one or other of the subsidiary operations necessary in finishing the productions of the loom. They kept company for nearly three years, walking out in quiet roads in the vicinity on summer evenings, and extending their walks on Saturday afternoons. In dancing together, particularly in the Mason Lodge, New Street, and meeting

* The board or seat which the weaver sits upon while weaving.

† The one-box lay of Tannahill now belongs to John Graham, foreman, 49 Storie Street, Paisley, and we saw it working by John Chalmers, weaver there, on the first day of October, 1875, and still humming away at the old air of *Fing at him, Fung at him.*

occasionally with the members of the *core* in the evening for a night's enjoyment, the life of the Poet passed quietly and happily on; but, as of old, the course of true love did not always run smooth. A rupture occurred between the betrothed. Jenny Tennant was married to another person in 1798. Two causes have been assigned for the estrangement between TANNAHILL and Jenny. The Poet tells his version in the "Fareweel" (No. 77). Two versions have been given for Jenny,—one by herself, and the other by her female companion, Jean Crawford.* These form the feminine side of the story, and will be found fully detailed in the notes to the song of "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane" (No. 75) to which our readers are referred. Like other lovers' quarrels, there may have been faults on both sides. The versions of TANNAHILL and Crawford, when compared with each other, explain the true reason.

CHANGES—DISTRESS IN PAISLEY.

Thomas Tannahill, the Poet's eldest brother, died in 1795, in the 29th year of his age. His brother, James Tannahill, was married in December, 1796, when in the 27th year of his age, to Mary Barr; and in the same month and year his brother, Matthew Tannahill, in the 21st year of his age, was married to Margaret Cochran. The Poet was bridegroom's man to his cousin and namesake, Robert Tannahill (born in 1764, son of his uncle, Thomas Tannahill), married to Jean Barclay on 16th April, 1797.

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* Jean Crawford was afterwards married to Andrew Smith, second son of Bailie Andrew Smith, already noticed. Andrew Smith, junior, became proprietor of a mill in George Street, Paisley, now converted into dwelling houses.

We have prepared a table of the yearly population of Paisley from the year 1756 (when the Poet's father arrived in town from Kilmarnock) up to 1800, to show the rapidity of the annual increase.

Table of the Yearly Population of Paisley for 45 Years.

1756,	4,297	1771,	8,872	1786,	17,950
1757,	4,331	1772,	9,584	1787,	18,340
1758,	4,365	1773,	10,296	1788,	18,730
1759,	4,400	1774,	11,009	1789,	19,121
1760,	4,435	1775,	11,722	1790,	19,512
1761,	4,470	1776,	12,435	1791,	19,903
1762,	4,505	1777,	13,148	1792,	20,345
1763,	4,530	1778,	13,861	1793,	20,789
1764,	4,563	1779,	14,574	1794,	21,229
1765,	4,600	1780,	15,287	1795,	21,679
1766,	5,312	1781,	16,000	1796,	22,113
1767,	6,024	1782,	16,390	1797,	22,555
1768,	6,736	1783,	16,780	1798,	22,997
1769,	7,448	1784,	17,170	1799,	23,439
1770,	8,160	1785,	17,560	1800,	23,881

During the period embraced in this table, 42 additional streets had been laid off in Paisley, and house after house had been erected to accommodate the increasing population. In 1799, the failure of the crops occurred, and that calamity created a stagnation of trade throughout the United Kingdom, and the town of Paisley suffered severely. Provisions rose to famine prices, and the privation of the poor becoming severe, a meeting of the inhabitants of Paisley was called in January, 1800, for devising means to alleviate the distress. At that meeting it was resolved to raise a subscription and open soup kitchens. A thousand guineas were collected, and four kitchens for making soup and broth, one in each parish, were put into operation, fur-

nishing excellent soup and broth, which, on an average, only cost one penny per quart. During the distress one hundred and twenty thousand quarts of soup and broth were supplied to the necessitous poor. Mr. John Love, a philanthropic gentleman, besides his subscription, delivered the produce of four acres of potatoes, free of expense, in quantities corresponding to the number receiving relief at each kitchen.*

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* John Love was a merchant in New Street, Paisley. He was one of the original chief promoters of the Dispensary, now the Infirmary and Dispensary. In 1808 he built the Hope Temple in the Long Lone, now called in honour of him, LOVE Street. On the steeple of the Temple there were two poetical inscriptions, the one on the east side being—

Hope springs eternal
In the human breast ;
Man never is, but
Always to be blest.

And on the west side, in reference to fleeting time, indicated by the clock—the ancient clock of the Alms House Steeple in High Street, better known as the "Wee Steeple," made in the year 1721,

With constant motion as the moments glide,
Behold ! in running life the rolling tide ;
For none can stem by art, or stop by power
The flowing ocean, or the fleeting hour.
But wave by wave pursued arrives on shore,
And each impelled behind impels before,—
So time, on time revolving we descry ;
So moments follow, and so moments fly.

On his tombstone in the Cemetery of the Abbey, Paisley, is engraved the following inscription :—"JOHN LOVE, merchant in Paisley, late proprietor and now occupier of this spot, was born in April, 1747, and died in the 81st year of his age on the 1st day of December, 1827.

Frail as the leaves which quiver on the sprays,
Like them man flourishes, like them decays."

Hope Temple and surrounding grounds were purchased by Thomas Coats, Esq., who laid them off by the name of "Fountain Gardens," and presented them to the community of Paisley on 26th May, 1868.

RESIDENCE IN ENGLAND—RETURN TO PAISLEY—DEATH OF HIS FATHER.

The Poet, now in the 26th year of his age, and his brother, Hugh Tannahill, then in the 20th year of his age, left Paisley for England about the end of the year 1799. The real cause of his leaving town has not been mentioned; but Mr. M'Laren, one of the two original biographers of the Bard, merely conjectured two reasons: either on account of slighted love, or the distress in the town at that period. It may have been partly both. The two brothers on their arrival in England found the distress as severe there as in the place of their nativity, and every day matters looked gloomier and darker. They took up their residence in the manufacturing town of Bolton, in Lancashire, and tried to procure employment unsuccessfully. The price of provisions was rising every day, and the small stock of cash they had taken with them diminished rapidly. They resolved to try other places, and even accept a different employment before returning to Paisley. Previous or subsequent to starting, they met a cheerful-looking person, who observed them with sympathy, no doubt, thinking from the appearance of their dress they were Paisley weavers on the tramp. He spoke to them in a friendly manner, inquiring where they had come from, and where they intended going. The new companion, on hearing their pitiful story, stated that he also had been a Paisley weaver, and that his name was William Kibble. The three became friends at once; and the Bolton weaver offered the Paisley weavers accommodation for the evening, and promised to find employment for them the following day. The Tannahills accepted the proferred hospitality of their new friend, enjoyed a good night's

rest, partook of an excellent breakfast the following morning, and obtained employment that day. This at once raised their spirits, and drove despondency from their minds. TANNAHILL remained in Bolton, and his brother Hugh returned to Preston. The Poet, from the simplicity of his manners, modesty of his nature, and sympathetic disposition, became a favourite among his class of society in his adopted town, and was much respected by them.

In consequence of the severe indisposition of their father, the two brothers were written to in the latter end of the year, 1801, to come home immediately, if they had any desire to see their father in life. In the depth of winter they hurried homewards; and either in the month of December, 1801, or the month of January following, they arrived in Paisley, and attended, along with the other members of the family, the bedside of a beloved parent in his last illness. M'Laren in his biography mentions that TANNAHILL remained two years in England, and, on receiving information of his father's illness, left Bolton, and arrived in Paisley in the middle of 1802; while Ramsay states that TANNAHILL left Paisley in 1800 for England, where he remained for two years. We had great difficulty in fixing the probable date of the time the father died, as no record of the decease existed; and the interment sheets of the Relief burying-ground of that period had been mislaid or destroyed, and no person had any recollection of the matter. From a circumstance that occurred with the brother, Hugh Tannahill, after his arrival in Paisley, we were enabled to fix the period of the two brothers arriving in town either in the end of the month of December, 1801, or early in January, 1802.

TANNAHILL, after the decease of his father, and paying the last tribute of respect to his memory, continued in town, apparently satisfied with his two years' residence in Bolton. He settled down contentedly in the house of his mother in Queen Street of Paisley, and resumed his labours at the loom. The loomshop contained steads or spaces for four looms, and the one which the Poet occupied was situated next the gable wall, to the back, near the fire-place. He sat at the loom facing the door of the loomshop, so that he could see every person who entered the shop.

The first letter in the Correspondence we have been able to give is dated 14th March, 1802, and was written by TANNAHILL in answer to a letter from his friend, William Kibble, in Bolton, in which he mentioned that "my brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at "home with our old mother, bending under age and "frailty, and but seven years back nine of us used to sit "down at dinner together." The Poet's sister, Janet, was married in 1792; his brother, Thomas, died in 1795; his brothers, James and Matthew, were both married in 1796; his brother, Andrew, was married in June, 1801, in his 18th year, to Janet Drummond; and his father died in 1801 or 1802,—leaving the mother, ROBERT, and Hugh, residing together when the letter was written.*

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* If Ramsay had given this letter in full, we might have obtained the date when William Kibble wrote to the Poet, which may have been in the previous months of February or January. M'Laren, writing from memory, made a mistake when he said the middle of the year.

RESUMING THE MUSE.

TANNAHILL had received a Moral Epistle from his old acquaintance, James King, and, in return, had written the Epistle (No. 18) to his friend in May, 1802, which showed that he had again resumed his pen after his return to Paisley from England. It also proved that he had returned from the South before the middle of the year. Some time would be taken up by King writing his Epistle to TANNAHILL in Paisley. TANNAHILL must also be allowed some time for the preparation of his poetical Epistle in answer.

In the same year, and in the month of August, the Poet's brother Hugh, then twenty-two and a-half years of age, was married to Marion Allison, and TANNAHILL was the only child then remaining with his widowed mother. Silently mourning the death of her son Thomas, and the decease of her husband, she grieved that she might become burdensome to her surviving children, when the Poet, in the fervour of his heart, and to soothe the sorrows of his mother, wrote "The Filial Vow." It was an honourable and honest expression of his unbounded affection, and showed the filial love that adorned his character. Mrs. Tannahill, however, had that strong Scots character of independence about her which enabled her, so long as she was blessed with health, to make every exertion for her own maintenance. It was not her nature to fold her arms and remain idle. Always commanding light remunerative employment from the manufacturing establishments in town, she maintained herself respectably.

RENEWAL OF FRIENDSHIP WITH HIS FORMER ACQUAINTANCES, AND FORMATION OF THE SOCIAL CLUB.

In the same year, 1802, TANNAHILL renewed his

companionship with his former acquaintances of literary, poetical, and musical tastes, which was further extended by the new intimacies which had sprung up during the Poet's absence. At that time there were a considerable number of tradesmen's clubs in Paisley for different objects. These met on Saturday evenings to engage in a little innocent convivial enjoyment, or to discuss the stirring events of that martial period. TANNAHILL'S acquaintances had frequently talked of commencing another club. The new Club was accordingly instituted in 1803. It was composed of a select few of the admirers of literature, poetry, and music. The place of meeting was the house of Mr. Allan Stewart, Sun Tavern, 12 High Street, Paisley,—a very respectable house. The object of the meeting was for the reading and discussing of Essays, Songs, and Musical Compositions, and any other subjects which might be competently brought before the Club. The members numbered from fifteen to twenty, and they considered themselves the cream of the intellectual tradesmen in town. TANNAHILL was one of the chief promoters of the Club, and was its quietest and most inoffensive member,—never indulging in the bowl, and maintaining his temperate habits at all the meetings he attended in spite of the frequent ridicule of his associates.

"THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

In the year 1803, TANNAHILL was induced by Mr. Archibald Pollock, comedian, to undertake a dramatic piece, and accordingly wrote "The Soldier's Return;" but it was not much more than commenced when Pollock died. In our Notes to that Interlude, we will fully enter into the particulars, and now refer our readers

to them. We are inclined to think that TANNAHILL considered "The Soldier's Return" a complete masterpiece; and he was not prepared for the coolness with which it was received by his friends. He had spoken and written to his acquaintances much about it, and he evidently looked upon the piece as his darling production. He pressed his friends for their criticisms; and when they reluctantly expressed their opinions, he became sullen and morose. The songs which are interspersed throughout the Interlude are the gems that adorn the piece; and it was the singing of one of these, while in manuscript, that was the means of bringing R. A. Smith and TANNAHILL together. Mr. John Ross, an eminent composer of music in Aberdeen, had been employed, and set two of these songs—"Our Bonnie Scots Lads" and "The Dusky Glen"—to music.* Mr. Ross also set the songs of Thomas Campbell, author of the "Pleasures of Hope," to music, and had composed music for London publishers.

M'LAREN AND R. A. SMITH.

TANNAHILL only became intimately acquainted with William M'Laren in 1803, and with R. A. Smith in January, 1804. M'Laren, in his prospectus for publication of "The Life of the Renfrewshire Bard, ROBERT TANNAHILL," issued in 1815, stated that he had only known him intimately for the last seven years of his life. According to that statement he would only know him previously by name or sight. It would also appear from statements made by R. A. Smith in his letters, and com-

* Our readers will find short biographical notices of Mr. Ross at pages 11 and 218, to which we refer them.

paring them with other circumstances referred to by him, that he was only introduced to TANNAHILL for the first time in January, 1804. Like M'Laren, Smith would know nothing of TANNAHILL'S private life previous to that introduction.

M'Laren would then be			31	years of age.
TANNAHILL	„	„	29	„
Smith	„	„	24	„

Their acquaintanceship was, therefore, not the friendship of youth, but after their characters had been formed.

PERSONAL APPEARANCE AND DRESS OF THE POET.

There was nothing very striking in the personal appearance of TANNAHILL. Altogether, he was a slender, mild-looking man, his features rather inclining to the feminine. He was about five feet four inches high, and, consequently, diminutive looking; his head well proportioned; the hair a fine light brown, and his eyes a soft mild grey; his nose long and slightly aquiline, the mouth small, lips thin, and the chin round. He had a halt in his walk, and, in walking, generally preferred the middle of the road. A staid, quiet, inoffensive man, beloved by his townsmen, and frequently visited by strangers. We have seen more of the Tannahill family than any other person presently alive, and have observed the existence of a striking family likeness; in one instance, the resemblance was so perfect that we thought we saw the likeness—the bust—of TANNAHILL walking into the room in which we were sitting at the time.

The Poet dressed appropriately, modest and becoming, quite a contrast to the display of finery of his deceased brother, Thomas, already noticed. His working clothes were,—a small bonnet, a cravat round his

neck, a blue jacket with metal buttons, a buff waistcoat with small buttons, cashmere breeches buttoned at the knees, worsted stockings, and leather shoes tied with leather thongs, and a white apron in front. His holiday garments were,—a beaver hat, neck tie, light blue coat with silverised or gilded buttons, buff vest, clean dressed shirt with ruffles, cashmere breeches buttoned at the knees, linen or cotton thread stockings in summer, and worsted stockings in the winter, and shoes. The Bard expended his spare cash in the purchase of books, stationery, and postages, and occasionally travelling expenses in visiting different places in Scotland for his intellectual improvement.

The Poet, constitutionally, was not a strong man; but he took great care of himself. He seemed to be aware of the nature of the exhausting disease with which he was afflicted, from the dry cough rasping in his breast. In 1804, it would appear to have become so painfully severe that, in writing the Second Epistle to his friend, James Scadlock (then in Perth), he informed him of the state of his health in the following verse :—

"But, ere a few short summers gae,
Your friend will mix his kindred clay ;
For fell Disease tugs at my breast
To hurry me away."

SMOKING—CLUB CRITICISM OF HIS POETRY.

The Poet, and all the members of the Club with which he was connected, were inveterate smokers, and his own teeth were blackened from the narcotic fumes of tobacco. He has *vividly* described the members of the Club enjoying the weed, assembled in their "bourock," in a poem written in 1805 (No. 54) :—

"Encircled in a cloud of smoke,
Sat the convivial core;
Like lightning flash'd the merry joke,
The thund'ring laugh did roar." *

This bacchanalian poem, like others of a similar kind in the volume, was written by desire of some of the members of the Club, and for which TANNAHILL would be sure to receive the applause of the members. The Club had a powerful fascination for the Poet that he could not resist. His ambition was to please them, as he considered these worthies the ablest of men; and they were nothing loth to suppose themselves possessed of wonderful ability. When a new song or poem was read before them, it was subjected to the severest criticism; and not only that, but to captious hyper-criticism. Each stanza, verse, line, and word, was scanned and keenly discussed. The criticism, it may be remarked, was occasionally not very polished,—approaching, on some occasions, to rudeness. This was the kind of criticism that affected the sensibility of TANNAHILL, and not that of outsiders.

THE BURNS' CLUB.

The Burns' Anniversary Society or Club was instituted in 1805,—William M'Laren and ROBERT TANNAHILL being its chief promoters. The former was chosen the first President, and the latter elected the first Clerk of the Society; and they both acted in these capacities on

* When these teeth were removed by a gravedigger, in opening the Lair where the Poet was buried for another interment, they were found to be pure white. On erection of the monumental tombstone over the remains on 24th October, 1866, the teeth were again restored to the grave.

Tuesday, 29th January, 1805, when the First Anniversary of Burns was celebrated in Paisley. The Preamble or Argument (as it was called in those days) for the institution of the Society, is the composition and in the handwriting of ROBERT TANNAHILL, and occupies the first page of the Minute-Book of the Club:—

"That Man is the only creature capable of enjoying an eminent degree of felicity, is a truth so evident and so generally admitted that it were foolish to labour for its proof. An indulgent Nature, ever attentive to the happiness of her offspring, has enriched the world with men of superior intellect, who, by the splendour of their genius, the fascinating charms of their writings, have, like the sun which dissipates the vapours of the night, dispersed the dark clouds of ignorance, have taught the vacant hours of life to steal on with uninterrupted felicity, and thus in an eminent degree contributed to the happiness of mankind. Shall we, then, suffer such characters to pass unnoticed? No. Ye illustrious benefactors of the world! we will cherish, we will celebrate your memories! your virtues are already engraven on our hearts, and the tears of honest gratitude shall bedew your tombs; posterity will imitate and applaud the deed, and your proud names shall roll through an eternity of years."

"Animated by these reflections, a number of the admirers of Robert Burns met on the 29th of January, 1805, in the Star Inn, Paisley, to celebrate his memory, when a beautiful bust of the bard, painted by an eminent artist,* was exhibited from the window. The company, amounting to near seventy, sat down to supper; after which, the President (William Maclaren) addressed the company, as follows." [The address is then copied into the Minute-Book in the handwriting of M'Laren, and concludes by proposing "The Memory of our immortal Bard, Robert Burns."]†

"The toast was drunk with enthusiasm; after which, the following

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* The artist was probably either James Tannock or James Muir. See Notes to No. 25 for the former, and "Sketches of Editors" for the latter.

† The Address was printed by M'Laren at the end of "Life of Tannahill," published in 1815.

Ode on the birth of Burns—'Once on a time, almighty Jove,' * &c.—(written for the occasion), was read over to the company." [The remainder of the minute is in the handwriting of Tannahill.]

"Among the many toasts proposed in the course of the evening were the following—'May the genius of Scotland be as conspicuous as her mountains;' 'May Burns be admired while a thistle grows in Caledonia;' 'May Scotia never want the sword of a Wallace, nor the pen of a Burns.' The night went off with uninterrupted harmony; and the company, resolving to meet annually on the same occasion, appointed the following gentlemen to conduct the business of the ensuing year :—

William Maclaren.	William Stewart.
William Anderson.	James Tannahill.
Charles Marshall.	William Wylie, West Street.
Patrick M'Lerie.	William Wylie, Abbey Close.
Robert Morgan.	James Scadlock.
Robert Lang.	William Gemmil.
Robert A. Smith.	John King.

Robert Tannahill. †

Then follows, in the handwriting of the Clerk, a

"Song Written for, and Sung at, the Anniversary for 1805."‡

Tannahill duly attended all the meetings of the Society during his lifetime, and also wrote the two Odes for Thursday, 29th January, 1807, and Monday, 29th January, 1810 (Nos. 7 and 8); but he did not act as Clerk. We are not surprised at this. More than his leisure hours would be taken up with the composing of his poems and songs,—making several copies for his friends and the press,—correspondence with his acquaintances,—

* The Ode, which is copied into the Minute-Book by Tannahill, is No. 6 of this volume.

† The toasts and list of committee are in the handwriting of Tannahill.

‡ This song was composed by Mr. John King, and we will give it in a Note to Tannahill's Ode to Burns, No. 6.

attending meetings,—preparing for his first edition, and correcting the proofs. That record of the Burns' Anniversary Society has now become a valuable relic of TANNAHILL.

LOCAL CLUB MEETINGS.

A club had also been instituted in Kilbarchan similar to the Paisley Literary, Poetical, and Musical Club which assembled in Allan Stewart's; these clubs reciprocated the feelings of each other, and frequently the members of the one club joined those of the other in friendly conviviality and discussion. In conveying each other towards home, they generally made the hostelry of Jean Hattrick, situated at Thorn, two and a half miles from each club-room, the half-way house for parting. The house itself had obtained the distinctive name of "Hamburgh," from the person who had built it making his money at Hamburgh; and by that name it is known and called at the present time. It was a short distance off the road. Jean Hattrick was remarkable for intelligence, and she enjoyed the literary and musical conversation of the members of the combined clubs in a high degree, and even joined them in their conversations and discussions. The members were always made welcome by Jean; indeed, she would frequently refuse to supply their orders, declaring she had admitted them as friends for their intellectual conversation and not for their money. The Bard was a principal favourite of Jean's.

APPEARANCE OF HIS SONGS IN PERIODICALS.

Mr. M'Laren, in his biography, says of the author:—"Such was the extreme modesty of his nature, that though the qualities of his mind had ripened into

superior excellence, it was with difficulty that his friends could persuade him to offer any of his early pieces for publication. With doubtful hesitation a copy of his verses were, however, prepared for a periodical work then published in Edinburgh ;* but whether from that modesty for which he was conspicuous, or from a dread that his name might swell the list of disgraced correspondents, they appeared under a fictitious character. The fears of the Bard were vain. His verses appeared in the first number, accompanied by a flattering compliment to the author, and soliciting a continuance of his correspondence."

Laing, in his compilation of the Life of the Author, said:—"To the *Poetical Magazine*, published by Vernor and Hood of London, in 1804-5,† and to other respectable periodicals of the day, he also contributed many poetical and lyric pieces."

Ramsay, in his Memoir of the Author, said :—"The fame of the 'obscure verse-making weaver' (as he styles himself in a letter to a friend) now reached London, and about the year 1805, having been requested to become a contributor to a leading metropolitan magazine, he wrote for it" the pieces mentioned in the Note below. ‡

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* We have made several attempts to discover the periodical published in Edinburgh, referred to by M'Laren, but have been unsuccessful in finding it. His reference is extremely vague, and we have come to the conclusion he has made a mistake.

† Laing is very pointed with the names of the periodical and publishers, and its date ; but with all this information, our enquiries after the book have not been rewarded with success.

‡ Ramsay is rather vague with the names of the periodical and pub-

TANNAHILL also contributed to two periodicals published in Glasgow in the year 1805 and 1806 respectively, namely—the *Selector*, in four volumes, and the *Gleaner*, in one volume, both edited and published by William Maver, book auctioneer in Glasgow, the latter being a continuation of the former—a *gleaning* of the *selections*. These works consisted of extracts from publications of merit, with original essays and poems. TANNAHILL contributed seventeen pieces. The names of Vernor and Hood appear on the title page as one of the four London publishers.*

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lishers, but he has given the names of the pieces as follows :—

No. 4. "Dirge on Burns' Funeral."
,, 14. "Ode to Sincerity."
,, 53. "Portrait of Guilt."

Ramsay also quoted three words from a letter, but he has neither given the date nor the name of the person to whom addressed. We renewed our enquiries after the metropolitan periodical to discover if possible how the fame of the "obscure verse-making weaver" had reached London, but still without success.

* "SELECTOR."

No.		*Selector's Page*
	Vol. I.—Completed 7th September, 1805.	
119.	Mine ain dear somebody, ...	194
5.	Invitation to attend a Meeting of Burns Society,	195
39.	The Ambitious Mite, ...	264
137.	The Negro Girl, ...	266
2.	Prologue to the Gentle Shepherd, ...	267
31.	Ode to Jealousy, ...	268
	Vol. II.—Completed 2nd November, 1805.	
6.	Ode, Burns Anniversary Meeting, 1805, ...	54
54.	The Bacchanalians, ...	111
	Vol. III.—Completed 28th December, 1805.	
21.	Second Epistle to James Scadlock at Perth,	195
	Vol. IV.—Completed 7th March, 1806.	
20.	Epistle to James Barr, ...	114

The next publication to which TANNAHILL contributed was the *Paisley Repository*, edited by John Miller, bookseller, who commenced business in the early part of the present century in the shop, No. 24 Wellmeadow Street (then called Sandholes), at the north-east corner of Castle Street. The periodical was commenced in 1805, and continued down till 1811. It was very erratic as to the time of publication of the numbers and its series. TANNAHILL contributed eight pieces to this local publication.*

He next sent twenty-five songs to the *Nightingale* or Songster's Magazine,—a choice selection of Scots, Irish, and English Songs,—printed and sold by A. and G. Leslie, Glasgow, 1806.†

No.		Page
147.	The Coggie,	264
	"GLEANER."	
62.	Will M'Neil's Elegy,	37
90.	The Lass o Arranteenie,	131
63,	Epitaph on Thomas Bissland,	132
64.	Epitaph on a Farthing Gatherer,	132
28,	Resolve to give up Rhyming,	159
24.	Epistle to Alexander Borland,	273

	* "REPOSITORY."	No.	Year.
101.	The Soldier's Funeral,	I.	1805.
170.	The Recruiting Drum,	,,	,,
171.	The Old Beggar,	,,	,,
16.	The Pleasures of Hope,	II.	,,
82.	Blythe was the Time,	III.	,,
136.	The Maniac,	IV.	1806,
38.	Towser; a Tale,	VII.	,,
98.	Lament,	XVI.	1809.

	† "NIGHTINGALE."	Page
101.	The Soldier's Funeral,	19
69.	The Braes o Gleniffer,	23
113.	Wreck on the Gloomy Isle of May,	35

Two of the pieces, Nos. 113 and 117, which appeared in the *Nightingale*, also appeared in the *Caledonian Musical Repository*, a selection of esteemed Scottish songs adapted for the voice, violin, and German flute, published at London in 1806 by R. Crossby & Co. These may have either been contributed by Tannahill himself, or have been copied from the *Nightingale.*

Tannahill sent one piece to the "*Goldfinch* or New Modern Songster, being a select collection of the most admired and favourite Scots, English, and Irish songs," without date or publishers' names. From the appearance

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No.	"NIGHTINGALE."	Page
137.	The Negro Girl,	55
114.	Lone Silent Grave,	63
116.	Oh! are ye Sleepin, Maggie,	70
142.	Marjorie Miller,	72
99.	The Soldier's Widow,	73
124.	Och, Hey! Johnnie, Lad,	74
68.	Bonnie Wood o Craigielee,	75
90.	The Lass o Arranteenie,	85
93.	Young Donald and his Lawland Bride,	89
94.	Lament of Wallace,	148
117.	Mary is a Bonnie Lass,	150
118.	Bonnie Winsome Mary,	150
100.	The Defeat,	151
72.	Early Spring,	153
87.	Ye Dear Romantic Shades,	154
97.	Weep Not, my Love,	208
119.	Mine Ain Dear Somebody,	209
147.	The Coggie,	210
83.	Langsyne beside the Woodlan Burn,	213
136.	The Maniac's Song,	214
125.	Contentment,	216
13.	The Bowlman's Remonstrance,	217

Nos. 137, 119, and 147, previously appeared in the *Selector;* No. 90 in the *Gleaner;* and Nos. 101 and 136 in the *Repository.*

of the paper and printing, and the songs inserted, the date was probably 1806. *

FORMATION OF THE TRADES' LIBRARY.

In consequence of the difficulty of tradesmen procuring books in their small club libraries for reading and reference, Robert Tannahill and Alexander M'Naught, and a number of other persons, opened a subscription in 1805 for the purpose of forming an extensive library to which working men could have access. The Paisley Library for gentlemen had been opened at Whitsunday, 1803. The Rev. Robert Boog became a subscriber to the proposed library for the purpose of guiding, by his counsel, a proper selection of books. The new institution was named the Trades' Library, and was opened on 1st January, 1806. The subscribers submitted to the judgment of Mr. Boog for a short time, and then asserted their independence. The minister afterwards withdrew from the library, and became instrumental in forming the Theological Library in 1808. The books in the Trades Library were mostly of a philosophical, scientific, and moral description. †

IMPROVEMENT OF THE TOWN.

Since the year 1756, when the Poet's father came from Kilmarnock to Paisley, till 1806, a period of 50 years, forty-five new streets had been opened, and the general appearance of the old streets considerably improved, old thatched houses having been taken down and new

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No. * GOLDFINCH. Page

167. The Braes of Yarrow, - - - - 296

† The Trades' Library was broken up in the year 1846.

buildings erected on their sites; but it was still deficient in roadways, side pavements, lighting, and cleansing, so essentially necessary for the comfort and health of the inhabitants of a manufacturing town. The manufactures and other trades in the burgh had been in a prosperous state for several years, and there were engaged at this time in the manufacture of muslin 6750 weavers, of silk 120 weavers, and of tape 100 weavers. The population of the town increased considerably, as the following table will shew, which we give in continuation of the previously inserted table, bringing it down to the year 1810, when Tannahill died—

1801	24,324	1804	25,889	1808	27,975
1802	24,845	1805	26,409	1809	28,497
1803	25,366	1806	26,931	1810	29,019
		1807	27,453		

On 12th July, 1806, the local statute 46, George iii., cap. 116, called the Paisley Police Act, for paving, lighting, and cleansing the burgh of Paisley and suburbs, was passed. The first section enacted that proprietors should form pavements of flat hewn stone in front of their houses. The sixth section provided for the Town Council paving and keeping in repair the roadways of the streets. The ninth section ordered the removal of all outside stairs and outshots in the streets. And the seventeenth section directed the houses, buildings, shops, and warehouses to be numbered with figures. The first, sixth, and ninth sections of the new local act were immediately carried into execution by the roadways being causeyed, the outside stairs and outshots removed, and freestone pavements laid down on each side of the streets, and the lighting, watching, and cleansing attended to. Although the removal of stairs and laying of pavements

were very expensive to proprietors a vast improvement was effected upon the whole town. *

PUBLICATION OF FIRST EDITION.

We have already mentioned that TANNAHILL'S pieces were brought before the convivial club with which he was connected, and their merits and demerits freely discussed. He was in the habit of repeating and shewing to his neighbours any new pieces he had written, and absent friends were supplied with copies; by this latter circumstance several of his poems and songs have been preserved from oblivion. A few of his best songs were set to music by these eminent composers, John Ross of Aberdeen, and R. A. Smith of Paisley, and were engraved and published in sheets. By the publication of his poems and songs in the periodicals referred to, his name was soon brought into notice. His lyrics were easily committed to memory, particularly by the gentler sex, and by that means they quickly obtained a wide spread popularity. In every company where singing de-

* The numbering of the houses was not commenced till about 1817, and then every entrance or opening was numbered. From the changes that were annually occurring,—from the shutting up of entrances in one house and opening of new entrances in other tenements,—that mode of numbering led to confusion. In 1833, George Fowler (of Directory celebrity) prevailed on the Commissioners of Police to adopt the sensible mode of numbering every tenement, which has continued till the present time; and it is the latter numbers we have taken for reference and description of a tenement.

On 24th March, 1864, the above local statute was superseded by the General Police and Improvement (Scotland) Act, 1862, being adopted by the inhabitants, and the Town Council being constituted the Commissioners of Police, who introduced Caithness flagstone pavements, a greater improvement than the freestone pavements had been on the former earth pathways.—*Ed.*

lighted the ear, in the cottage, in the hall, at concerts, and in theatres, they were heard. Paisley at that time had a large adopted population from all parts of Scotland, and these, in revisiting their friends, carried the sweet songs of TANNAHILL in their memories, and sung them to their acquaintances; these again and again re-echoed them. At that period Caledonia was the habitation of a loyal and martial people—almost every person capable of carrying arms was either a volunteer, a militiaman, or a soldier in the line. Every one of these had their mothers, sisters, wives, or sweet-hearts, and they would be inspired with chivalry when they heard a female voice in sympathy and pathos singing the songs of the "Soldier's Return,"—

"Our Bonnie Scots Lads in their Green Tartan Plaids;"
"Langsyne beside the Woodlan Burn;" or,
"We'll meet beside the Dusky Glen on yon Burnside."

TANNAHILL had now become famous, and he was urgently pressed to publish his songs in a selected volume. He acceded to these repeated demands, and on 19th January, 1807, he issued a prospectus of the work, giving a specimen of the typography from "The Soldier's Return," and containing a sheet for subscribers' names. These sheets were issued to his friends, who promptly returned them filled up; and the edition, consisting of 900 impressions, was issued in May, 1807,—TANNAHILL supplying his own relations with copies.* The "Inter-

* In the month of August last we called upon and saw a full cousin of the Author's, Mrs. Ann Pollock or Hastie, at Lochridge, near Whitburn, relict of Mr. James Hastie, farmer, an old lady 77 years of age, the fourth daughter of Matthew Pollock, (3rd) of Boghall by his second marriage. She was very intelligent, and mentioned to us that she re-

lude" was placed first in the volume, his whole heart and soul being absorbed in the dramatic effort. He expected it would raise his name to never-dying fame; but it was unhappily condemned by some critics, while his other commonplace lyrics were lauded to the skies. The snarling critics and treacherous friends,—the prophets who can foretell events after they have happened,—then came forward with their crocodile lamentations on their supposed predictions having been fulfilled, that the publication was *premature*, and TANNAHILL should have waited—their time, and their time meant doomsday. They merely wounded the fine feelings and sensibility of the Poet, and caused his songs to be sung by a greater number of vocalists, and more applauded by the people. In looking over the edition, we observed five of the songs had been set to music by John Ross,* and four by R. A. Smith. †

The publication of the edition must have yielded the

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collected the Poet calling upon her father at Boghall when she was about ten years of age, and giving her father a book, and getting 3s. for it. She knew all the Pollock family, and her memory was quite fresh. We may also mention that, in the month of September following, we called upon another full cousin of the Author's, Mr. Robert Deans, farmer, Dovehill, in the Parish of Cathcart, near Pollokshaws, in the 78th year of his age, son of William Deans and Ann Pollock formerly noticed. Robert Deans and his ancestors have been in possession of the farm for hundreds of years. His grounds were in the highest state of cultivation; and on making enquiries concerning such a well-managed farm, we were informed that Mr. Deans was a first-rate agriculturist, and that all his crops were generally a fortnight in advance of the other farmers in Renfrewshire. These two relatives, on the maternal side, are the only full cousins of the Author, ROBERT TANNAHILL, living at the present time.

* Nos. 80, 84, 90, 93, and 137. † Nos. 76, 83, 107, and 136.

Author some profit, as he was enabled to deposit, on 10th July, 1807, the sum of Twenty Pounds sterling with the Paisley Union Bank, which had been established in Paisley in May, 1788. *

THE DRAMA.

TANNAHILL was an ardent admirer of the Drama, and attended the theatre in Paisley when a company of comedians arrived in town, and occasionally travelled to the theatre in Glasgow when Thespian Stars made their appearance in that city. He was acquainted with several actors, particularly with Messrs. Archibald Pollock and William Livingston, both of them very worthy men. TANNAHILL stated that the "Interlude" was undertaken by desire of the former, and urged by the latter. Pollock died before the "Interlude" was well commenced, but Livingston lived for 48 years afterwards. Livingston was a correspondent of TANNAHILL'S, and two very interesting letters from him, dated respectively 18th November, 1804, and 7th March, 1806, will be found among the correspondence. In the former letter Livingston expressed his impatience to see the "Sodger's Return." Mr. James Moss, an Edinburgh comedian, was another of his theatrical acquaintances.

COLLECTION OF IRISH AIRS.

TANNAHILL soon directed his attention to the collection of old Irish airs, and to the writing of verses to suit,—taking a Paisley maiden for his model of *Nancy Vernon*, another for poor *Sheelah*, and a third for *Kitty*

* The Paisley Union Bank, after having existed half a century, merged in the Glasgow Union Bank in 1838, now called the Union Bank of Scotland.

Tyrrell. In 1808, he aspired to become a contributor to Mr. George Thomson's work, then publishing in Edinburgh, "A Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice, with select and characteristic verses by the most admired Scottish Poets." TANNAHILL opened up a correspondence with Mr. Thomson on the airs and verses of the songs we have noticed; but these not coming up to the editor's standard, he did not admit them into that important work. However much TANNAHILL may have known regarding Scottish airs, it was quite a different matter to enter upon Irish tunes, when he neither sufficiently understood the subject of the ancient song nor the old air to which it should be sung. The fourteen Irish songs (Nos. 151 to 165, both inclusive), it must be admitted, did not please the fine critical acumen of Mr. Thomson; and, in the circumstances, it was quite out of the question to suppose that a sedate Scotsman like TANNAHILL was capable of writing verses to suit the wild airs of Hibernia. The letters of TANNAHILL on this subject, so far as recovered, will be found in the Correspondence under the respective dates of 6th June and 6th August, 1808. TANNAHILL, nothing daunted with the refusal of Mr. Thomson, continued his search after Irish airs, wrote verses to them, and submitted the pieces to his personal friends, James Clark and James King.

In the end of the year 1808, TANNAHILL wrote the humorous song of "Caller Herrin," to the air of "The Cameronian Rant," which, he said had been suggested by an observation made by Mollison in an essay on "Melody the Soul of Music."*

* In 1806, the "Miscellanies in Prose and Verse, by Alexander Molli-

CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE "SCOTS MAGAZINE."

This was the last periodical TANNAHILL patronised, and from 1807 to 1810, both inclusive, he sent the six following pieces :—

No. 95 Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes, October, 1807
,, 75 Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane, ... March, 1808
,, 102 The Worn Soldier, ... ,, ,,
,, 89 Cruikston Castle, ... Sept., ,,
,, 73 Simmer Gloamin, ... January, ,,
,, 8 Ode for Burns' Anniversary, ... February, ,,

SINGING OF THE POET'S SONGS.

The songs of TANNAHILL had now obtained great popularity, and young persons both in town and country delighted to lilt them. The singing of an author's songs in his hearing by persons unseen, must be gratifying to the ear; and the sensitive TANNAHILL was very much delighted to hear his songs sung by persons whose voices were unknown to him. The pleasant sensation which tickled his ears was communicated in a letter to his friend James King on 10th September, 1809, as follows :—"Perhaps the highest pleasure ever I derived from these things has been in hearing, as I walked down the pavement at night, a girl within doors rattling away at some of them." The *pavements* then recently formed

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son," were published, containing 221 pages. In the essay, the author said "A common Scottish reel (The Cameronian Rant), when played not very quick, always strongly reminded him of the angry tones of two women scolding. In the first part of the tune, rude altercation seemed to commence. In the second part, scolding appeared to rage; and about the close, to come to such a height, that, had it been reality, cuffs, tearing of hair, and other inharmonious accompaniments might have been instantly expected to ensue." The song of "Caller Herrin," we believe, appears in this edition for the first time. See Notes at pages 349 and 424.

in Paisley became promenades for walking, and were much frequented in the fine autumn evenings before the weavers of Paisley commenced lighting on the 15th of September for the winter.*

PROPOSED NEW EDITION BY THE AUTHOR.

In the beginning of the year 1810, the Author resolved to publish a new edition of his poems and songs, and he authorised Mr. R. A. Smith to negotiate with a publisher, who accordingly called upon Mr. Thomas Stewart, bookseller in Greenock, on the subject. On the first of March, TANNAHILL wrote a letter to Mr. Stewart, (which will be found in the Correspondence) regarding the publication of a new edition of his Poems and Songs, and, at the same time, sent Mr. Stewart a copy of the first edition, stating that he had almost re-modelled the Interlude. In the poems he merely intended to suppress several which he had deleted with pencil, and supply their places with as many other pieces.† To the songs he could add sixty or seventy,

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* The 15th of September is the festival of Saint Mirin, the tutelar Saint of Paisley; and in the evening, the tomb and altar of the Saint, where the Abbey was afterwards erected, were lighted up with wax. Since the Reformation in 1560, the 15th of September has been the night fixed by the weavers of Paisley for commencing to light their looms for the winter evenings.

† Former editors and biographers have made vague statements and lamentation over the great loss that had been sustained from the Poet, two days before his death, destroying a great number of his songs, without having ascertained the actual number of songs he had really written. The letter referred to in the text discloses the number to have been between 60 and 70, and it was well known that TANNAHILL supplied copies of all the songs he wrote to his acquaintances, and these were not destroyed. Each editor has boasted how many of these he

and the whole would comprise about 240 pages 12mo, being 65 pages additional to those of the first edition. He also stated that he intended to improve the arrangement of the poems and correct some of the faults that were to be found in the first publication. The Author deprecated the idea of again publishing by subscription from the obligations it laid him under. He desired Mr. Stewart to consider the matter for a month and then give his opinion freely on the business.

MEETING WITH THE "ETTRICK SHEPHERD."

Between the 18th and 25th March, 1810, James Barr, ("blythe Jamie,") who was then in the employment of James Steven, music publisher, 35 Wilson Street, Glasgow, came to Paisley, and spent an evening with TANNAHILL. The night being very dark, he would not allow Barr to take the road to Glasgow, but insisted on his remaining, and going early on the following day. Barr remained; and after getting breakfast the following morning, the Poet accompanied him to the head of

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had recovered. The following calculation shows the loss to be very small indeed :—

The Songs in the first edition of 1807			were	33
Recovered and added in edition of 1815			No. 1	20
—	—	— 1815	,, 2	12
—	—	— 1817	—	3
—	—	— 1819	—	20
—	—	— 1833	—	1
—	—	— 1838	—	6
—	—	— 1875	—	7
				69
Deduct Scadlock's song "Killochburn," No. 89				1
				— 68
				101

Queen Street, but on parting, TANNAHILL saw in the distance R. A. Smith and William Stuart, with three strangers, coming westward by Sandholes and Well-meadow Streets. TANNAHILL remarked—"There is something in the win," and requested Barr to wait and see. The two kept out of sight; and the five went into a public-house, and, in a short time, TANNAHILL was sent for. TANNAHILL desired Barr still to wait; and in a short time he returned, took Barr into the house, and introduced him to James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." Hogg had been in the Highlands on business, the other two gentlemen were on a tour in the same district; and Paisley not being far off their way, Hogg expressed a desire to see TANNAHILL, the Weaver Poet of Paisley, and they all came together. Smith's music school was near the Cross at that time. Hogg had either known Smith or been directed to call on him, and Stuart would be there when the three gentlemen called. The two stranger gentlemen having business to transact in Glasgow, left the company, promising to take out a ticket for him by the evening coach to Edinburgh. Hogg, who had been acquainted with Andrew Blaikie, engraver, whose place of business was then at the Cross, wished to see his old friend Andrew; and the whole five then went down the town. The forces being now collected, they adjourned to the "Bourock,"—the club room of the Sun Tavern. Barr has said Hogg was enraptured with their company, and it was a treat to see the friendship of the two bards. The contrast was striking,—the one healthy, lively, and off-hand; the other delicate, quiet, and unassuming. Hogg and Barr were convoyed along the Glasgow Road to the three-mile house, where they parted. Soon thereafter, Hogg saw an empty coal

cart lolling on the road, and he called out—"My lad, are you going to Glasgow?" "Ay, man." "Will you gie us a smart drive in, and we'll pay you for't?" "O ay, man." In then they went; and at the half-way house, they primed the lad with half-a-mutchkin, and galloped to the keystane of the Broomielaw Bridge, where they came off, Hogg saying it would not do to be seen galloping through the streets of Glasgow. They hurried on to the Tontine; the coach had waited five minutes, and was just starting. When they observed him running, it stopped. Hogg and Barr shook hands, and in an instant the coach disappeared in the hollow of the Gallowgate. That is the version of James Barr, who was present all the time. We shall now give the exaggerated statement of Motherwell, who *was not there at all.* "They" (Hogg and TANNAHILL) "spent only one night in each other's company. TANNAHILL, Mr. Hogg informed us, convoyed him half way to Glasgow on the following morning, where they parted. It was a melancholy adieu TANNAHILL gave him. He grasped his hands, tears gathering in his eyes the while, and said—'Farewell, we shall never meet again. Farewell, I shall never see you more.'" *

On the first of April, 1810, TANNAHILL wrote his special friend, James King, informing him of the meeting with Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd." TANNAHILL stated that they had a good deal of conversation about the Poets of the day, and in particular, that Hogg had mentioned he had been in the company of Walter Scott,

* This meeting with TANNAHILL has not been referred to in any of the biographies of James Hogg.

Hector M'Neil, Thomas Campbell, and others of our Scottish worthies.

APPLICATION TO MR. CONSTABLE.

Thomas Stewart returned the volume to TANNAHILL, declining the publication of his works. The Poet transmitted his corrected volume and his new songs to Mr. Archibald Constable of Edinburgh, but that enterprising publisher was in London at the time. On his return he wrote, saying that he had more new works on hand than he could print that season, and accordingly returned the parcel, apparently without examination of its contents.

LAST LETTER OF TANNAHILL.

The last letter supposed to have been written by TANNAHILL was to his acquaintance, Alexander Borland, weaver in Glasgow, to whom he addressed the Epistle No. 24, in 1806, an excerpt from which has been given by Mr. Ramsay in his Memoir, page xxxv., and which will be found among the Correspondence, after the letter dated 1st April, 1810. The concluding portion of the excerpt, "What has the world to do with, or who cares (take the mass of mankind) for the feelings of others? Am I right? Happiness attend you, R. TANNAHILL," evidently shews the wandering spirit and approaching mental calamity. *

WAS THE POET A FREEMASON?

M'Laren, in his biography of the Poet, mentions a circumstance respecting the Poet's desire of becoming a Member of some one of the Masonic Lodges, and of col-

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* It is most amazing that Ramsay did not give the last letter of TANNAHILL *verbatim*.

lecting a number of his friends together for that purpose; that he (M'Laren) was from home that day, but on his return he found a messenger had been, by the Bard's desire, sent for him. He then proceeds with his narrative, and abruptly remarks—"When admitted into the lodge, ROBERT was in the act of being initiated into the sacred order of Masonry;" he next relates the strange appearance of TANNAHILL, and his incoherent language, and closes with the climax—"The company gazed, his friends blushed; but the unhappy Bard was insensible to either." It will be observed that M'Laren neither gives the name of the lodge nor the date or place of initiation, or the name of any person present but himself. According to the context, however, it would seem to have occurred on the Saturday or Monday before the death. We have made very particular enquiry for authentic information regarding this pretended initiation; but nothing of the kind can be found in the books of any Masonic Lodge in Paisley or Kilbarchan, and we are inclined to believe it was either a dream of M'Laren's, or a piece of mockery practised by him and some of his acquaintances upon a person who was then insane.

CASH IN THE BANK.

The money which the Poet had deposited in bank was allowed to remain nearly three years, merely drawing the yearly interest accruing on the amount. This fact indicates that he did not require to uplift any portion of the principal sum to meet pressing demands, and proves undoubtedly that he was in easy circumstances. Every person who is able to allow his savings to remain in bank is considered to be of an industrious disposition, and not given to spendthrift or dissipated habits.

Looking at the amount at the credit of TANNAHILL, we must say he was both temperate and industrious. The deposit receipt was an excellent certificate of good conduct, and completely refutes the unfounded allegation of penury which has been brought against him. The principal sum was not uplifted till May 14, 1810.

LAST VISIT.

On 16th of May, 1810, TANNAHILL walked to Glasgow and called on his friend, Alexander Borland, with whom he had a long conversation; but the speech of TANNAHILL was so incoherent, that Borland deemed it prudent to accompany him to Paisley. On approaching the road leading to Crocston Castle, — the place where the "Ettrick Shepherd" and the Poet parted in the month of March previous,—TANNAHILL endeavoured to elude him; but Borland prevented his doing so, and brought him to the head of Queen Street, and, after seeing him enter his dwelling, returned to Glasgow.

DEATH.

We have heard and read so many different accounts of the melancholy death of the Poet, that it will be a difficult matter to relate the event without contradicting one biographer or other. We shall condense all the statements as truthfully as possible. Our whole aim in connection with the present edition is to relate facts. The Poet, it will be observed from our preceding remarks, was sinking under constitutional disease, and the symptoms of aberration of mind were developing. His mental strength had been overworked, and his mind, like a musical chord brought to its fullest tension, was ready to snap. His fine feelings were overcome by unjust criticism, and the sensibility of his

nature overwhelmed with captious remarks. Both diseases were rapidly increasing, and his reason hung like the beam trembling in the balance. His relations observed the progress of the physical disease, but they were loth to believe he was suffering from a disorder the most calamitous that can afflict the human race. Either shortly before or after the arrival of the Poet from Glasgow, his two brothers, James and Matthew, called at their mother's house in Queen Street to enquire for their brother, who in the meantime had retired to rest. The eldest son of his youngest brother Andrew, a boy about nine years of age, had been the Poet's bedfellow for some time. The brothers remained two or three hours; and Mrs. Tannahill, after listening at Robert's bed, and hearing him breathing as in a sound sleep, advised her two sons to go home to their families, and she would attend to him herself. They acted on her advice, and she lay down on her bed, as she required a little rest, and unconsciously fell into a drowsy state. Hearing a little noise, she immediately arose and went to the Poet's bed; and discovering it to be empty, she instantly sent for her two sons, James and Matthew, and also for Peter Burnet, a familiar friend and attendant on all occasions. * The three met and resolved that each of them should

* Peter Burnet,—or *Black Peter*, as he was called,—was a negro, born in Virginia in America about 1761. His grandfather was an African negro. He was brought to Scotland in his youth; and, about 1780, was sent to George Tannahill in Kilmarnock to learn the trade of a millwright. The weaving in Paisley being in a prosperous condition, he despatched *Black Peter* to his cousin, James Tannahill, weaver in Queen Street, Paisley. The first day the negro arrived in Paisley, he made himself as familiar in the Queen Street house as if he had been brought up all his days with the Tannahills; and he then formed a strong attachment to the family, which continued

take different courses to find the Poet. Burnet went down Queen Street into George Street, where the police night-watchman informed him he had seen a small-sized man hurrying from Queen Street, crossing George Street going westward. Burnet then made for Brediland Road, and soon found the Poet's coat and silver watch on the south side of the culvert of Candren Burn, an inverted stone syphon under the Canal. The instruments of the Humane Society were procured, and the body was lifted therefrom.* The Poet left his mother's house about 3 o'clock, and his remains were lying on the bier in the same house by 5 o'clock in the morning of Thursday, 17th May, 1810. Before eight o'clock the sad intelligence had spread over the whole town, and in every street small groups were congregated talking over the melancholy occurrence. The Poet being so well known and esteemed by his fellow townsmen, his death caused an unusually sad impression on the inhabitants. In

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till his death. He was a well-built man, five feet eight inches high, of great muscular power, and possessed of considerable ability. His dress was something similar to that of Thomas Tannahill, the Poet's eldest brother (already described), with this difference that his coat was brown cloth, and his vest black velvet, covered with gold spangles. Peter bore a respectable character, and was married three times into respectable families. He commenced weaving in Paisley when the trade was in its palmiest state, and ended with its worst days in the same town; and, consequently, tasted both of its prosperity and adversity. After spending upwards of half-a-century in honest industry, he fell into bad health, and his declining years were closed in penury and want. John Parkhill wrote a sketch of Peter's life,—consisting of 24 pages, 12mo,—and Peter, who had a spirit of independence about him, went about the town and sold it himself to obtain his subsistence. He died on 1st August, 1847, aged eighty-six years.

* The Humane Society was instituted in 1806; and William Burns, Esq., to whom the Poet's brother (James) was foreman, was President of the Society in 1810.

the *Glasgow Courier* of Saturday the 19th, and *Glasgow Herald* of Monday, 21st May, 1810, the following paragraph appeared :—" Thursday morning a young man was found in a linn in the Cart a little above Paisley. Some of his clothes were found near the spot, which led to the discovery of the melancholy circumstance." This paragraph is a mistake so far as a linn in the Cart is concerned, and the misstatement has led to many mistakes and acrimonious discussions.

The day after the Poet's decease, John Morton, an acquaintance of the Tannahills, made a sketch of the features of the deceased, which we will notice in a short biography of that individual.

THE FUNERAL.

In these days, before Science had spread among the people, they drew no distinction between bodily and mental disease, and applied one inflexible rule of judgment upon the acts of the *sane* and *insane.* Mr. James Tannahill, * the eldest brother then living, a very sensible person, resolved, in the circum-

* John Parkhill, already alluded to, published in 1860 "The Life and Opinions of Arthur Sneddon, an Autobiography," in which he, at page 36, gave by way of illustration, the following character of this esteemed gentleman,—"James Tannahill, the brother of the Poet, a man of sterling ability and integrity, had, during the ferment, been blamed for holding French principles. In the course of time, he became a manufacturer and merchant, attained wealth, and retired from business. For many years, he resided at one of the watering-places on the Clyde. In this beautiful retreat, he enjoyed excellent health; and for a long period, it was his amusement to write sermons and lectures upon particular portions of the Scriptures. This he continued till the period of his death, enjoying thereby much composure and pleasure. He lived to a good old age, and died with great peace in his own mind as well as with the world, and left, as was to be expected, an extensive circle of sorrowing friends and acquaintances.

stances of the case, to have the funeral as privately as possible, and invited only near relatives to attend,—no invitations being sent to any of the deceased's acquaintances. The funeral took place on Monday, 21st May, 1810,—the Rev. John M'Dermid, minister of the West Relief Church, Paisley, officiating as chaplain. The acquaintances of TANNAHILL, however, met in the house of William Stuart, No. 7 Cross Street, in the neighbourhood of No. 6 Queen Street, and when the mourning relatives moved in the funeral procession the acquaintances fell in behind. The interment took place in the lair, No. 366 of the West Relief (now the United Presbyterian Church) burying ground, Canal Street.

We conclude the biography with the following natal, nuptial, and obituary table of the TANNAHILL FAMILY:—

PARENTS.

NAMES.	BIRTHS.	MARRIAGES.	DEATHS.	AGES.
James Tannahill,	9th May, 1733.	29th Aug., 1763.	1801 or 1802.	69
Janet Pollock,	1738.		19th Aug., 1822.	84

CHILDREN.

Thomas Tannahill,	2nd Aug., 1764.	..	27th Sept., 1765.	1
Thomas Tannahill,	27th Nov., 1766.	..	1795.	29
Janet Tannahill,	23rd Apr., 1769.	27th Jan., 1792.	1803.	34
James Tannahill,	17th Sept., 1771.	Dec., 1796.	20th Mar., 1843.	72
ROBERT TANNAHILL,	3rd June, 1774.	..	17th May, 1810.	36
Matthew Tannahill,	14th July, 1777.	Dec., 1796.	29th June, 1857.	80
Hugh Tannahill,	28th Jan., 1780.	Aug., 1802.	15th Jan., 1811.	31
Andrew Tannahill,	19th Mar., 1784.	June, 1801.	25th May, 1811.	27

His case is but one from numbers I could give, and has been selected on account of the talents and character of the man." John Parkhill was long well known as the correspondent of the Glasgow newspapers under the signature "ARTHUR SNEDDON." The origin of his assuming this name is accounted for by his being a tenant of a property in Maxwellton belonging to Mr. *Arthur* Smith, resident in New *Sneddon* Street. Parkhill, sitting at his loom, could see the laird pass the window; and he was in the habit of calling out to his shopmates—"There comes 'Arthur Sneddon' again for his rent," until it was so frequently repeated that the tenant had to assume the *sobriquet*, instead of the landlord. Parkhill also published a small history of Paisley in 1857.

The Soldier's Return.

The gentle Tannahill, the sweet lyrist of Paisley, in his preface to the "Soldier's Return, with other Poems and Songs," published in 1807, modestly stated that the Interlude was undertaken by desire of the late Mr. Archibald Pollock, comedian. After publication, it was very severely criticised and condemned, without taking into consideration that the path of the author was lyrical writing, and not dramatic composition; and ere it was well commenced, Mr. Pollock, for whom it was undertaken, had gone to "that bourne from whence no traveller returns." The author was thus, in his first dramatic attempt, early deprived of the assistance of the gentleman for whom it was to be composed, and the voice that would have infused a spirit into the piece on the stage had become silent for ever. In these painful circumstances, the author solicited indulgence; and we are inclined to entertain it favourably, and judge charitably. The six beautiful songs in the first class of lyric poetry introduced by the author into the dialogue, were of such a redeeming quality that they should have saved the whole from the unjust condemnation. At this time, we read the Interlude once, and were well pleased with it; we read it a second time, and were better pleased with it: and we read it a third time, and, looking to the misty horizon, we saw the memorable *date* mentioned by the Laird—the only date given in the piece—

March the Eighth,

1801,

and, in the hazy distance, the pictures of the battles of Aboukir and Alexandria, at the last of which Sir Ralph Abercromby was killed. The mist rolled up like a curtain, and we then beheld the places described, the scenery painted, and the persons pourtrayed in the pages of the "Soldier's Return," by the pen of the Poet of Nature.—*Ed.*

THE PERSONS.

MEN.

THE LAIRD, *Colonel of a Scots Regiment.*
GAFFER, *the* LAIRD'S *Tenant.*
MUIRLAN WILLIE, *an auld rich dotard.*
HARRY, *in love wi* JEAN.

WOMEN.

MIRREN, GAFFER'S *Wife, a foolish auld Woman.*
JEAN, *Daughter of* GAFFER *and* MIRREN, *beloved by* WILLIE *but in love wi* HARRY.

Tannahill generally wrote from real scenery or actual models before him, and did not indulge much in fancy or fiction. He was a true poet,—free from mercenary motives; and his love of Nature and the beautiful impelled him to put upon paper his thoughts, irrespective of pay or patron. The scenery painted in the "Soldier's Return" at once pointed out the place where the plot was laid; the portraiture of the Laird, Colonel of a Scots Regiment, indicated Robert Fulton, Esq., younger, of Hartfield and Craigmuir, Captain in the 79th Regiment or Cameron Highlanders; and the description of the other *dramatis personæ* were evidently residents near the Alt Patrick Burn, and were said to have been a bleacher at Foxbar, and the tenant of the mailing of High Dykes, his wife, daughter, and herd.

Robert Fulton, the eldest son of Robert Fulton, Esq., of Hartfield, one of the partners of the eminent firm of Messrs. Fultons and Pollock, the extensive manufacturers of silk gauze and other valuable textile fabrics at Maxwelton of Paisley, was born in 1776. His father purchased the estate of Hartfield, including Craigmuir, in 1789; and he assumed the title of Robert Fulton, Esq., of Hartfield, and the son was called "younger of Hartfield," and popularly by the tenants of the estate, and by the weavers of Paisley, "The young Laird." Robert Fulton, younger of Hartfield, on his arriving at majority, in 1797, was appointed one of the first Lieutenants of the Renfrewshire Volunteers, raised after the outbreak of the French Revolution. In 1798, he obtained a commission, and entered as junior Lieutenant of the first class of Lieutenants in the 21st Regiment of Foot, or North British Fusiliers. In the year 1799, a failure of the harvest occurred, and that sad calamity affected the trade of the town considerably. The British Army, at that distressing period, required to be strengthened to meet the menaces of the French Republic; and it was considered a proper time to send recruiting parties to Paisley to enlist the young men in depressed circumstances. Party after party came to Paisley, until there were as many as twenty different recruiting parties in the town at one time. The burgh was kept in a continual state of excitement by these parties constantly parading the streets, gaudily decorated with ribbons and feathers, preceded by bands of martial music, to entice young men into their ranks. Sir Alan Cameron, the Commander of the 79th Regiment, paraded with his party, and made himself very familiar with the young men, and it became the popular regiment with the Paisley lads. In that year, Lieutenant Fulton of the Fusiliers was promoted to a Captaincy in the 79th, which increased the popularity of that corps, from the influence of the young Laird among the operatives of Paisley, and farmers' sons and servants on Gleniffer Braes and Hartfield estate, and their acquaintances. Persons who did not incline for the army, or were unfit for soldiers, removed out of town, and Tannahill and his brother Hugh went to England, where they remained nearly two years. The following year—1800, the last year of the eighteenth century, was a dark black year; food riots occurred, so that it was called the year of the great dearth. Recruiting was still continued. The British Fleet, with troops on board, sailed from Southampton on 16th August, 1800, and arrived at Ferrol on the 25th of the same month. The fleet, after cruising on the Spanish coast, put to

sea on 23rd February, and arrived in Aboukir Bay, Egypt, on 1st March, 1801; but from the tempestuous state of the weather, landing was prevented till "March the *eighth*, that memorable day." The 79th was brigaded with the 2nd and 50th regiments, and were engaged in the battles of the 16th and 21st March, 1801. The British were, on both occasions, victorious; but in the latter battle the British Army sustained an irreparable loss in the death of their distinguished Commander, Sir Ralph Abercromby. The Royal authority was granted to the 79th to bear the figure of the SPHINX, with the word EGYPT, on their colours; and Captain Robert Fulton received the decoration of a gold medal, from the Sultan Selim III., for that campaign. The regiment returned to Scotland, and landed at Kirkcaldy on 2nd August, 1802. Captain Fulton married his cousin, Miss Jane M'Kerrell, daughter of John M'Kerrell, Esq., of Hillhouse, Ayrshire, in November, 1803.

Captain Fulton was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel in the 2nd Battalion on 28th May, 1807. The 79th was engaged at the bombardment of Copenhagen on 2nd September, 1807, accomplished their object, and returned to Scotland in November following. On 13th May, 1811, Lieutenant Colonel Fulton was transferred to the 1st Battalion, and took the command of the regiment at Vellades in Spain. The regiment was engaged at the Battle of Salamanca on 22nd July, 1812, and they obtained the Royal authority for the word "Salamanca" on their colours; and the Prince Regent's gold medal was conferred upon the commanding officer, Lieutenant-Colonel Fulton. The Colonel retired from the regiment on 3rd December, 1812, returned to Scotland, resided at Maxwelton House, Paisley, and looked after the improvement of Hartfield estate. His portly form and stiff military walk was long known in Paisley streets passing between his residence and the Reading-Room. He was a Freeholder, Commissioner of Supply, and Justice of the Peace for the County of Renfrew. He died on 2nd July, 1851, in the 75th year of his age.

The tenant of the mailing of High Dykes in 1803 was Robert Dewar, who came from Kinloch Rannoch, and Jean Burton, his wife, from Aberfeldy; but when they arrived in this district of country, cannot be ascertained. In 1795, Robert Dewar became tenant on a nineteen years' tack of High Dykes mailing, lying on the east and south sides of the Ald Patrick Burn on the Newton estate, belonging to Archibald Speirs, Esq., of Elderslie. The landlord of Newton estate neither held a commission in a Scots regiment nor was he at the Battle of Aboukir in 1801. Robert Dewar was a very *clannish* person, and partial to Highlanders; and Mrs. Dewar was a worldly-minded woman, bent on making riches. At the time of entering upon the lease their daughter Isobel, popularly called Bell Dewar, was about thirteen years of age, and she became a very smart, active, tidy dairymaid, and drove the milk cart into Paisley, as was the custom with farmer's daughters in those days, to dispose of the dairy produce to the weavers' wives in the west end of that town. She was naturally clever, and could converse fluently both in the Gaelic and English languages. Robert Dewar and his family attended the Gaelic Church, Paisley, during the incumbency of Rev. Walter Blair. Bell Dewar, whose highland airs had been considerably mollified by Lowland manners, came to church on Sundays dressed in the

prevailing fashions of the period, and from her handsome appearance and rural beauty she was called by farmers' sons "The Queen of the Gaelic Kirk." She had wooers nine or ten, and her father favoured those with youth and Highland blood, and the worldly mother encouraged those with money, however aged. The beautiful rustic maid, as a matter of course, preferred young yellow-haired Highland laddies to the bachelors of middle age, with lyart locks. Mrs. Dewar died at High Dykes, and Robert Dewar removed at the expiry of his lease to the village of Sclates, on the road between Paisley and Johnstone, and died there in 1817 in the 72nd year of his age. Isobel Dewar was married, and she and her husband removed to Nova Scotia, where they both died. The portraiture of the bleacher is so well drawn by the poet throughout the Interlude that there can be no mistake he intended to represent Mr. William Robertson. He died a bachelor on 6th March, 1831, in the 73rd year of his age.

All these places and persons on Newton estate would be well known to Tannahill, as he frequently travelled by Ald Patrick Burn, past High Dykes, across the stream at *Glenfeoch* to the road, either at Craigmuir or Craigenfeoch. These remarks respecting the residents on Newton estate are supported by the rental books, which are still preserved, and confirmed by the son of the former tenant of Craigmuir, now 87 years of age, who was well acquainted with them in his youth.—*Ed.*

1.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.

A range o hills, oerhung wi waving wuds,*
That spread their dark green bosoms tae the cluds,
An seem tae crave the tribute of a showr,
Gratefu tae woodlan plant and mountain flow'r ;——
A glen beneath, frae whilk a bickrin burn
Strays roun the knowes, wi bonnie wimplin turn,
Syne trottin dounwards thro the cultured lans,
Runs by whar Gaffer's humble biggin stans ;
His wife an him are at some family plea,
Tae hear what ails them, just step in an see.

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* This range of hills is the western portion of Paisley Braes, comprising Bardrain Muir on the east side of Ald Patrick Burn, and Craigmuir on the west side of the stream, then covered with plantations. The glen beneath, is the very deep ravine of the burn between Bardrain Muir and Craigmuir, immediately below the fall of twenty-five feet in the burn. The burn on emerging from the glen makes several graceful serpentine curves in flowing downwards past the mailings of High Dykes and Low Bardrain. Gaffer's humble houses have been taken down, and the materials used in building dry stone dykes, while the mailings of High Dykes and Low Bardrain are now merged into one farm.

Hauld, Alt, or Ald Patrick Burn, is the western boundary of the extensive grant of "all the land between Hauld Patrick and Espedare,—as Hauld Patrick falls into Kert Lochwinnoc, and the Espedare falls towards the land of the Monks lying between the Black Lynn and the Kirk of Pasle," contained in a Charter executed about 1208 by Walter Stewart III. High Steward of Scotland (nineteenth grandfather, in lineal ascent, to Queen Victoria), to the Abbot and Monks of Paisley. The burn must have borne that ancient name of PATRICK before 1208, nearly 700 years ago; and we may be permitted to conjecture it was called after the individual who subsequently became the patron saint of Ireland. That large tract of land would be nearly five miles in length from south to north, and two and a-half

Gaffer *and* Mirren.

Mirren.

"Love shoud be free!"—My trouth, but ye craw crouse,
You a gudeman, an canna rule your house!
Had I a faither's power, I'd let her see,
Wi vengeance, whether or no that luve be free.
She kens richt weel Muirlan has ilk thing ready,
An fit tae keep her buskit like a leddie:
Yet sunes she hears me mention Muirlan Willie,
She skits an flings like ony towmont fillie——
Deil, nor ye'd broke your leg, gaun cross the *hallan*,
That day ye fee'd the skelpor Hielan callan;
Weve fed him, cled him—whats our mense fort a?
Base wretch, tae steal our dochter's heart awa!
"Love shoud be free!" gude trouth, a bonnie story!
That *Muirlan* maun be lost for *Hielan Harry*.
Muirlan comes doun this nicht—tae tauk's nae use,
For she shall gie consent or lea the hoose.
Oddsaffs! my heart neer did wallop cadgier
Than whan the Laird took Harry for a sodger;
An noo she sits a day, sae dowf an blearie,
An sings luve sangs about her Hielan Harry.

Gaf. Indeed, gudewife, the lad did weel enouch,
Was eident ay, an deftly hel the pleuch;

---

miles in breadth from east to west. In 1488, the Burgh of Paisley was erected out of that large tract of land; and in 1545, and subsequent years, Abbot Hamilton and the Monks of Paisley feued the remainder named Woodside, Ferguslie, Newton, Brediland, Meikleriggs, Carriagehills, Blackland, and Lylesland.—*Ed.*

But Muirlan's up in years, an shame tae tell,
Has ne'er been marrit, tho as auld's mysel;
His locks are lyart, an his joints are stiff,
A staff wad set him better than a wife.
Suner shall roses in December blaw,
Suner shall tulips flourish in the snaw,
Suner the wuds shall bud wi winter's cauld
Than lasses quit a young man for an auld:
Yet, she may tak him gin she likes, for me,
My *say* shall never mak them disagree.

Mir. Ye hinna the ambition o a moose;
She'll gie consent this nicht, or lea the hoose.

Enter JEAN *in haste.*

Jean. Faither, the sheep are nibblin in the corn,
Wee Sandy's chaint auld Bawtie tae the thorn,
An bawsond Crummock's broken frae the staw;
Och! a's gane wrang since Harry gaed awa. [*Aside.*

Gaf. A hoose divided, a gangs tae the deil.—[*Exit.*

Mir. Dochter, come here;—noo, let us reason cevil.
Isnt siller maks oor leddies gang sae braw?
Isnt siller buys their cleuks an bonnets a?
Isnt siller busks them up wi silks an satins,
Wi umbrellas,* muffs, claith shune, an pattens?

* Umbrellas were introduced into Paisley in 1788 by Mr. Alexander Weir, merchant at the Cross of Paisley; and the first or original one, which he brought from Edinburgh, is still in existence, and in possession of his

Oor Leddie,—what is't gars us curtsey tae her,
An ca her *Mem?* why, just cause she has siller;
Isnt siller maks our gentles fair an sappy?
Whilk lets us see, its siller maks fouks happy.

Jean. Mither, ae simple question let me speir,—
Is Muirlan fat or fair wi a his geir?
Auld croichlin wicht, tae hidê the ails o age,
He capers like a monkey on a stage;
An cracks, an sings, an giggles sae licht an kittle,
Wi's auld beard slavered wi tobacco spittle.—

Mir. Peace, wardless slut—O, whan will youth be wise!
Ye'll slicht your *carefu* mither's gude advice:
I've brocht you up, an made ye what ye are;
An that's your *thanks* for a my toil an care:
Muirlan comes doon this nicht, sae drap your stodgin,
For ye must gie consent or change your lodgin. [*Exit.*

Jean. Een turn me oot, Muirlan I'll never marry:
What's wealth or life withoot my dearest Harry?

---

grandson, Mr. John Lorimer, accountant, Paisley. Mr. Weir was one of the elders of the High Church of Paisley; and having come from Inverary to that town, he took a deep interest in the Highland population, and was the chief promoter and founder of the Gaelic Kirk, built in 1793, legally constituted into a *quoad sacra* parish of the Church of Scotland in 1874 by the name of Saint Columba Church.—*Ed.*

SONG.*

Set to Music by MR. JOHN ROSS, *Organist, Aberdeen.*†

Our bonnie Scots lads in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue belted bonnets, an feathers sae braw,
Rankt up on the green, war fair tae be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest o a ;
His cheeks were as red as the sweet heather bell,
Or the red western clud lookin doun on the snaw,
His lang yellow hair owre his braid shouthers fell,
An the een o the lasses war fixed on him a.

My heart sank wi wae on the wearifu day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa,
He bade me fareweel, he cried "O be leel,"
An his red cheeks war wet wi the tears that did fa.
Ah ! Harry, my love, tho thou ne'er shoudst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn,
An memory shall fade, like the leaf on the tree,
E'er my heart spare ae thocht on anither but thee.

[*Exit.*

Egmont-op Zee.
Egypt, with the Sphinx.
Fuentes d'Onor.
Salamanca.
Pyrenees.
Nivelle.
Nive.
Toulouse.
Peninsula.
Waterloo.
Alma.
Sevastopol.
Lucknow.

* This song has evidently been composed in honour of the popular 79th Regiment or Cameron Highlanders, particularly for the Recruits, and Harry as the hero of them, on the occasion of their being despatched to the depot of the regiment for training and drill, previous to their embarkation for foreign service. We wrote Lieutenant Hume, Adjutant of the Regiment, for the names of the Paisley lads present at the battles of Aboukir and Alexandria in 1801 ; but, in his answer, he regretted much that he was unable to supply them. This gallant regiment has been engaged in many brave actions since that time, and the list on the margin gives the names of the several battles borne on their colours and clasps.—*Ed.*

† Mr. John Ross, organist, composer and teacher of music, latterly of Craigie Park, Aberdeen, was born in 1763. At twenty-one years of age, he was appointed Organist of Saint Paul's Episcopal Chapel, Aberdeen, which he held for the long period of fifty-three years. He was possessed of eminent talents, both as a composer, vocalist, and performer of instrumental music.

ACT I.

SCENE II.

Harry returned, as servant tae the Laird,
Finds, for a whyle, his presence may be spar'd,
An here, his lane, he wanders o'er each scene,
Whar first he lov'd an fondly woo'd his Jean;
He sees her cot, an fain wad venture in,
But weel he minds her mither's no his frien.

In 1803, he composed the music for this fine song on the Paisley Recruits,—"the bonnie Scots lads," who, along with *Harry*, had enlisted into the popular 79th Regiment,—besides that of several other songs of Tannahill's which will be noticed throughout this volume. He also composed the music for the song, "Ye Mariners of England," written by Thomas Campbell. The residence of Mr. Ross during the greater part of his life was in the house, No. 39 Upper Kirkgate, Aberdeen, the door of which still bears the marks of having belonged to a gentleman possessed of much taste. By 1807, Mr. Ross had amassed a competency; and besides his town house, he was enabled to maintain a country residence, both elegantly furnished. In that year, James Clark, a companion of Tannahill's, happened to be stationed in Aberdeen, and he met Mr. Ross respecting certain pieces of music he had been composing for the author. Mr. Clark related his interviews with Mr. Ross, which will be found in two interesting letters among the correspondence, and in one of which he remarked that Tannahill knew Mr. Ross's brother. Tannahill, in replying to his friend Clark in September, 1807, mentioned that he had been highly pleased with the kindness which Mr. Ross had shown to him, and that, in all their dealings, he had used him like a gentleman. Tannahill further stated he thought the music which Mr. Ross had set to the songs was excellently suited to the words; and also that the music for the song of "Young Donald and his Lawland Bride," (No. 93), stamped a value on the words which they would by no means possess without it. These remarks of Tannahill are, in our opinion, as honourable to the author as the composer, and such as might have been expected to pass between these two truth-speaking persons. Among the works of Mr. Ross, a folio volume of Scotch songs was published by John Hamilton, Edinburgh, adapted to the voice and pianoforte, with introductory and concluding symphonies, and among these songs are those of Tannahill, set to music by Mr. Ross. Mr. John Hamilton is noticed in the note to the song "Winter is Gane," (No. 71.) Mr. John Ross was so much respected that the Trustees of the late Alexander Anderson, Esq. of Bourtie, presented him with the house of Craigie Park, and in which he re-

Harry.

Tir'd with the painful sight of human ills,
Hail CALEDONIA! hail my native hills!
Here exil'd Virtue rears her humble cell,
With Nature's jocund, honest sons to dwell;
And Hospitality, with open door,
Invites the stranger and the wand'ring poor;
Tho winter scowls along our northern sky,
In hardships rear'd we learn humanity:
Nor dare deceit here point her rankling dart,
A Scotsman's eye 's the window of his heart.——
When fate and adverse fortune bore me far,
O'er field and flood to join the din of war,
My young heart sickened, gloomy was my mind,
My love, my friends, my country all behind.
But whether tost upon the briny flood,
Or dragged to combat in the scene of blood,
HOPE, like an angel, charmed my cares away,
And pointed forward to this happy day.
Full well I mind the breckan skirted thorn,
That sheds its milk white blossoms by the burn,

---

sided at his death. Mr. Ross was once married, and his only child, a daughter, became the wife of Mr. Bell, the proprietor of Aberdeen Salmon Fishings. Miss Bell, his daughter, on being waited upon at this time regarding Tannahill's correspondence with her grandfather, stated that her father's papers had been all burned; and those of Mr. Ross, including Tannahill's letters, probably perished in the flames at the same time, unless they had been previously presented to the collectors of minstrel relics, which will be difficult to find out. The private worth and strict integrity of Mr. John Ross, the organist, endeared him to all who were acquainted with him. He was eminently "a man of truth," as he was justly characterised by the senior clergyman of Saint Paul's, Aberdeen, in the eloquent and affecting notice which he took of his death in a sermon delivered on the Sunday, nine days after his lamented decease, Mr. Ross having died on 28th July, 1837, in the 74th year of his age.—*Ed.*

There first my heart life's highest bliss did prove,
Twas there my Jeanie, blushing, owned her love.
The dark green plantin on the mountain's brow,
The yellow whins an broomy knowes below,
Bring to my mind the happy, happy days,
I spent with her upon these rural braes——
But while remembrance thus my bosom warms,
I long to clasp my charmer in my arms. [*Exit.*

ACT I.

SCENE III.

Noo Mirren's tae the burn tae sine her kirn,
Here Jeanie, waefu, sits an reels her pirn,
While honest Gaffer, ay for peace inclin'd,
Is haflins vext, an freely speaks his mind.

Gaffer.

Thy mither's gair an set upon the warl,
Its Muirlan's gear that gars her like the carl,
But Nature bids thee spurn the silly tyke,
An wha woud wed wi ane they canna lyke ;
Just speak thy mind an tell him ance for a,
That *auchteen* neer can gree wi *saxty-twa ;**
A mair disgustin sicht I never knew,
Than *youthfu folly* neath an *auld grey pow.*

---

* The poet has apparently used his poetic license in making the maid too young and the bachelor too old.—*Ed.*

Enter MIRREN, *blythely.*

Mir. Here comes oor neibour hurryin frae the muir,
Mak a things snod, fey haste, redd up the flure;
The like o him tae veesit you an me,
Reflects an honour on oor family;
Noo lassie, min my hie command in *this*,
Whate'er Muirlan says, ye'll answer *Yes.*

Jean. Whatever Muirlan says! it shall be So,
But sune as mornin comes I'll answer *No.* [*Aside.*

Enter MUIRLAN.

Muir. Peace to this biggin—he! he! he! (*Giggles.*)
Hoo's a?

Mir. Gaily, a-thank ye—William, come awa,
An tell us hoo ye fen this nicht yoursel?

Muir. He! he! His name be praised! feth, unco weel,
I ne'er was hauf sae strang in a my days;
I'm grown sae fat, I'm like tae burst my claise!
Nae wonner o't! I'm just noo at my prime;
I'm just noo *five* and *thretty** come the time!
Ho! ho! ho! ho! (*coughs*) I pity them wha's auld!
Yestreen I catcht a wee bit croichle o cauld.

Gaf. (*disgusted*). I micht excuse a foolish, untaucht (bairn;
But second childhood, sure will never learn. [*Aside.*
[*Exit.*

---

* The poet, of course, makes the bachelor say he is younger than he is.—*Ed.*

MUIRLAND, *half-blind with age, slips on his Spectacles secretly, recognises* JEAN, *advances to her, and sings.*

SONG.

Air—" Whistle owre the lave o't."

O lassie will ye tak a man,
Rich in hoosin, geir, an lan.
Deil tak the cash ! that I soud ban,
Nae mair Ill be the slave o't ;
Ill buy you claise tae busk ye braw,
A ridin pownie, pad an a,*
On fashions tap weel drive awa,
Whip, spur, an a the lave o't.

O poortith is a winter day,
Cheerless, blirtie, caul an blae,
But baskin under Fortune's ray,
There's joy whate'er ye'd have o't ;
Then gies your han, ye'll be my wife,
Ill mak you happy a your life,
We'll row in luve an siller rife,
Till death win up the lave o't.

Mir. Nae toilin there tae raise a heavy rent,
Oor fortune's made—O lassie gie consent! [*Aside to Jean.*

* William Robertson was an excellent equestrian, and always kept a pony for riding ; and many persons will yet recollect him coming into Paisley on his pony on the market days—Thursday—and the Abbey Church on Sundays. In 1819, when he was sixty years of age, he joined the Renfrewshire Yeomanry Cavalry, raised that year to suppress the Radical risings of that period. His age and wilzart appearance were very offensive to the regiment ; but he could sit on the saddle, and go through the exercise as actively as the youngest trooper. It may be stated that Bell Dewar was also an able equestrian, and "a ridin pony, pad, an a" would be a proper presentation to her.—*Ed.*

Muir. Ye'll get a gouden ring an siller broach,
An noo an then we'll hurl in a coach;
Tae shew we're gentle, whan we wauk on fit,
In passin puir fouk hoo we'll flucht an skit!

Jean. An tho ye're rather *auld*, I'm rather *young;*
Oor ages mixt will stap the warl's tongue.

Muir. Auld, say ye! Na. Ye surely speak in jest.
Your mither kens I'm just noo at my best!

Mir. The lass is blunt; she means na as she says:
Ye ne'er leuk't hauf sae weel in a your days!!!
Wi cannie care I've spun a pickle yairn,
That, honest like, we micht set aff oor bairn;
If gang wi me, we'll o'er tae Wabster Pate's,*
And see him weavin at the bridal sheets.

Muir. The bridal sheets! he! he! he! he! what bliss!
The bridal sheets! O, gies an *erl kiss!*

Mir. Fey! come awa, and dinna think o kissin
Till ance Mess John hae gien you baith his blessin.
[*Exeunt.*

JEAN, *solus.*

Alas! my mither's just like Whang the Miller,†
O'erturns her hoose in hopes o finnin siller!

---

* This weaver is the same person mentioned in the Kebbuckston Wedding (No. 109) as "Wee Patie Brydie."—*Ed.*

† Oliver Goldsmith, historian, poet and essayist, who was born on 10th November, 1728, and died 4th April, 1774, wrote, in his Citizen of the World,

For sune's I see the mornin's first faint gleam,
She waukens sorrowin frae her gouden dream.

SONG.

*Air.—"Morncen I Gaberland."**

Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi my faither, O,
Happy war the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet war the hours when he rowed me in his plaidie. O,
An vow'd tae be mine, my dear Hielan laddie, O ;

But ah ! waes me ! wi their sodg'rin sae gaudie, O,
The Laird's wyst awa my braw Hielan laddie, O,
Misty are the glens, an the dark hills sae cludie, O,
That ay seemt sae blythe wi my dear Hielan laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks, noo, are lanesome an dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gusht doun sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild meltin strains o my dear Hielan laddie, O.

---

the dream of Whang the Miller. He represented the Chinese Whang, as naturally an avaricious man, and, with all his eagerness for riches, was always poor. The Miller heard of a neighbour finding a pan of money after dreaming for three nights running. Whang commenced dreaming, and for three nights successively, dreamed that a monstrous pan filled with gold and diamonds was concealed under the principal foundation of the mill. He commenced digging under the wall, and latterly came upon a broad flat stone, but could not remove it. He ran for the assistance of his wife, and divulged the great secret to her. She flew into a rapture of joy, and both running to remove the flat stone to hug the gold and diamonds, they found the mill had fallen from being undermined, instead of finding the treasure. —*Ed.*

* *Note by Lamb.*—"R. A. Smith, in his 'Scottish Minstrel,' calls the air to which this song is sung, '*Mor nian a Gaberland.*' These verses are those of the Interlude, a fourth verse appearing in the 1815 edition."

Morncen I Gaberland—Tannahill ; *Mor nian a Gaberland*—Smith, is Irish.

Fareweel my ewes! an fareweel my doggie, O,
Fareweel ye knowes! noo sae cheerless an scroggie, O,
Fareweel Glenfeoch! * my mammie an my daddie, O,
I will lea ye a for my dear Hielan laddie, O.†

Thro distant touns I'll stray a hapless stranger,
In thochts o him I'll brave pale want an danger,
An as I go, puir, weepin, mournfu pond'rer,
Still some kind heart will cheer the weary wand'rer.

[*Exit.*

Both seem to be phonetically written, and mean "Sarah, the daughter from Gaberland."—*Ed.*

* Glen-feoch. This name was made by the Poet adding to the word *Glen*, the syllable *feoch*, borrowed from the word "Craigen*feoch*," the name of the farm on the north-west side of Alt Patrick burn, opposite Highdykes. It has the ring of a true Gaelic name, and if it had not been called Glen-feoch before, it should have been. Tannahill uses his new name of Glen-feoch both for the glen and the farm of Highdykes. And how sweetly would Jean, otherwise Bell Dewar, pronounce the new Gaelic name of *Glenfeoch*, and translate it "The Raven's Glen."—*Ed.*

† This song was first printed (1805) in No. III. of a local periodical,—the *Paisley Repository*,—published by John Miller, bookseller, Sandholes, Paisley. The song contained five verses, and the fourth verse was as follows:—

"He pu'd me the crawberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the foggy glen,
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O,
Sae lovin an kind was my dear Hielan laddie, O."

It did not appear in the 1807, 1822, 1825, and 1846 editions, but in the other editions, and also in this volume (No. 82.) The *Repository* consisted of 24 Nos. at a 1d. each, and was published *without dates*, between 1804 and 1812. It is very difficult to procure a complete set of the numbers. The *Scottish Minstrel* consisted of 6 vols., published between 1821 and 1824.—*Ed.*

ACT II.

SCENE I.

GAFFER'S HOUSE.

JEAN, *her lane.*

SONG.

Set to Music by MR. R. A. SMITH.*
Also by MR. JOHN ROSS, *Aberdeen.*

Lang syne, beside the woodlan burn,
Amang the brume sae yellow,
I leant me neath the milkwhite thorn,
O nature's mossy pillow ;

---

* R. A. Smith (Robert Archibald Smith) was born on 16th November, 1780, at Reading, in Berkshire, and consequently was six and a-half years younger than Tannahill. He was the son of Robert Smith, weaver, a native of Kilbride, who had been for some time a silk weaver in Paisley. His father had left Paisley for better trade, and settled in Reading, where he married Ann Whitcher. The boy Robert gave early indications of musical genius. He was, however, brought up to the trade of a weaver, for which he had no aptitude,—music and musical instruments being his ruling passion. He became a member of a church choir, and also joined the band of a volunteer regiment. The family came to Paisley in 1800, when Robert was twenty years of age. If Robert hated the loom in Reading, he detested the loom in the weaver-town of Paisley. The manners of the young English weaver were so different from the Scottish, particularly the Paisley youths, that a short time elapsed before advances were made on either side towards fellowship. He married in 1802. In 1803, he joined the Band of the Second Regiment of Volunteers, called the "Gentle Corps," and also commenced the teaching of music. At this period, Tannahill was engaged upon the Interlude of the Soldier's Return, and composing the songs which sparkle with such brilliancy through its pages. These songs have been sung while

A roun my seat the flowers were strewed,
That frae the wild wood I had pued,
Tae weave mysel a simmer snood, *
Tae pleasure my dear fellow.

I twined the woodbine roun the rose,
Its richer hues tae mellow,
Green sprigs o fragrant birk I chose,
Tae busk the segg sae yellow.

---

they were in manuscript; and the singing of the immediately preceding one,

"Blythe was the time when he fee'd wi my Faither, O,"

had a certain effect upon Mr. Smith, who happened to have been present and heard it. In writing a letter to a friend, he related the circumstance,—an extract from which will be found in the "Essay" in the *Harp of Renfrewshire* of 1819; but, unfortunately, the editor neither gives the date of the letter, nor the person to whom it was addressed. Mr. Smith said—"My first introduction to Tannahill was in consequence of hearing his song, "*Blythe was the time,*" sung while it was yet in manuscript. I was much struck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language, that I found means shortly afterwards of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed between us gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship that was never interrupted in a single instance till his lamented death." This introduction probably occurred in the beginning of the year 1804. Mr. Smith was appointed Precentor of the Abbey Church of Paisley in 1807 through the influence of Rev. Robert Boog, D.D., minister of the first charge, and he formed a band, which soon became one of the best choirs in any Presbyterian Church. Dr. Boog himself was passionately fond of music; and with the view of assisting Smith's studies, the doctor introduced him to Walter Young, D.D., minister of Erskine, who was distinguished for his profound and scientific knowledge of harmony. Tannahill, in a letter to James Barr, dated 5th January, 1808 (which will be found in the Correspondence), in reference to Smith, says—"He has been down, on invitation, spending two days of the New Year with the doctor at Erskine." We have given a copy of the handbill issued by Smith, informing the ladies and gentlemen of Paisley that he would give a concert on Tuesday, 3rd May, 1808. It will be found among the Correspondence. During 1821-24, Smith published his *Scottish Minstrel* in 6 vols. In August, 1823, he was appointed Precentor of Saint George's Church, Edinburgh. In 1827, his *Select Melodies* appeared. Mr. Smith was also a poet, and six of his songs have been printed. He died at Edinburgh on 3rd January, 1829, in the 49th year of his age.—*Ed.*

* Emblematic of a maid.—*Ed.*

The crawflower blue, an meadow pink,
I wove in primrose-braided link,
But little, little did I think
I shoud hae wove the willow.

My bonnie lad was forct afar,
Tost on the raging billow,
Perhaps he's faun in bludie war,
Or wreckt on rocky shallow.
Yet, ay I hope for his return,
As roun oor wonted haunts I mourn,
And aften by the woodlan burn
I pu the weepin willow.*

Enter MUIRLAN.

Muir. Feth! Patie's spool jinks thro wi wondrous (micht,
An ay it minds me o "the bridal nicht!"
I've rowth o *sheets*, sae ne'er fash your thumb—
O! gie's ae kiss before your minnie come.

Harry enters—Jeanie kens him—
Fast he grips her till his breast—
Willie gapes, an glowrs, an sanes him,
Rins an roars like ane possest;
Wild, wilyart fancies revel in his brain—
They baith rin aff an lea him a his lane.

Muir. O, murder, murder!—O!—I'll dee wi fear!
O Gaffer! Mirren!—O, come here, come here!

---

* *To pull the willow.*—To go into mourning for a sweetheart.—*Ed.*

Enter MIRREN, *in haste.*

Mir. The peesweep's scraichin owre the *spunkie cairn!*
My heart bodes ill—O, William, whar's my *bairn?*

Muir. A great red dragon, wi a warlock claw,
Has come, and wi your dochter flown awa!!!

Enter GAFFER, *in haste.*

Gaf. What awfu cry was that I heard within?
What maks you glowr, an what caus't a yon din?

Mir. A great big dragon, wi a red airn claw,
Has come, an wi oor dochter flown awa! (*Crying.*)

Muir. Its head was covered wi a black airn ladle!
Black legs it had, an tail as sharp's a needle!
A great red ee stood stairin in its breast!*
I'm like to swarf—O, twas a fearfu beast!

Mir. The craw that biggit in the stackyaird thorn,
Scraicht an forsook its *nest* when she was born;
Three pyats † crost the *kirk* when she was christen'd,
I've heard it tauld, an trembl'd while I listen'd.
O, dule an wae! My dream's been redd richt sune!
Yestreen I dreamt twa mice had hol'd the mune.

Gaf. The swurd o Justice ne'er fa's unwrocht for!
But come,—alive or deid, let's seek oor dochter.

---

* The brass breastplate of the 79th had the figure of the Sphinx, and the words "Egmont-op-Zee" and "Egypt" upon it. The Egyptian SPHINX was the representation of half a woman and half a lion.—*Ed.*

† Magpies—Birds of ill-omen.

Muir. I'll no be weel this month—O, what a fricht!
I'll no gang owre the Muir, my lane, this nicht. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE II.

A briery bank, ahint a brumy knowe,
Oor youthfu loving couple hid frae view,
Their vows renew, an here wi leuks sae sweet,
They set their tryst whar neist again tae meet.

Jean.

My heart shall, ever gratefu, bless the Laird,
Wha shew'd my dearest Harry such regaird,
Restor'd you tae oor hills an rural plain,
Frae wars fatigues safe tae my airms again.

Harry. Remote from bustling camps and war's alarms,
Thus, let me ever clasp thee in my arms.

Jean. But here, my lad, we daurna weel be seen;
Dear Harry! say, whar will we meet at een?

SONG.

Set to Music by MR. JOHN ROSS, *Aberdeen.**

Harry.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Whar the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side,
Tho the brumy knowes be green,
Yet, there we may be seen,
But we'll meet—we'll meet at een, doun by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side,
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ithers' arms they lie, doun by yon burn side.

Awa, ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side,—
There Fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
An the rock-lodg'd echoes skim, doun by yon burn side.

---

* *Note by Lamb.*—"For this fine song, R. A. Smith arranged the air of 'There grows a bonnie brier bush,' or, as he has it in his *Scottish Minstrel*, 'The Brier Bush,' second set. This is the song which Tannahill heard a country lass lilting in a field when he was taking a lonely walk one evening. The incident was one of the happiest the poet ever experienced. Two localities in the neighbourhood of Paisley are named as the scene of this song. One—the lower portion of Gleniffer; the other—a beautiful spot on the Alt-Patrick Burn, near Elderslie. Mr. Matthew Tannahill, the poet's brother, held to the former locality, and he gave as his reason, as Mr. Hugh Macdonald reports, that Robert and he were walking along the Braes of Gleniffer on a summer evening, when the valley of the Clyde was filled with the radiance of the setting sun. On gazing on the play of the sunbeams upon certain trees in the landscape, 'Look here, Matthew,' said Robert, 'did you ever see anything so exquisitely beautiful! Why, the very leaves glimmer as gin they were tinged wi goud.' Soon after this song appeared, with its beautiful bit of imagery—'Noo the plantin taps are tinged wi goud.' This fixed Gleniffer as the 'dusky glen' in Matthew's mind. Most of the local admirers of Tannahill, however, believe in the Alt-Patrick picturesque ravine as the 'dusky glen.'"

Noo the plantin taps are ting'd wi goud, on yon burn side,
An gloamin draws her fuggy shroud o'er yon burn side,
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll thro the fiel's alane,
There we'll meet—my ain dear Jean! doun by yon burn side.

Jean. I'll jeer my *ancient wooer* hame, an then
I'll meet you at the op'ning o the glen.* [*Exit, separately.*

ACT II.

SCENE III.

Gaffer's House.

Wi unsuccessfu search the ghaist-rid three,
Hae socht the boortree bank, an hemlock lee,
The nettle corner, an the rowntree brae,
Sae here they come, a' sunk in deepest wae.

Gaffer.

Alas! Gudewife, oor search has been in vain,
Come o't what will, my bosom's wrung wi pain;
I haflins think his *een* hae him mislippen'd,
But, Oh! it's hard to say what may hae happen'd.

* The scene of this song is unquestionably Alt-Patrick Burn. The now classic name of "The Dusky Glen" was very appropriately bestowed by the poet on the deep, dark, wild cavernous ravine on the burn, formerly called Leitchland Glen, now Glenpatrick. Jean and Harry had hurriedly met on her father's farm of Highdykes, and she asked him where they would "meet at een," and he answered by singing "The Dusky Glen" "*doun* by yon burn side," evidently pointing further down on the banks of the Alt-Patrick stream; and Jean replied,—"I'll meet you at the op'ning o the glen," and not across the country, and *up to* Gleniffer Burn. The tinging with gold can be seen every clear afternoon at the setting of the sun.—*Ed.*

Enter MUIRLAN, *runnin.*

Muir. Preserve's! O, haste ye! rin,—mak mettle heels!
I saw the dragon spankin owre the fiels!

(*They stop from going out on seeing* JEAN *enter.*

Jean. What maks you stare sae strange! what's wrang
He roars as loud's a horn, tho *auld* an *silly.* (wi Willy?

Muir. I'm no sae auld!—my pith ye yet may brag on!
But Jeanie, luve! hoo did ye match the *dragon?*

Jean. Auld blethrin wicht! the gock's possest I ween.—

Gaf. Come, dochter, clear this riddle, whar hae ye been?

Jean. Faither, rare news; oor Laird's cam hame this (day.
His *man* ca'ed in to tell us by the way,
Drest in his sodger's claise, wi scarlet coat,
He is a bonnie lad fu weel I wot!

Muir. The dragon! he! he! he!—I've been deliered,
I'll wear a scarlet coat, too, when we're married.

Gaf. Oor Laird cam hame! an safe but skaith or (scar?
I'll owre an hear the history o the war,
Us kintra fouk are bun like in a cage up,
I'll owre an hear about that place ca'ed EGYPT.
I lang tae hear him tell a what he's seen.
For four lang winters he awa has been—
Wife—fetch my bonnet that I caft last owk,
Here, brush my coat,—fey, Jean tak aff that pook.

Mir. Toot, snuff! bout news ye needna be sae thrang,
Let's set the *bridal nicht* afore ye gang.

Muir. The bridal nicht! he! he! he! he!—that's richt!
The bridal nicht! he! he!!—the bridal nicht!

Jean. I'll hing as heich's the steeple,* in a wuddie,†
Before I wed wi that auld kecklin bodie.

Mir. Was mither eer sae plagued wi a dochter!
O that's her *thank* for a the length I've brocht her! (*Crying.*

Gaf. This racket in a house!—it is a shame,
I'll thank you, Muirlan, to be steppin hame.

Jean. Auld, swirlon, slaethorn, camsheugh, cruiked
Gae wa, an ne'er again come in my sicht. (wicht,

Muir. That e'er my lugs were doom'd to hear sic words!
Whilk rush into my heart like pointed swurds—
Frae me let younkers warnin tak in time,
An wed, ere dozened doun ayont their prime!
O, me! I canna gang,—twill break my heart,—
Let's hae ae fareweel peep afore we part.

(*He puts on his Spectacles, stares at* JEAN, *roars ludicrously. Exit crying.*

Enter the LAIRD, *attended by* HARRY.

Laird. Well—how d'ye do, my worthy tenants; pray,
How fares good Gaffer since I went away?

---

* The High Church Steeple, Paisley, erected in 1769, 161 feet in height, in the Italian style of architecture on the highest eminence of Oakshaw Hill. It is a prominent landmark in the surrounding country, and could be seen by *Jean* every time she came into Paisley.

† A rope made of osier twigs.—*Ed.*

Gaf. My noble Laird! thanks to the lucky star,
That steer'd you hame, safe thro the storms o war.

Laird. Thanks, honest friend—I know your heart of truth,
But for my safety, thank this gallant youth:
He saved my life—to him I owe my fame,
And gratitude shall still revere his name.

Gaf. May heav'n's post angel swift my blessin's carry!
He saved your life!—preserve me, it is Harry!
Thrice welcome, lad, here—gie's a shake o your paw!
Ye've mended hugely since ye gaed awa.

Harry. Yes, soldiering brushes up a person's frame;
But, at the heart, I hope I'm still the same.

Gaf. Your promise tae dae weel, I see ye've keepent.
He saved your life! O tell me how it happent?

Laird. *'Twas March the eighth, that memorable day,*
Our sea-worn troops all weary with delay,
For six long days storm rock'd we lay off shore,
And heard the enemies' guns menacing roar,
At length the wish'd for orders came to *land*,
And drive the foe back from the mounded strand;
Then, each a hero, on the decks we stood,
Launch'd out our boats and speeded all we could;
While clouds of sulph'rous smoke obscur'd the view,
And show'rs of grape-shot from their batt'ries flew—*

---

* The first account that arrived in Britain of the landing of British troops at Aboukir on the coast of Egypt came from France, and we shall quote

A brother Captain, seated by my side,
Receiv'd a shot—he sunk—he quiver'd—died;
With friendly hand I closed his life gone eyes,
Our sighs, our tears, were all his obsequies.
Then, as our rowers strove with lengthen'd sweep,
Back from the stern I tumbl'd in the deep,
And sure had perish'd, for each pressing wave
Seem'd emulous to be a soldier's grave;
Had not this gallant youth, at danger's shrine,
Off'ring his life a sacrifice for mine,
Leap'd from the boat and beat his billowy way,
To where I belch'd and struggl'd in the sea;
With god-like arm sustain'd life's sinking hope,
Till the succeeding rowers pick'd us up.

Gaf. Fair fa your worth, my brave young sodger lad,
Tae see you safe *return'd* my heart is glad;
Ilk cottar roun will lang your name regaird,
An bless you for your kindness tae the Laird.

---

the news which would then be of such vast interest to the nation, in the brief narrative given in the *Scots Magazine* for April, 1801, vol. 63, p. 296,—"The Paris journals of the 16th April contain very important accounts from Egypt. Sir Ralph Abercromby appeared off that place on the first day of March, and sailed for Aboukir, where he lay for several days on the account of bad weather; but on the 8th, at six in the morning, the weather being favourable, he began landing his troops. The French followed him from Alexandria, and posted themselves on the heights of Aboukir to oppose the debarkation. A battle took place from seven till nine in the morning, which must have been very bloody. The English troops were covered by gunboats and other vessels, and the French employed fifteen pieces of cannon on them. After two hours' fighting, the number of the English continually increasing, the French found it necessary to retreat." In mentioning in a previous note that Sir Ralph Abercromby was killed at the Battle of Alexandria, we should have said he there received his death-wound, and that he died seven days thereafter.—*Ed.*

The account of the landing and Battle of Aboukir arrived in Paisley on 23rd April, 1801.—*Ed.*

Laird. And when the day's hot work of war was done,
Each fight-tir'd soldier leaning on his gun,
I sought my brave deliverer, and made
An offer, with what influence I had,
To raise his fortune; but he shunned reward:
Yet warmly thank'd me for my kind regard;
Then, as in warmth I prais'd his good behaviour,
He modestly besought me this one *favour*,
That, if surviving when the war was o'er,
And safe return'd to Scotia once more,
I'd ask your will for him to wed your daughter;
A manly, virtuous heart he home hath brought her.

Gaf. Wi a my heart, he has my *free consent*,
Wife, what say ye? I hope ye're weel content.

Mir. A mither's *word* stan's neither here nor there;
Tak him or no, I'm sure I dinna care.

Laird. Accept this trifle as young Harry's wife.
(*Gives his purse to* JEAN.
Money is no equivalent for *life;*
And take this ring,—good mistress, here's another,
With this I 'nlist you for young Harry's mother.

Jean. Excuse me, sir,—my lips cannot impart
The warm emotions of my gratefu heart.

Mir. It's goud, it's goud! O yes, sir—I agree.
Gaffer, it's goud! Yes, "LUVE *shou'd aye be free!*"*

---

* This quotation is also used in the 1st and 13th lines of the Interlude. The parallel passage on the volatility of love are the celebrated lines from Pope's "Heloise to Abelard,"—

> "*Love, free as air*, at sight of human ties
> Spreads his light wings, and in a moment flies."

Gaf. Daft woman, cease.

Laird.....And as for you, good Gaffer,
My steward will inform what's in your favour.
Meantime, prepare the WEDDING to your wills,
Invite my tenants from the neighb'ring hills,*
Then feast, drink, dance till each ane tynes his senses,
And spare no cost, for I shall pay the expenses.

Harry. Most gen'rous sir! to tell how much I owe,
I'm weak in words—let time and actions show.

Laird. My dearest friend—I pray, no more of this,
Would I could make you happy as I wish;
From him most *benefited* most is due,
And sure the debt belongs from *me* to you.—
Attend the mansion, soon as morning's light—
And now my friends, I wish you all good night. [*Exit.*

Harry. Great is his soul! soft be his bed of rest,
Whose *only wish* is to make others blest!

Mir. I'll gang to kirk neist Sunday, odd's my life!
This gouden ring will vex Glen Craigie's wife.†

Gaf. Wife—fy! let pride an envy gang thegither,
This house, I hope, will ne'er be fasht wi either;

---

* Hartfield estate and Craigmuir.—*Ed.*

† This was Mrs. Mary Gardner, wife of John Lochhead, farmer, tenant in Craigmuir. *Lady* Craigmuir dressed very gay in the fashionable female attire of the period. She wore a heavy plain gold ring and a gold stoned ring, and was envied by all the other farmers' wives in the neighbourhood. John Lochhead was proprietor of "Craigmuir Town House," 29 High Street, Paisley. He died on 26th July, 1826, aged sixty-six; and his wife died in June, 1836, also aged sixty-six.

Ay be content wi what ye hae yoursel,
An never grudge tae see a neibour weel—
But Harry, man, I lang tae hear you sing,
Ye wont tae mak oor glens an plantin's ring.

Harry. My heart was never on a cantier key,
I'll sing you one with true spontaneous glee.

SONG.

Air,—"My laddie is gane."

From the rude bustling camp to the calm rural plain,
I've come, my dear JEANIE, to bless thee again;
Still burning for honour our warriors may roam,
But the *laurel* I wished for I've won it at home:
All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
When far from the kind little girl of my heart;
Now, safely returned, I will leave thee no more,
But love my dear JEANIE till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement, how pleasing to me!
Possessing all worth, my dear JEANIE, in thee!
Our flocks early bleating will wake us to joy,
And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky!
In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
Till time looking back will admire at his speed,
Still blooming in Virtue, tho youth then be o'er,
I'll love my dear JEANIE till life's latest hour.

Enter MUIRLAND.

Muir. That's nobly sung, my hearty sodger callan!
I've heard you a, ahint the byre door hallan;
I see my fauts, I've chang'd my foolish views,
An now I'm come to beg for your excuse,

The sang sings true, I own't without a swither,
"*Auld age an young can ne'er gree thegither.*" *
I think, thro life I'll mak a canny fen
Wi hurcheon Nancy o the Hazel-glen;
She has my vows, but ay I lat her stan,
In hopes to won that bonnie lassie's han;
O foolish thocht! I maist coud greet wi spite,
But it was sleeky *luve* had a the wyte:
Nae mair let fortune pride in her deserts,
Her goud may *purchase han's*, but ne'er can *sowther hearts.*

Gaf. The man wha sees his fauts an strives to men' 'em,
Does *mair* for virtue than he ne'er had haen 'em;
An he wha *deals* in scandal, only gains
A *rich repay* of scandal for his pains:
Ye hae our free excuse, ye needna doot it,
Ye'll ne'er, for us, mair hear a word about it.

Muir. That's a I wish't,—I coudna bide the thocht,
To live on earth an bear your scorn in oucht;
My heart's now hale—ye sune shall hear the banns
Proclaim'd in the Parish Kirk 'tween me an Nans;
I'm no the first auld chiel wha's gotten a slicht,—
I'll owre the muir,—sae, fareweel a this nicht! [*Exit.*

Gaf. Of a experience, that bears aff the bell,
Whilk lets a body *richtly* ken himsel.

Jean. May lasses, when their joes are far frae hame,
Bid stragglin wooers gang the gates they came,

* "Crabbed age and youth cannot live together."—*Shakespere*, "The Passionate Pilgrim," stanza 10.

Else, aiblins, when their muneshine courtship's past,
They'll hae to wed *auld dotards* at the last.

Mir. Gudewives shoud ay be *subject* to their men;
I'll ne'er speak contrar to your will again.

Gaf. That's richt, gudewife,—I'm sure I weel may say,
Glen-feoch never saw sae blest a day.
Young fouks,—we'll set the bridal day the morn,—
But, Lucky, haste! bring ben the Christmas horn,*
Let's pour ae sacred bumper to the Laird;
A glass, to croun a wish, was never better wair'd.

Harry. While I was yet a boy, my parents died,
And left me poor and friendless, wand'ring wide,
Your goodness found me, neath your fost'ring care
I learn'd those precepts which I'll still revere,
And now, to Heav'n, for length of life I pray,
With filial love your goodness to repay.

Gaf. This sacred maxim let us still regard,
That "*Virtue ever is its own reward.*"

---

* The drinking cup.—*Ed.*

And what we give to succour the distrest,
Calls down from Heav'n a blessing on the rest. *

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* *Note by Lamb.*—"In writing *The Soldier's Return*, Tannahill had evidently Ramsay's *Gentle Shepherd* closely in his eye,—the construction of the one poem being quite like the other. Even the manner is closely observed in the way the *Dramatis Personæ* are stated, in the description of the scenes, and so on. Motherwell says of this dramatic composition that it was unsuccessful, and that it was wisely omitted in editions subsequent to the first. We do not leave it out in this edition*—first, because we wish to make this a complete one; and, second, because in *The Soldier's Return* some of the poet's finest songs, including the delightful lyric 'We'll meet beside the dusky glen' appeared, and we do not desire to take them out of his own setting. As the volume containing *The Soldier's Return* is the only volume of his writings which was printed in his lifetime, and the proof sheets of which, indeed, he doubtless revised, *The Soldier's Return* is printed now exactly as he printed it then, with capitals, italics, contractions, &c., save in a few trifling exceptions, where the spelling was evidently wrong. Mr. Hugh Macdonald, who is a good authority, thinks—or, as he says, suspects—that the vicinity of the Alt-Patrick Burn is the scene of *The Soldier's Return*, in one of the songs of which he makes his *persona* allude to natural beauties, including wild fruits similar to those of this locality."

* Lamb's edition of 1873.—*Ed.*

2.

PROLOGUE *

To THE GENTLE SHEPHERD, *spoken in a Provincial Theatre.* †

YE patronisers of our little party,
My heart's e'en licht to see you a sae hearty;
I'm fain, indeed, an trouth! I've meikle cause,
Since your blythe faces hauf insure applause.
We come this nicht wi nae new fangl'd story
O' knave's deceit, or fop's vain blust'ring glory,

* This prologue first appeared in the first volume of the *Selector*, a periodical published in Glasgow in 1805, and edited by William Maver, auctioneer in Glasgow. He also edited an edition of Johnson's Dictionary, and a periodical called the *Gleaner*, published in 1806.—*Ed.*

† Tannahill, in modestly saying the Prologue was spoken in a Provincial Theatre, must have meant Paisley Theatre, at that time situated in Bridge Street, and under the management of Mr. Archibald Pollock, comedian. The poet having written such an excellent Prologue for the manager on the fame of Allan Ramsay and his "Gentle Shepherd," it is very probable that the worthy and respected manager prevailed on Tannahill to try his hand at dramatic composition. Tannahill in his Preface to the first edition (1807) of his Poems and Songs, informed the public that the Interlude of "The Soldier's Return" was undertaken by desire of the late Mr. Pollock. The manager must have been far advanced in years, when he was made to say that, when a boy, the country rang in praise of Allan Ramsay. Ramsay was one of our most distinguished Scottish poets born in 1686. Between 1716 and 1724, he issued several poems and songs; and, in 1725, published the "Gentle Shepherd," a pastoral comedy, which at once established his poetical fame. Edition after edition rapidly succeeded each other, until it had been read in almost every cottage and hall in the kingdom. It still retains its pre-eminence in pastoral comedy, and is acted at the present day. Ramsay's "Tea Table Miscellany" and his "Evergreen" are standard collections. Tannahill was an ardent admirer of Pope, Ramsay, and Burns, and he finishes the Prologue with one line from the former, and two lines from the latter. Ramsay died on 7th January, 1758, aged 72.—*Ed.*

Nor harlequin's wild pranks, wi skin like leopard,—
We're come to gie your ain auld "Gentle Shepherd;"
Whilk ay will charm, an will be read, an acket,
Till Time himsel turn auld, an kick the bucket.
I mind, langsyne, when I was just a callan,
That a the kintra rang in praise o Allan;
Ilk rising generation toots his fame,
And, hunner years to come, 'twill be the same:
For wha has read, tho e'er sae lang sinsyne,
But keeps the living picture on his min;
Approves bauld *Patie's* clever, manly turn,
An maist thinks *Roger* cheap o' *Jenny's* scorn;
His douless gait, the cause o a his care,
For "Nane, except the brave, deserve the fair." *
Hence sweet young *Peggy* lo'ed her manly *Pate*,
An *Jenny* geck't at *Roger*, dowf an blate.

Our gude *Sir William* stands a lesson leel
To lairds wha'd hae their vassals lo'e them weel;
To prince an peer this maxim it imparts,
Their greatest treasures are the people's hearts.

Frae *Glaud* an *Symon* woud we draw a moral,
The virtuous youthtime mak's the canty carle;
The twa auld birkies caper blythe an bauld,
Nor shaw the least regret that they're turn'd auld.

Poor *Bauldy!* O, it's like to split my jaws!
I think I see him under *Madge's* claws:
Sae may Misfortune tear him spawl and plack,
Wha'd wrang a bonnie lass, an syne draw back.

* "Alexander's Feast," by Dryden.—*Ed.*

But, Sirs, to you I maist forgat my mission,
I'm sent to beg a truce to criticism;
We dont pretend to speak by square and rule,
Like yon wise chaps bred up in Thespian school;
An to your wishes shoud we not succeed,
Pray be sae kind as tak the will for deed;

(*An as our immortal* ROBIN BURNS *says*),

"And aiblins tho they winna stan the test,
"Wink hard an say, the folks hae done their best."*
An keep this gen'rous maxim still in min',
"To *err* is human, to *forgive* divine!" †

3.

THE STORM.

WRITTEN IN OCTOBER.

Now the dark rains of Autumn discolour the brook,
And the rough winds of Winter the woodlands deform;
Here, lonely, I lean by the sheltering rock,
Listening to the voice of the loud howling storm.

* These are the 39th and 40th lines of the Prologue for Mr. Sutherland's benefit night in Dumfries Theatre, written by Burns in 1790. Mr. Sutherland had previously opened a theatre in Paisley, on Wednesday, the 20th May, 1789; and from his advertisement to the Paisley public, lying before us, we observe he called himself Manager of the Company of Comedians of the Northern Circuit. On Wednesday, 15th July following, the company gave a benefit night for the Poor of the Town, as the playbill of that day stated.—*Ed.*

† This is the 525th line of Part II. of Pope's Essay on Criticism.—*Ed.*

Now dreadfully furious it roars on the hill,
The deep groaning oaks seem all writhing with pain.
Now awfully calm, for a moment 'tis still,
Then bursting it howls and it thunders again.

How cheerless and desert the fields now appear,
Which so lately in Summer's rich verdure were seen,
And each sad drooping spray from its heart drops a tear,
As seeming to weep its lost mantle of green.

See, beneath the rude wall of yon ruinous pile,*
From the merciless tempest the cattle have fled,
And yon poor patient horse, at the gate by the stile,
Looks wistfully home for his sheltering shed.

Ah! who would not feel for yon poor gipsy race,
Peeping out from the door of an old roofless barn;
There my wandering fancy her fortunes might trace,
And sour discontent there a lesson might learn.

Yet oft in my bosom arises the sigh,
That prompts the warm wish distant scenes to explore;
Hope gilds the fair prospect with visions of joy,
That happiness reigns on some far distant shore.

But the grey hermit tree which stood lone on the moor,
By the fierce driving blast to the earth is blown down;
So the lone houseless wanderer, unheeded and poor,
May fall unprotected, unpitied, unknown.

---

* Stanely Castle.—*Ed.*

See! o'er the grey steep, down the deep craggy glen,* [rain;
Pours the brown foaming torrent, swell'd big with the
It roars thro' the caves of its dark wizard den,
Then headlong, impetuous it sweeps thro' the plain.

Now the dark heavy clouds have unbosomed their stores,
And far to the westward the welkin is blue,
The sullen winds hiss as they die on the moors,
And the sun faintly shines on the bleak mountain's brow.

4.

DIRGE.†

Written on reading an Account of ROBERT BURNS' *Funeral.*‡

LET grief for ever cloud the day
That saw our Bard borne to the clay;
Let joy be banish'd every eye,
And Nature, weeping, seem to cry—
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

---

* Gleniffer.—*Ed.*

† This Dirge first appeared in Vernor and Hood's Poetical *London Magazine* for 1805, along with other three pieces by Tannahill.—*Ed.*
Note by Ramsay.—"Reprinted from the first edition."

‡ Robert Burns, the distinguished poet of Scotland, was born at Alloway, near Ayr, on Thursday, 25th January, 1759. The peasant boy devoted himself early to the Muses, and commenced writing verses which attracted the attention of his neighbours, and shortly afterwards his talents burst forth

* Let Sol resign his wonted powers,
Let chilling north winds blast the flowers;
That each may droop its withering head,
And seem tae mourn our Poet dead.
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

Let shepherds from the mountains steep,
Look down on widow'd Nith, and weep,
Let rustic swains their labours leave,
And sighing murmur o'er his grave,
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

Let bonny Doon and winding Ayr
Their bushy banks in anguish tear,

---

with such remarkable splendour that the whole country was electrified with his mighty genius. The vigour of his understanding, the manner in which he grasped a subject with his masculine mind, the universality of his poetry, and the keenness of his wit, won for him, with universal acclaim, the title of "The National Bard of Scotland." His first volume of poems was published in 1786; and edition after edition of his poems and songs in every shape and form, with correspondence, lives, notes, and annotations have appeared,—the last in 1874. In that latter year, *The Burns' Calendar* was published in Kilmarnock, giving a list of 403 editions so far as known; and since that publication, a great number more have been discovered. His works are read wherever the English tongue is spoken, and have been translated into almost every European language. Robert Burns died at Dumfries on Thursday, 21st, and his funeral took place on Monday, 25th July, 1796. Our own gifted lyrist contributed his quota to the name and fame of Burns in writing the Dirge on his funeral, and being the chief promoter of the Paisley Burns' Club, and by composing Odes for Three Anniversaries of the immortal Bard. See Notes to Nos. 6, 7, and 8.—*Ed.*

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This verse, which has not been inserted in any former edition, is copied from the Author's Manuscript."

While many a tributary stream
Pours down its griefs to swell the theme—
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!"

All dismal let the nicht descend,
Let whirling storms the forest rend,
Let furious tempests sweep the sky,
And dreary, howling caverns cry—
"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
"The ae best fellow e'er was born!" *

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Writing to Clark about this Dirge on 31st August, 1805, the author says—'I am much obliged to you for fitting me with an air suitable to the stanza I formerly sent you; and, though it answers the words as well as ever tune did any, I am doubtful that the verses will not do to sing at all, owing to the repetition of the same two lines at the hinder end of every stanza, which two lines being repeated twice (to the music) will be intolerably insipid. However, I will give you the whole of it, so that you may judge.'"

The refrain is the first two lines of the second verse of Burns' Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson, a retired military gentleman, who resided in Carrubber's Close, Edinburgh, and kept company with the best society of that city. The Elegy was written in 1790, and Burns says it was a tribute to the memory of a man he loved much. In a few short years thereafter, Tannahill appropriately used the quotation for the author himself; and in quoting these lines, he might more justly have altered the word "fellow" into *poet* than the Scotch word *gane* into the English *gone*, and made the refrain read thus—

"He's gone, he's gone! he's frae us torn!
The ae best poet e'er was born!"—*Ed.*

5.

SUMMONS TO ATTEND A MEETING OF THE BURNS' ANNIVERSARY SOCIETY.*

To WILLIAM M'LAREN.

1805.

KING GEORDIE † issues out his summons,
Tae ca his bairns, the Lairds an Commons, ‡
Tae creesh the nation's moolie-heels,
An butter Commerce' rusty wheels,
An see what new, what untried tax,
Will lie the easiest on oor backs.

The priest convenes his scandal court,
Tae ken what houghmagandie sport

---

* This poetical invitation from the Clerk of the Burns' Anniversary Society convening a meeting, first appeared in the Glasgow periodical called the *Selector*, Vol. I., page 195, with the signature MODESTUS. William Maver, the editor, was born in Banff in 1775. He was a scholar, and a man of considerable talent. He commenced business as a bookseller in Glasgow; afterwards became a book auctioneer in that city; and was engaged in the latter business when he edited the *Selector*. The book was issued in numbers, 18mo size, and Tannahill took the periodical out in that way. Vols. I., II., and III., were completed respectively on 7th September, 2nd November, and 28th December, 1805, and Vol. IV. on 7th March, 1806,—each containing 284 pages. The *Gleaner*, of similar size, by the same editor, was completed in one volume on 1st July, 1806. The *Selector* and *Gleaner* contained seventeen pieces by Tannahill. In 1809, Mr. Maver edited an edition of Johnson's Dictionary, 8vo, giving several thousands of additional words. This was a first-class work, and highly prized throughout Scotland, and was well known as "Maver's Johnson's Dictionary." He afterwards became a teacher of Mathematics and the higher rules of Arithmetic, and published a supplement to Morrison's Arithmetic. Mr. Maver died in 1830, aged 55. Tannahill was rather hurt at seeing the signature *Modestus* added by the editor, as he said "affected modesty was the silliest of all affectations," and which was explained on the cover of the following number. The poet and editor became personal acquaintances and correspondents; but not a vestige of a letter that passed between them can now be found.—*Ed.*

† King George III.—*Ed.* ‡ The two Houses of Parliament.—*Ed.*

Has been gaun on within the parish
Since last they met,—their funds tae cherish.

But I, the servant o Apollo, *
Whase mandates I am proud tae follow,—
He bids me warn you as the friend
Of Burns's fame, that ye'll attend
Neist Friday e'en, in Luckie Wricht's,†
Tae spend the best—the wale o nichts;
Sae, under pain o ha'f-a-merk
Ye'll come, as signed by me, the Clerk.

6.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

Written for, and read at the Celebration of, ROBERT BURNS' *Birth-Day, Paisley, 29th Jan., 1805.* ‡

ONCE on a time, almighty Jove §
Invited all the minor gods above
To spend one day in social festive pleasure;
His regal robes were laid aside,
His crown, his sceptre, and his pride;
And, wing'd with joy,
The hours did fly,
The happiest ever Time did measure.

* In Heathen Mythology, the inventor of Poetry and Music.—*Ed.*

† A house noted for "cauldron yill."—*Ed.*

‡ This Ode first appeared in Maver's Glasgow periodical, the *Selector*, vol. 2, p. 54. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

§ One of the names of Jupiter, the supreme deity in Heathen Mythology son of Saturn and Ops.—*Ed.*

Of love and social harmony they sung,
Till Heav'n's high golden arches echoing rung ;
And as they quaffed the nectar-flowing can,
Their toast was—
"Universal peace 'twixt man and man."
Their godships' eyes beam'd gladness with the wish,
And Mars * half-reddened with a guilty blush ;
Jove swore he'd hurl each rascal to perdition,
Who'd dare deface his works with wild ambition ;
But pour'd encomiums on each patriot band
Who, hating conquest, guard their native land.
Loud, thund'ring plaudits shook the bright abodes,
Till Merc'ry,† solemn voic'd, assail'd their ears,
Informing that a stranger, all in tears,
Weeping, implored an audience of the gods.

Jove, ever prone to succour the distrest,
A swell redressive glow'd within his breast,
He pitied much the stranger's sad condition,
And order'd his immediate admission.

The stranger enter'd, bowed respect to all ;
Respectful silence reign'd throughout the hall.
His chequer'd robes excited their surprise,
Richly transvers'd with various glowing dyes ;
A target on his strong left arm he bore,
Broad as the shield the mighty Fingal wore; ‡

* In Heathen Mythology, the god of War.—*Ed.*

† The god of Eloquence, and herald or messenger of the gods.—*Ed.*

‡ Ossian, in his poem of Fingal, Book I., said—"His spear is a blasted pine, his shield the rising moon;" and in that of Carthona—"The varied face of the moon is not broader than thy shield."—*Ed.*

The glowing landscape on its centre shin'd,
And massy thistles * round the borders twin'd;
His brows were bound with yellow blossom'd brume,
Green birch and roses blending in perfume; †
His eyes beam'd honour, tho all red with grief,
And thus Heav'n's King spake comfort to the Chief.
"My son, let speech unfold thy cause of woe,
Say, why does Melancholy cloud thy brow?
Tis mine the wrongs of Virtué to redress;
Speak, for tis mine to succour deep distress."
Then thus he spake: "O King! by thy command,
I am the guardian of that far fam'd land
Nam'd Caledonia,‡ great in arts and arms,
And every worth that social fondness charms,
With every virtue that the heart approves,
Warm in their friendships, rapt'rous in their loves,
Profusely generous, obstinately just,
Inflexible as death their vows of trust:
For independence fires their noble minds,
Scorning deceit, as gods do scorn the fiends.
But what avail the virtues of the north,
No Patriot Bard to celebrate their worth,

* Cotton thistle, *Onopordum Acanthium* flowers in August. Stem from 4 to 5 feet high, winged, edges of the wings spinous. Leaves woolly on both sides. Flowers large, purple. The whole plant is covered with a white woolly down, which is easily rubbed off. This is the *Scots Thistle* of our gardens.—*Ed.*

† Compare these 36th and 37th lines with the 9th, 10th, 11th, and 12th lines of "Langsyne beside the woodlan burn," No. 83.—*Ed.*

‡ In ancient geography, the name of that part of Great Britain called Scotland.—*Ed.*

No heav'n taught Minstrel, with the voice of song,
To hymn their deeds, and make their names live long!
And ah! should Luxury, with soft winning wiles,
Spread her contagion o'er my subject isles,
My hardy sons, no longer Valour's boast,
Would sink, despis'd,—their wonted greatness lost.
Forgive my wish, O King! I speak with awe,
Thy will is fate, thy word is sovereign law!
O, wouldst thou deign thy suppliant to regard,
And grant my country one true Patriot Bard,
My sons would glory in the blessing given,
And virtuous deeds spring from the gift of heaven!"
To which the god—"My son, cease to deplore;
Thy name in song shall sound the world all o'er;
Thy Bard shall rise full fraught with all the fire
That Heav'n and free born Nature can inspire.
Ye sacred Nine,* your golden harps prepare
T' instruct the fav'rite of my special care,
That, whether the song be rais'd to war or love,
His soul-wing'd strains may equal those above.
Now, faithful to thy trust, from sorrow free,
Go, wait the issue of our high decree."—

---

* The Nine Muses, imaginary deities, daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, accounted goddesses of music and poetry, and of other liberal arts and sciences, residing on the lofty mountain of Parnassus, and named—

CALLIOPE,	..	Patroness of Harmony and Heroic Poetry.
CLIO,	..	,, History and Heroic Poets.
ERATO,	..	,, Amorous Poetry.
EUTERPE,	..	,, Mathematics and Flute Playing.
MELPOMENE,	..	,, Tragedies, Odes, and Songs.
POLYHYMNIA,	..	,, Hymns and Songs played on the Lute.
TERPSICHORE,	..	,, Dancing and Balls.
THALIA,	..	,, Geometry and Husbandry.
URANIA,	..	,, Astronomy and Astrology.—*Ed.*

Speechless the Genius stood, in glad surprise,
Adoring gratitude beam'd in his eyes;
The promis'd Bard his soul with transport fills,
And, light with joy, he sought his native hills.

Twas in regard of Wallace * and his worth,
Jove honour'd Coila † with his birth,
And on that morn,
When Burns was born,
Each Muse with joy
Did hail the boy;
And Fame, on tiptoe, fain would blown her horn,
But Fate forbade the blast, too premature,
Till Worth should sanction it beyond the critic's pow'r.

His merits proven—Fame her blast hath blown,
Now Scotia's Bard o'er all the world is known;—
But trembling doubts here check my unpolished lays,
What can they add to a whole world's praise;
Yet, while revolving Time this day returns,
Let Scotsmen glory in the name of Burns. ‡

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* See the Notes to the "Lament of Wallace after the Battle of Falkirk," No. 94.

† One of the three divisions of Ayrshire, where Burns was born, named after King Coilus, described by the historian Boece—"Kyle namit fra Coyl, kyng of the Britons;" and by Burns himself—

"Coila my name,
And this district as mine I claim."

The "Vision."

‡ At the First Anniversary Meeting of the Paisley Burns' Society, held in 1805, John King, weaver, Paisley, one of the original members of the Society, proposed the second toast—"May the genius of Scotland be as conspicuous as her mountains." He delivered an address on the subject, which has been preserved; and referring to other poets, he said—"We have the correct and elegant versification of Campbell, the pleasant legendary tales of Scott, the grave and sententious couplets of Pope, the brilliant flashes of Moore, the energetic diction of Thomson, the terrific bursts of Shakespeare, &c." After the address, he sung a song written by himself for

7.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

Written for, and Performed at the Celebration of, ROBERT BURNS' *Birth-Day, Paisley, 29th Jan., 1807.**

RECITATIVE.

Mr. WILLIAM M'LAREN.

WHILE Gallia's chief, with cruel conquests vain,
Bids clanging trumpets rend the skies,

---

the occasion. The song was copied into the Society's Minute-Book by Tannahill, the clerk. It is now transferred into this Note to show that another weaver could both compose and sing "all manner of songs":—

"When to honour the birth of our favourite Bard,
The lovers of Genius join,
The angels approve with a rapt'rous regard,
And acknowledge the meeting divine.
Let the proud hero boast of his muscular arm,
Of wielding the ponderous steel;
But Burns hath bequeath'd a superior charm
For souls that exaltedly feel.

Our glorious Bard, from a village obscure,
Rushed forth like the comet's bright blaze;
The world of Taste saw his genius pure,
And pour'd to his merits their praise.
Tho' the Bard be no more, yet he lives in our love;—
O cherish the rapturous glow!
For his fame the gods have imprinted above,
And with time it will journey below.

JOHN KING."

John King wrote several other songs, one of which—"The Deil's Address to the Plunkin Corks"—appeared in the *Gaberlunzie*, a local publication of 1825, and the others still remain in manuscript. He was born 1st August, 1779, and died unmarried in 1836, aged 57. See Notes to No. 73.—*Ed.*

* This Ode was written for the occasion, and performed with great effect and feeling by Messrs. Robert Archibald Smith, William Stuart, and Andrew Blaikie.

The widow's, orphan's, and the father's sighs,
Breathe hissing through the guilty strain;
Mild Pity hears the harrowing tones,
Mixed with shrieks and dying groans;
While warm Humanity, afar,
Weeps o'er the ravages of war,
And, shudd'ring, hears Ambition's servile train
Rejoicing o'er their thousands slain.

But when the song to worth is given,
The grateful anthem wings its way to heaven,
Rings through the mansions of the bright abodes,
And melts to ecstasy the list'ning gods;
Apollo, on fire,
Strikes with rapture the lyre,
And the Muses the summons obey;
Joy wings the glad sound,
To the worlds around,
Till all Nature re-echoes the lay!
Then raise the song ye vocal few,
Give the praise to merit due.

SONG.*

Set to Music by Mr. R. A. SMITH;

And Sung by Messrs. SMITH, STUART, *and* BLAIKIE.

Tho' dark scowling Winter, in dismal array,
Re-marshals his storms on the bleak hoary hill,
With joy we assemble to hail the great day
That gave birth to the Bard who ennobles our isle.

* This song first appeared alone in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 95, with the title "Burns' Anniversary." This song would have been written in 1806, or even earlier, to be incorporated with an Ode to Burns' memory, when Smith had set it to music, for the Anniversary to be held on 29th January, 1807. See first Note to No. 13.

Then loud to his merits the song let us raise,
Let each true Caledonian exult in his praise ;
For the glory of genius, its dearest reward,
Is the laurel entwin'd by his country's regard.

Let the Muse bring fresh honours his name to adorn,
Let the voice of glad melody pride in the theme,
For the genius of Scotia, in ages unborn,
Will light up her torch at the blaze of his fame.
When the dark mist of ages lies turbid between,
Still his star of renown through the gloom shall be seen,
And his rich blooming laurels, so dear to the Bard,
Will be cherish'd for ay by his country's regard.

RECITATIVE.

By Mr. WILLIAM M'LAREN.

Yes, Burns, thou "dear departed shade!"
When rolling centuries have fled,
Thy name shall still survive the wreck of time,
Shall rouse the genius of thy native clime;
Bards, yet unborn, and patriots shall come,
And catch fresh ardour at thy hallow'd tomb—
There's not a cairn-built cottage on our hills,
Nor rural hamlet on our fertile plains,
But echoes to the magic of thy strains,
While every heart with highest transport thrills:
Our country's melodies shall perish never,
For Burns, thy songs shall live for ever.
Then, once again, ye vocal few,
Give the song to merit due.

SONG.

Written to MARSH'S *National Air, "Britons who for freedom bled."*

Harmonised as a Glee by Mr. R. A. SMITH;

And Sung by Messrs. SMITH, STUART, *and* BLAIKIE.

Hail, ye glorious sons of song,
Who wrote to humanise the soul!
To you our highest strains belong,
Your names shall crown our friendly bowl:
But chiefly, Burns, above the rest
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotsman's breast
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Fathers of our country's weal,
Sternly virtuous, bold and free!
Ye taught your sons to fight, yet feel
The dictates of humanity.
But chiefly, Burns, above the rest
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotsman's breast
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Haughty Gallia threats our coast,
We hear their vaunts with disregard,
Secure in valour, still we boast
"The Patriot and the Patriot Bard." *
But chiefly, Burns, above the rest
We dedicate this night to thee;
Engrav'd in every Scotsman's breast
Thy name, thy worth, shall ever be!

Yes, Caledonians! to our country true,
Which Romans nor Danes never could subdue, †

---

* "The Patriot and the Patriot Bard" is a quotation from the penult line of Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." Burns himself quoted frequently from other poets; and in the 116th line of the "Cottar's Saturday Night," he has quoted "Hope springs exulting on triumphant wing" from Pope's "Windsor Forest," and the 166th line "An honest Man's the noblest work of God" from Pope's "Essay on Man," Epistle 4.—*Ed.*

† After the Royal arbiter, King Edward I. of England, had delivered his

Firmly resolved our native rights to guard
Let's toast—"The Patriot and the Patriot Bard."

8.

BURNS' ANNIVERSARY MEETING.*

29th January, 1810.†

AGAIN the happy day returns,—
A day to Scotsmen ever dear,—
Tho bleakest of the changeful year,
It blest us with a Burns.

---

address, on 10th May, 1291, in the contention between Bruce and Baliol for the crown of Scotland, Bishop Robert Wishart of Glasgow, one of the commissioners for Bruce, with a noble and independent spirit, rose, and "gave him hearty thanks, in name of the rest, for his great condescension in accepting the office of arbiter; but when it had pleased his Grace to speak of a right of superiority over the kingdom, it was sufficiently known that Scotland from the foundation of the state was a free and independent kingdom, and not subject to any power whatever; that their ancestors had valiantly defended themselves against the Romans, Picts, Saxons, and Danes, and all others who sought to usurp upon them, and although the present occasion had bred some distraction in men's minds, all true hearted Scotsmen will stand for the liberty of their country till their death, for they esteem their liberty to be more precious than their lives, and in that quarrel will neither separate nor divide." Bishop Wishart is twice represented on the Altar Tomb in Saint Mirin's Aisle of Paisley Abbey in the attitudes of solemn prayer and pronouncing benediction.—*Ed.*

* Burns wrote a song on the birth of himself, which he called "ROBIN.

Our monarch's hindmost year but ane
Was five-and-twenty days begun,
Twas then a blast o Januar win'
Blew hansel in on Robin."

King George II. died 25th October, 1760, in the 34th year of his reign, and the 25th day of January, 1759, had begun when the birth of Burns occurred, in the 33rd year of the king's reign.—*Ed.*

† *Note by Motherwell.*—"This is the last Ode that was written by Robert

Fierce the whirling blast may blow,
Drifting wide the crispy snow;
Rude the ruthless storms may sweep,
Howling round our mountain's steep;

Tannahill for the Paisley Burns Club, who held their Sixth Anniversary Meeting to celebrate the Birth of their favourite Bard in January, 1801. It was recited on that occasion by the President, and was received by the company with every mark of satisfaction and applause. It appeared in the *Scots Magazine* the next month; but, owing to some unaccountable neglect, it was omitted in the edition of his works published after his lamented death. We certainly think it no way inferior to his other productions on the same subject, and flatter ourselves that the majority of our readers will be of the same opinion. Indeed, it affords a striking proof of the rich stores of his mind, when he could thus continue a subject he had so completely exhausted on former occasions. We are informed by a particular friend of his that, on being strongly solicited to write an Ode for the occasion, it was with considerable reluctance he complied with their request, affirming that it was tasking himself something like the Poet Laureate to write an Annual Birth-Day Ode, and that he had nothing whatever to say on the subject. He was prevailed on, however, to make the attempt; and the present Ode, we are persuaded, will not sully his fame, or tarnish one leaf of the Ivy Chaplet that adorns his honoured brow."

Note by Ramsay.—"The above Ode appeared in the *Scots Magazine* for February, 1810, but has not till now been inserted in any edition of our author's works. It was with considerable reluctance that he complied with the request of the Club to compose this—his third effusion—for one of their Anniversary Meetings. He thought it was tasking himself like the Poet Laureate of the time to indite an Annual Ode for the King's Birth-Day."

The minute of the meeting of the Burns Society, held on this occasion, was expressed as follows:—"Paisley, 29th Jan., 1810.—This evening the admirers of Scottish Poesy met to celebrate the birth of their favourite Bard. A most appropriate address was delivered by the President, Mr. William Wylie, who filled the chair with distinguished ability. The following (now the foregoing) Ode, written for the occasion by Mr. Robert Tannahill, highly gratified the company when recited by the President."—*Ed.*

The anniversaries of Burns were then held in Paisley on the 29th of January, which was supposed to be the true date of his birth, and continued to be held on that date till 1818. In the summer of that year, R. A. Smith had gone to Ayr, and opened Music classes in that town which were very successful,—a circumstance not noticed by his biographer, P. A. Ramsay. Mr. Smith, during his residence in Ayr, wrote a long letter to

While the heavy lashing rains,
Swell our rivers, drench our plains,
And the angry ocean roars
Round our broken craggy shores;
But, mindful of our Poet's worth,
We hail the honour'd day that gave him birth.

---

his valued friend Mr. Robert Lang, manufacturer, Causeyside, Paisley, on 9th July, 1818, mentioning—among other matters—that he had discovered the real birthday of the Bard to have been on the 25th of January, and that he believed the 29th to have been a mistake committed by Burns himself. Smith also mentioned that the 29th was still on the cottage wall where the poet was born, and likewise on the painting of his likeness kept inside of the house; but it would now be altered soon. Smith likewise stated that he had become acquainted with the Session-Clerk, who had shown him the Register of Births for the Parish of Ayr, read the original entry of the birth, and had obtained an extract, which he enclosed for the Burns Club. In the minute of the meeting of that club held on 3rd September, 1818, the extract before-mentioned is copied into it, and is as follows:—

"'Robert Burns, lawful son of William Burns in Alloway, and Agnes Brown, his spouse, was born on the 25th of January, 1759, and baptised the 26th, by the Rev. Dr. William Dalrymple. Witnesses—Jno. Tennant and James Young.'

"Extracted from the Register of Births and Baptisms in the Parish of Ayr for the Paisley Burns Club,—R. A. Smith being present,—at Ayr, this 19th day of Aug., 1818.

"(Signed) WM. M'DERMANT, Sess.-Clk."

Votes of thanks were given to Mr. M'Dermant for his authentic certificate, and to Mr. Smith for procuring it. Mr. Smith, in correcting a mistake in the date of the Bard's birth, seems to have committed an apparent error himself. His letter is dated 9th July enclosing the extract, and the extract itself is dated 19th August—forty-one days afterwards. It may, however, be explained that the long letter was probably commenced at its date, and not finished till the extract was received.

Mr. Robert Lang was born in Paisley in 1774, and brought up in his native town. He was one of the fifteen founders of the Paisley Burns Club in 1805. He was also on intimate terms with Tannahill, and obtained subscribers to the first edition of the Poems and Songs in 1807, and was presented with a copy by the author. Mr. Lang was honoured five times with the office of President at the Anniversaries of Burns' birth held in

Come, ye vot'ries of the lyre,
Trim the torch of heav'nly fire,
Raise the song in Scotia's praise,
Sing anew her bonnie braes,
Sing her thousand siller streams,
Bickering to the sunny beams;
Sing her sons beyond compare,
Sing her daughters, peerless, fair;
Sing, till Winter's storms be o'er,
The matchless bards that sung before;
And I, the meanest of the Muse's train,
Shall join my feeble aid to swell the strain.

Dear Scotia, though thy clime be cauld,
Thy sons were ever brave and bauld,

1811, 12, 13, 14, and 15. Mr. Lang, we may state, stood in the foremost ranks of genuine patriotism and faithful loyalty. He was esteemed and respected by a large circle of sincere friends. His warm and kind heart, tenderness of feelings, urbanity of manners, sociability in company, disinterested friendship, and humanity of disposition, secured for him from his fellow-townsmen the well-merited title of "The Man of Feeling." His love of mankind, and admiration of the greatest philanthropist that ever lived, John Howard (see one of the Notes to No. 24), induced him to name his son Robert *Howard* Lang. Mr. Lang, in closing his addresses at meetings, was accustomed to express a desire that he might "live beloved, and die regretted;" and these wishes were fully realised, both in letter and spirit, when he departed this life on 5th March, 1838, in the 64th year of his age.

It is also worthy of remark that Mr. Lang was well acquainted with Alexander Wilson, another eminent Paisley poet, and celebrated American Ornithologist, and corresponded with him. Mr. Lang had an original painting of this poet, which was framed in oak from the wood of the poet's bedstead, and the gun which the Ornithologist used in bringing down the feathered species was bequeathed to Mr. Lang, and sent home to him. These two interesting and valuable relics of the poet and ornithologist are now in possession of his son, Mr. Robert Howard Lang, Espedair Street, Paisley.—*Ed.*

Thy daughters modest, kind, and leel,—
The fairest in creation's fiel';
Alike inur'd to every toil,
Thou'rt foremost in the battle broil;
Prepar'd alike in peace and weir,
To guide the plough or wield the speir.
As the mountain torrent raves,
Dashing through its rugged caves,
So the Scottish legions pour
Dreadful in the avenging hour;
But when Peace, with kind accord,
Bids them sheath the sated sword,
See them, in their native vales,
Jocund as the Summer gales,
Cheering Labour all the day
With some merry roundelay.

Dear Scotia, tho thy nights be drear
When surly Winter rules the year,
Around thy cottage hearths are seen
The glow of health, the cheerful mien;
The mutual glance, that fondly shares
A neighbour's joys, a neighbour's cares:
Here aft, while raves the wind and weet,
The canty lads and lasses meet.
Sae light of heart, sae full of glee,
Their gaits sae artless and sae free,
The hours of joy come dancing on
To share their frolic and their fun.
Here many a song and jest goes round,
With tales of ghosts and rites profound,
Perform'd in dreary wizard glen
By wrinkled hags and warlike men,

Or of the hell fee'd crew combin'd—
Carousing on the midnight wind
On some infernal errand bent,
While darkness shrouds their black intent.
But chiefly, Burns, thy songs delight
To charm the weary winter night,
And bid the lingering moments flee
Without a care, unless for thee,
Wha sang sae sweet, and dee't sae soon,
And soucht the native sphere aboon.
Thy "Lovely Jean," thy "Nannie, O,"
Thy much lov'd "Caledonia,"
Thy "Wat ye wha's in yonder toun,"
Thy "Banks and Braes o' Bonnie Doon,"
Thy "Shepherdess on Afton Braes,"
Thy "Logan Lassie's" bitter waes,
Are a gane o'er, sae sweetly tun'd,
That e'en the storm, pleased with the sound,
Fa's lown, and sings with eerie slight,
"O let me in this ae, ae night."
Alas! our best, our dearest Bard,
How poor, how great was his reward;
Unaided, he has fix'd his name
Immortal, in the rolls of fame.
Yet who can hear, without a tear,
What sorrows wrung his manly breast,
To see his little, helpless, filial band
Imploring succour from a father's hand,
And there no succour near?
Himself the while with sick'ning woes opprest,
Fast hast'ning on to where the weary rest—
For this let Scotia's bitter tears atone,
She reck'd not half his worth till he was gone.

9.

EMIGRATION OF ALEXANDER WILSON TO AMERICA.*

O DEATH! it's no thy deed I mourn,
Tho aft my heart strings thou hast torn,
Tis worth an merit left forlorn
Life's ills tae dree,
Gars now the pearly, brakish burn
Gush frae my ee.

---

* *M'Laren,* in his life of Tannahill, says—"If memory is to be trusted, the first of his poetical productions that occupied the hands of a printer were his verses on the emigration of a brother bard to America. Alexander Wilson, the gentleman on whom they were written, was a native of Paisley, and author of a volume of Poetry containing many things worthy of the Scottish Muse in the brightest days of her fame. Sent by folly or misfortune to the other side of the Atlantic Ocean, he soon distinguished himself as a man of genius and observation. Among other things which gained him the approbation of the inhabitants of that country, was an elegant work on American Ornithology, which, for accuracy of observation and splendour of execution, has never been equalled by any publication in that quarter of the world. He has since paid the debt of Nature, and, like the bard who sung his praise, lives only in the memory of his friends."

Motherwell, in his Essay in the *Harp of Renfrewshire,* says—"Alexander Wilson was born at Paisley on the 6th of July, 1766; he landed in America on the 14th July, 1794, and died at Philadelphia on the 23rd of August, 1813, while on the very eve of completing one of the most splendid undertakings that hath ever been projected, perhaps, by a single, solitary, friendless, poor, and almost destitute individual. The edition of his poems published at Paisley in 1816 is prefaced with a well-written, though diffuse life of the author, interspersed with critical strictures on some pieces there inserted."

Is there wha feel the meltin glow
O sympathy for ithers woe?
Come, let our tears thegither flow;
O join my mane!
For Wilson, worthiest of us a,
For ay is gane.

Note by Ramsay.—"Alexander Wilson was born in Paisley in 1766, where he followed the trade of a weaver, and acquired considerable celebrity for his poetical productions. As a graphic description of low life, his 'Watty and Meg' has rarely been equalled. Wilson emigrated to the United States in 1794, and died at Philadelphia, in 1813, the victim of intense application to the study of the natural history of the birds of that country. His great work on American Ornithology,—the fruit of ten years spent in unparalleled activity, romantic adventure, and daring research,—forms an imperishable monument to the memory of this extraordinary man."

The whole of the legal and criminal proceedings instituted before the Sheriff of Renfrewshire, in 1792, at the instance of William Sharp, manufacturer, Paisley, against Alexander Wilson, weaver in Seedhills, Paisley, were printed in the *Scottish Journal*, published in 1848, Vol. II., page 228 and page 245. These legal proceedings were the true cause of the Poet's emigration, and we shall as briefly as possible give a narrative of the actions.

In 1792, a dispute between the manufacturers and weavers of Paisley arose; and somehow or other satirical poetasters are generally found on the side of the operatives, who, instead of attacking the real cause of dispute, very improperly consider it necessary to assail private character. On Tuesday, 22nd May, 1792, Alexander Wilson, a poet of considerable ability, espoused the popular side, and wrote satirical verses upon a leading manufacturer on the opposite side, then town treasurer, chiefly on his private character. Wilson then wrote a letter, enclosing the satirical verses, and sent it to Mr. Sharp, offering it for £5 5s. The gentleman, instead of parleying with the imprudent satirist, instituted legal proceedings the following day against Wilson to discover the author. Wilson was examined and admitted the letter, but declined to say who had written the verses—although the letter and the verses were in the same handwriting. From what transpired, the Sheriff considered it proper to interdict the publication or circulation of the poem; but Wilson and his advisers set the interdict at defiance, and the poem was published, and freely circulated. Criminal proceedings at the

He bravely strave gainst Fortune's stream
While Hope held forth ae distant gleam,
Till dasht and dasht, time after time,
On Life's rough sea,
He weep'd his thankless native clime,
And sail'd away.

---

instance of Mr. Sharp and the fiscal were then instituted against Wilson on 27th June, 1792, for breach of interdict. The defender lodged defences expressing half penitence, instead of making a clean breast of the whole affair. On 22nd July, 1792, Sheriff Orr found the defender guilty of contempt of Court, and granted warrant for his imprisonment for fourteen days, or until he found security for his good behaviour; ordained him to deliver up all copies of the poem in his possession, and to be examined about said copies; and, also, to be conducted to the market place of Paisley, and there, with his own hands, commit to the flames the whole copies delivered. Wilson was examined, and admitted the poem was printed at his expense, and sold by James Sclater, stationer; but all the other questions put to him he declined to answer. On 5th February, 1793, Wilson lodged two copies of the poem, and the Sheriff ordained the defender to be taken to the head of the outer stair of the Tolbooth of Paisley, the following day at 11 o'clock forenoon, and "there, with his own hands, to commit to the flames the said two copies of the poem;" and on the 6th February, the Clerk of Court certified he had handed the two copies to the defender, who, with his own hands, committed them to the flames. On 14th May, 1793, the final interlocutor was pronounced, Finding the defender had committed the wrongs charged, fines him in £5 5s. to the private prosecutor, and £2 12s. 6d. to the Fiscal, and £3 10s. to be paid of expenses; and granted warrant for imprisoning the defender till these sums were paid.

No man of sensibility, particularly such a rising genius as Wilson, could remain in his native town after having been found guilty of a satirical libel, and compelled to burn his poem at the market place. But at this time, the French Revolution had broken out; and Wilson, being looked upon with suspicion by the authorities, left Paisley for the United States. This unfortunate son of song in the new country of his adoption tried weaving, teaching, and peddling, to gain a subsistence; but all these he abandoned, and plunged into the depths of the wild recesses of the American forest, and commenced his distinguished career of ornithologist. We may here remark that Wilson, when a boy, residing in the Seedhills, Paisley, had a taste for drawing and painting domestic fowls and the wild birds in the

The patriot bauld, the social brither,
In him war sweetly join'd thegither;
He knaves reprov'd, without a swither,
In keenest satire;
And taught what mankind owe each ither
As sons of Nature.

---

neighbourhood, and presenting them to his boy companions. We saw several of these juvenile performances lately, and they seemed artistically executed. The genius for drawing and painting was in the boy, and developed in the man. The poverty and privations which he suffered were dreadful; but he surmounted them with indomitable perseverance. He frequently regretted the effusions of which he had been found guilty, not with a half penitence, for we have seen some of his letters expressing a true and full repentance.

In the year 1841, Mr. David Anderson, sculptor, Perth, was exhibiting in Paisley his statuary group of "Tam o' Shanter and Souter Johnnie" and of "Watty and Meg." Mr. Anderson expressed his surprise there was nothing indicating the birthplace of Alexander Wilson, the author of "Watty and Meg," and resolved to erect a marble tablet. The erection having been fixed for 17th August, 1841, the Saint Mirin Lodge, Paisley, and the Alexander Wilson Lodge of Oddfellows of the Manchester Unity, agreed to patronise the fixing of the tablet with a procession of their societies through the town. The procession was joined by the Greenock Lodge, and an immense number of the inhabitants. The Marble Tablet, containing the following inscription, was then duly fixed in the wall with all Masonic honours:—"This Tablet was erected in 1841 by David Anderson, Perth, "to mark out the Birthplace of Alexander Wilson, Paisley, Poet and "Ornithologist."

The success attending the erection of the Tablet, emboldened the Alexander Wilson Lodge to proceed with the erection of a Monument. The Committee held a meeting on 28th June, 1844, and extended the Committee for the purpose of collecting Subscriptions. The Committee had year after year, both here and in America, wrought with the same indomitable perseverance as the Ornithologist himself in his favourite pursuit. The execution of the Monument, a bronze bust of Wilson, was gained by Mr. John Mossman, sculptor, Glasgow, in a competition. A desirable site, however, could not be obtained until all the houses on the east side of Abbey Close were finally removed in 1874 for the amenity of the Abbey. The north-east corner of Abbey Close and Smithhills Street presented the

If thou hast heard his wee bit wren *
Wail forth its sorrows through the glen,
Tell how his warm, descriptive pen
Has thrill'd thy saul;
His sensibility sae keen,—
He felt for all.

Since now he's gane, an Burns is deid,
Ah! wha will tune the Scottish reed?
Her thistle, dowie, hings its heid,—
Her harp's unstrung,—
While mountain, river, loch, an mead,
Remain unsung.

---

best site to be obtained in Paisley. It was secured, and the Monument erected; and Thursday, 8th October, 1874, fixed for its inauguration. The Monument Committee, with their friends, met that day; and in presence of William Holms, Esq., M.P. for the Burgh, and a large concourse of the inhabitants, handed over to the Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council of Paisley, who accepted, the Monument, consisting of a bronze statue of Wilson seven feet six inches high, standing on a pedestal of gray granite of ten feet in height. Wilson is represented leaning against the stump of a tree; behind him is a gun; at his feet are a hat and portfolio, on which is resting the little favourite blue parrot that accompanied him in many of his wanderings through the pathless forests of America. In his right hand, he holds a pencil; and in his left, a bird that he has recently shot,—the beautiful plumage of which he is earnestly admiring. The ceremony having been concluded, the Provost and Council, the Members of the Wilson Committee, and their friends, afterwards met in the County Hall, and partook of cake and wine,—Provost David Murray in the chair, supported by William Holms, Esq., M.P., and Sir Peter Coats.

The statue of Wilson has been admitted to be one of the finest statues erected in Scotland, and the following inscription is engraven on a tablet in the pedestal,—"Alexander Wilson, ornithologist and poet, born at Paisley 6th July, 1766; died at Philadelphia 13th August, 1813.—*Ed.*

* Referring to the poem of "The Disconsolate Wren" wailing the destruction of her sixteen bonnie chicks by the fall of a craig.—*Ed.*

Fareweel, thou much neglected Bard!
These lines will speak my warm regard,
While strangers on a foreign sward
Thy worth hold dear,
Still some kind heart thy name shall guard
Unsullied here.

10.

THE FILIAL VOW.*

1802.

Why heaves my mother oft the deep drawn sigh?
Why starts the big tear glist'ning in her eye?
Why oft retire to hide her bursting grief?
Why seeks she not, nor seems to wish, relief?
Tis for my Father, mould'ring with the dead,
My Brother, in bold manhood lowly laid,

---

* *M'Laren*, in his Life, says—"While Tannahill's heart was bent to sorrowful reflection by the death of his father, he turned with anxious solicitude to the fate of his widowed mother, and, in the tenderness of his soul, wrote "The Filial Vow," which was kept, with the sacredness of truth, to the last hour of his life. It speaks the filial affections of his heart, and will long remain an honourable testimony of his worth."

Ramsay, in his Memoir of the Author, says—"Hugh having married, Robert alone was left with his widowed mother, and, in the fulness of his heart, wrote the "Filial Vow," which he faithfully kept. No trait in our author's character is more calculated to interest the reader in his favour, than the unwearied regard which he displayed for the welfare of his surviving parent. She outlived him thirteen years, having died in 1823 at an advanced aged. It is gratifying to know, that the attentions of which she was deprived by his death were amply supplied by her surviving children."

Note in 1846 Edition.—"This Poem was written shortly after the death of the Poet's father, and speaks the filial affections of his heart."

And for the pains which age is doom'd to bear,
She heaves the deep drawn sigh, and drops the silent tear.
Yes, partly these her gloomy thoughts employ;
But mostly this o'erclouds her ev'ry joy,—
She grieves to think she may be burthensome,
Now feeble, old, and tottering to the tomb.

Oh, hear me, Heav'n, and record my Vow,
Its non-performance let Thy wrath pursue!
I swear—Of what Thy providence may give,
My Mother shall her due maintenance have.
Twas hers to guide me thro Life's early day,
To point out Virtue's path, and lead the way;
Now, while her pow'rs in frigid langour sleep,
Tis mine, to hand her down Life's rugged steep,
With all her little weaknesses to bear,
Attentive, kind, to sooth her ev'ry care.—
Tis Nature bids, and truest pleasure flows
From lessening an aged parent's woes.*

---

* The Poet's eldest brother, Thomas, died in 1795, in the 29th year of his age, and his Father in December, 1801, or January, 1802, in the 69th year of his age, when his Mother was in her 64th year. In these days Muslin flowering, Tambouring, Clipping, Fringing, and other light work, were given out by manufacturers to be executed at home, and thrifty wives and widows wrought at these employments, but principally young females. We concur with Mr. Ramsay and the other Editor in the strong filial affection of the Bard for his Mother and her maintainance; but, she having a hale constitution and a spirit of independence, could not allow herself to remain idle, and she obtained as much employment as she required from the warehouse of Mr. William Burns, 98 Causeyside, foot of Brown's Lane, where her son James was foreman. After the death of the Poet, she was well attended to by her two sons, James and Matthew. Mrs. Tannahill lived to the venerable age of 84 years, and died on 19th August, 1822.—*Ed.*

11.

PRAYER UNDER AFFLICTION.

1802.

ALMIGHTY Pow'r, who wings the storm,
And calms the raging wind,
Restore health to my wasted form,
And tranquilize my mind.

For ah! how poignant is the grief
Which self misconduct brings,
When racking pains find no relief,
And injur'd conscience stings.

Let penitence forgiveness plead,
Hear lenient Mercy's claims;
Thy justice let be satisfied,
And blotted out my crimes.

But should thy sacred law of Right,
Seek life, a sacrifice,
O! haste that awful, solemn night,
When death shall veil mine eyes.

12.

A DEPARTED FRIEND.

Written with a pencil on the Grave-stone of a Departed Friend.

STOP, passenger,—here muse awhile :
Think on his darksome, lone abode,
Who late, like thee, did jocund smile,
Now lies beneath this cold green sod.

Art thou to vicious ways inclin'd,
Pursuing pleasure's flow'ry road ?
Know—fell remorse shall rack thy mind,
When tott'ring to thy cold green sod.

If thou a friend to Virtue art,
Oft pitying burthen'd Mis'ry's load ;
Like thee, he had a feeling heart
Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

With studious, philosophic eye,
He look'd thro Nature up to God,—
His future hope, his greatest joy,
Who lies beneath this cold green sod.

Go, passenger—revere this truth :
A life well spent in doing good
Soothes joyless age, and sprightly youth,
When drooping o'er the cold green sod.

13.

THE BOWLMAN'S REMONSTRANCE. *

THRO' Winter's cold and Summer's heat,
I earn my scanty fare;
From morn till night, along the street
I cry my earthen ware.
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
And mock not that decrepitude
Which draws me from my solitude
To cry my plates and bowls!

From thoughtless youth, I often brook
The trick and taunt of scorn,
And, though indiff'rence marks my look,
My heart with grief is torn.
Then, O let pity sway your souls!
Nor sneer contempt in passing by;
Nor mock derisive while I cry—
"Come, buy my plates and bowls."

* This song appeared in 1806 in the *Glasgow Nightingale*. This was a collection of songs called the *Nightingale* or *Songster's Magazine*,—a choice collection of Scots, Irish, and English songs,—published at Glasgow by A. & J. Leslie, booksellers, 58 Gallowgate, in 1806. The 18mo. volume consisted of 224 pages, and contained 198 songs. Tannahill contributed twenty-seven of these,—being 13 per cent. or nearly one-fifth of the whole collection. Of these, six had previously appeared in either Maver's *Glasgow Selector* and *Gleaner*, or Miller's *Paisley Repository*.—*Ed.*

The potter moulds the passive clay
To all the forms you see,
And that same Pow'r that formed you
Hath likewise fashion'd me.
Then, O let pity sway your souls !—
Though needy, poor as poor can be,
I stoop not to your charity,
But cry my plates and bowls.*

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"When decrepitude incapacitates a brother of humanity from gaining a subsistence by any of the less dishonourable callings, and when he possesses that independency of soul which disdains living on charity, it is certainly refinement in barbarity to hurt the feelings of such a one. The above was written on seeing the boys plaguing little Johnnie the Bowlman, while some who thought themselves *men* were reckoning it excellent sport."

Note by Ramsay.—"Another proof of the humane disposition of Tannahill."

The bowlman referred to by the feeling Tannahill was Johnnie Flint, who lived in the old building No. 36 High Street, Paisley,—where Barney Keir, the sweep, resided,—and sold beat sand, and went about the streets with a one-wheeled barrow containing his stock in trade, crying plates and bowls for old rags. From his dwarfish appearance, uncouth look, wriggling walk, and difficulty of utterance, he was frequently teased by thoughtless boys imitating his cries.—*Ed.*

14.

SINCERITY.*

1804.

Pure emanation of the honest soul,
Dear to my heart, manly Sincerity!
Dissimulation shrinks,—a coward foul,—
Before thy noble art detesting eye.

Thou scorn'st the wretch who acts a double part,
Obsequious, servile, flatt'ring to betray,
With smiling face that veils a ranc'rous heart,
Like sunny morning of tempestuous day.

Thou spurn'st the sophist, with his guilty lore,
Whom int'rest prompts to weave the specious snare;
In independence rich, thou own'st a store
Of conscious worth, which changelings never share.

Then come, bright Virtue, with thy dauntless brow,
And crush Deceit, vile monster, reptile low.

---

* This Ode first appeared in the *Poetical Magazine* of Vernor and Hood, London, published in 1804.—*Ed.*

15.

SELF-SUFFICIENCY—AN ODE.

*In imitation of Pindar.**

THE simile's a very useful thing,
This, priests and poets needs must own;
For when the clock-work of their brain runs down,
A simile winds up the mental spring.
For instance, when a priest does scan
The Fall of Man
And all its consequences dire,
He makes him first a little sportive pig,—
So clean, so innocent, so trig,—
And then an aged sow, deep wallowing in the mire!

Yes, sure the simile's a useful thing;
Another instance I will bring.

Thou'st seen a cork tost on the rain-swell'd stream,
Now up, now down, now whirl'd round and round,
Yet still 'twould swim,
And all the torrent's fury could not drown't:

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"In imitation of Peter Pindar (Dr. Wolcott)."

Pindar, born 518 B.C. A Theban. The Prince of Lyric Poets.—*Ed.*

Peter Pindar, the patronymic of John Wolcot, M.D., a satirical poet, born in 1738, published his works between 1794 and 1807, and were very popular when the above Ode was written. He died 14th January, 1819.—*Ed.*

So have I seen a forward, empty fop,
Tost in Wit's blanket, ridicul'd, et cetera.
Yet, after all the banter, off he'd hop,
Quite confident in self-sufficiency.
Ah! had kind heaven,
For a defence,
Allow'd me half the brazen confidence
That she to many a cork-brained fool hath given!

16.

LINES

*Written on reading Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope."**

1805.

How seldom 'tis the Poet's happy lot
T' inspire his readers with the fire he wrote;
To strike those chords that wake the latent thrill,
And wind the willing passions to his will.

---

* These lines were first printed in 1805 in the *Paisley Repository*, No. II., edited by John Millar. The editor was born in the Townhead of Paisley. He was a bookbinder, bookseller, librarian, publisher, land measurer, teacher, and occasionally preacher to the Anabaptists. The *Repository* was commenced in 1805, and completed in 1811, in 24 Nos. without dates. It was most erratic in its appearance in Nos. and editions of its Nos. In 1809, he published a *History of the Witches of Renfrewshire* and a *Songster*. In 1812, he published *The Paisley Annual Miscellany;* and, in 1814, he left Paisley and became teacher of Giffen School, near Beith. By indomitable perseverance, he acquired a smattering of the ancient languages of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and the German modern language. In 1844, he published a new system of Arithmetic. He died at Greenhill, Giffen, on 25th November, 1854.—*Ed.*

Yes, CAMPBELL,* sure that happy lot is thine,
With fit expression,—rich from Nature's mine,—
Like old Timotheus,† skilful plac'd on high,
To rouse revenge, or soothe to sympathy.
Blest Bard! who chose no paltry, local theme,
Kind Hope through wide creation is the same.

---

* Thomas Campbell was born in the neighbouring city of Glasgow on 27th July, 1777. He was a distinguished poet and the most perfect lyrical writer of his time. His poem, "The Pleasures of Hope," was published first in 1799, and reached the 7th edition in 1804. The piece contains a number of images full of force and interest, and breathes throughout the enthusiasm of the most generous sentiment. On Monday, 21st September, 1874, we met Mr. John Crawford, author of the "Philosophy of Wealth," in Gilmour Street, Paisley, when he enquired how *Tannahill* was getting on (alluding to this present edition of the Poet's works), and we remarked, "exceedingly well," and that we intended that evening writing the note to the "Ode to the 'Pleasures of Hope.'" He observed it was a very pleasant subject; and the next moment, with an impulsive outburst of indignation, exclaimed that it was an eternal disgrace to the Liberal Town Council of Paisley to refuse the Freedom of the Burgh to Thomas Campbell. We concurred with Mr. Crawford in the "everlasting disgrace," and instantly reminded him that the same Thomas Campbell, with all his generous sentiments, at Professor Wilson's dinner, never referred to the lyric poet of Paisley, and that neither the Dinner Committee, their Secretary (Mr. Crawford himself), nor their guest, Professor Wilson, deigned to mention the name of Tannahill. Mr. Crawford's remark referred to the motion of Provost Farquharson, seconded by Bailie Drummond, at a meeting of the Town Council held on 9th August, 1836, that the "Freedom of the Town be conferred upon Thomas Campbell, Esquire, author of 'The Pleasures of Hope,' a poem, who was to visit this place in a few days," which, after a vote, was negatived; and we referred to the Public Dinner to Professor Wilson on 11th August, 1836. Thomas Campbell died on 15th June, 1844, in the 67th year of his age; Professor Wilson was born on 18th May, 1785, and died 4th April, 1854, in his 69th year; and John Crawford, born on 10th May, 1802, died on 26th September, 1874, in the 73rd year of his age,—five days after our meeting.—*Ed.*

† Timotheus was one of the celebrated poet-musicians of antiquity, born at Miletus, 446 B.C. He added four additional strings to the Lyre, for which he was tried and sentenced to cut them off, and then to be banished; but before executing the first part of the sentence, he noticed an old statue with a Lyre of eleven strings, which was shown to the judges, and they recalled their sentence.—*Ed.*

Yes, Afric's sons shall one day burst their chains,*
Will read thy lines, and bless thee for thy pains;
Fame yet shall waft thy name to India's shore,
Where, next to Brahma,† thee they will adore;
And Hist'ry's page, exulting in thy praise,
Will proudly hand thee down to future days:
Detraction foil'd, reluctant quits her grip,
And carping Envy silent bites her lip.

17.

THE PARNASSIAD.

A VISIONARY VIEW.

Come, Fancy, thou hast ever been,
In life's low vale, my ready friend
To cheer the clouded hour;
Tho unfledg'd with scholastic law,
Some visionary picture draw
With all thy magic pow'r.
Now to the intellectual eye
The glowing prospects rise,

---

* Slavery was abolished in the British Colonies on 28th August, 1833, and in the United States of America on 1st January, 1863, when Afric's sons became freemen.—*Ed.*

† Brahma in Hindoo Mythology is the principal Deity,—the supposed creator of the world, the great father and ruler.—*Ed.*

Parnassus'* lofty summits high,
Far tow'ring mid the skies,
Where vernally, eternally,
Rich leafy laurels grow,
With bloomy bays, thro endless days,
To crown the Poet's brow.

Sure, bold is he who dares to climb
Yon awful jutting rock sublime,
Who dares Pegasus† sit;
For should brain ballast prove too light,
He'll spurn him from his airy height
Down to Oblivion's pit,
There to disgrace for ever doom'd
To mourn his sick'ning woes,
And weep, that ever he presum'd
Above the vale of Prose.
Then, O beware! with prudent care,
Nor tempt the steeps of fame,
And leave behind thy peace of mind,
To gain a sounding name. ‡

---

* Parnassus, a mountain in Phocis, near Delphi, and the highest in ancient Greece, sacred to Apollo, the god of Poetry.—*Ed.*

† A winged horse, on which the Poets are supposed to ride.—*Ed.*

‡ *Note by Tannahill.*—"The career of genius is rarely that of fortune, and often that of contempt; even in its most flattering aspect, what is it but plucking a few brilliant flowers from precipices, while the reward terminates in the honour."—*D'Israeli.*

Isaac D'Israeli was born at Enfield in May, 1766. At twenty-four years of age, in 1790, he published *Curiosities of Literature*, and afterwards rose to considerable eminence in the literary world. He died 19th January, 1848, aged 82.—*Ed.*

Behold !—yon ready rhyming carl,
With flatt'ry fir'd, attracts the warl'
  By canker'd, pers'nal satire;
He takes th' unthinking crowds acclaim
For sterling proofs of lasting fame,
  And deals his inky spatter.
Now, see ! he on Pegasus flies
  With bluff, important straddle !
He bears him midway up the skies,—
  See ! see ! he's off the saddle !
    He headlong tumbles, growls and grumbles,
      Down the dark abyss;
    The noisy core, that prais'd before,
      Now join the gen'ral hiss.

Now, see another vent'rer rise
Deep fraught with fulsome eulogies
  To win his patron's favour,—
One of those adulating things
That, dangling in the train of kings,
  Give guilt a splendid cover.
He mounts, well prefac'd by "my Lord,"
  Inflicts the spur's sharp wound;
Pegasus spurns the great man's word,
  And won't move from the ground.
    Now, mark his face flush'd with disgrace,
      Thro future life to grieve on;
    His wishes cross'd, his hopes all lost,
      He sinks into oblivion.

Yon city scribbler thinks to scale
The cliffs of fame with Pastoral,
  In worth thinks none e'er richer,

Yet never climb'd the upland steep,
Nor e'er beheld a flock of sheep,
  Save those driv'n by the butcher;
Nor ever mark'd the gurgling stream,
  Except the common sew'r
On rainy days, when dirt and slime
  Pour'd turbid past his door.
    Choice epithets in store he gets
      From Virgil,* Shenstone,† Pope,‡
    With tailor art tacks part to part,
      And makes his Past'ral up.

But see, rich clad in native worth,
Yon Bard of Nature ventures forth,
  In simple modest tale;
Applauding millions catch the song,
The raptur'd rocks the notes prolong,
  And hand them to the gale.

---

* Publius Virgilius Maro, born at Andes, near Mantua, B.C. 70, and died B.C. 19, in the 51st year of his age. He was the Prince of Latin Poets, and his works are written in an elegant and majestic style. John Dryden, a highly distinguished English poet and dramatic writer, wrote a translation of Virgil in 1694,—a difficult and most laborious work,—published in 1697. He was born at Aldwinkle, near Oundle, on 9th August, 1631, and died 1st May, 1700.—*Ed.*

† William Shenstone was an admired English poet, born at Lessowes, Shropshire, in November, 1714, and died 11th November, 1763. That author seems to have been a favourite with Tannahill, as he has also noticed him in the "Choice," No. 29, and it is very evident that Tannahill derived much benefit from studying the lyrics of Shenstone.—*Ed.*

‡ Alexander Pope was born at London on 22nd May, 1688. He was an English Poet of great elegance and popularity, and his works were well studied both by the Ayrshire bard and our own lyric poet, both of them occasionally borrowing a line from him. This voluminous author died 30th May, 1744.—*Ed.*

Pegasus kneels—he takes his seat—
Now, see! aloft he towers
To place him, 'bove the reach of fate,
In Fame's ambrosial bowers:
To be enroll'd with bards of old
In ever honour'd station,—
The gods, well pleas'd, see mortals rais'd
Worthy of their creation!

Now, mark what crowds of hackney scribblers,
Imitators, rhyming dabblers,
Follow in the rear!
Pegasus spurns us one by one,
Yet, still fame-struck, we follow on,
And tempt our fate severe:
In many a dogg'rel Epitaph,
And short-lined, mournful Ditty,
Our "Ahs!—Alases!" raise the laugh,
Revert the tide of pity,
Yet still we write in Nature's spite,
Our last piece aye the best;
Arraigning still, complaining still,
The world for want of taste! *

Observe yon poor deluded man,
With threadbare coat and visage wan
Ambitious of a name;

---

* The Author noted the following triplet:—

"Still restless Fancy drives us headlong on,
With dreams of wealth, and friends, and laurels won;
On ruin's brink we sleep, and wake undone."

The nat'ral claims of meat and cleeding,
He reckons these not worth the heeding,
But, presses on for fame!
The public voice, touchstone of worth,
Anonymous he cries;
But draw the critic's vengeance forth,—
His fancied glory dies.
Neglected now, dejected now,
He gives his spleen full scope;
In solitude he chews his cud—
A downright Misanthrope.

Then, brother rhymsters, O beware!
Nor tempt unscar'd the specious snare
Which Self-Love often weaves;
Nor dote with a fond father's pains,
Upon the offspring of your brains,
For fancy oft deceives.
To lighten life, a wee bit sang
Is sure a sweet illusion!
But ne'er provoke the critic's stang
By premature intrusion.
Lock up your piece, let fondness cease,
Till mem'ry fail to bear it,
With critic lore then read it o'er,
Yourself may judge its merit.

18.

EPISTLE TO JAMES KING.

On receiving a Moral Epistle from him.

May, 1802.*

PLEASE accept the thanks and praise
Due to your poetic lays,
Wisdom ay should be rever'd,
Sense to wit be ay prefer'd.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This old friend and correspondent of the author still survives" (1837).

James King, weaver, soldier, and poet, was born at the head of Causeyside Street, Paisley, in 1776. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver, and enlisted into one of the Fencible Regiments raised after the outbreak of the French Revolution. After five years' service, the Fencible Regiments were disbanded. In 1803, when the Militia Regiments were re-embodied, James King enlisted in the Renfrewshire Militia; and several letters from him to Robert Tannahill, when serving in that corps while in England, appear among the Correspondence. During his service, an overt act of insubordination occurred in the regiment about the end of 1811, and James King was suspected of being the ringleader, while the usual unsatisfactory defence that he was not to blame was set up. He was not listened to, but allowed to leave the regiment. He, however, obtained his discharge in 1815, when the regiment was disbanded. The disbanding of Militia and Local Militia Regiments, after the Battle of Waterloo, created a great sensation in the streets of Paisley, and we recollect the occurrence well. In 1826, James King returned to Paisley, and took up his residence in the house where he was born, and remained a year; after which, he removed to Charleston, and resided there several years. He wrote the "Battle of Talavera," which appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, and the "Battle of Busaco," which appeared in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. Motherwell, the editor, added a note ascribing the latter song to James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd; but he was mistaken. We recollect Mr. King well, and he called upon us frequently. He contributed "A Legend of Stanely Castle" to the *Renfrewshire Annual* for 1841; and, in 1842, he commenced the publication of his Poems and Songs, which only reached the third number. From first to last, King has written a large quantity of Poetry; and if his poems and songs could now be collected together, they would form a handsome volume. He died 28th September, 1849, in the 73rd year of his age.—*Ed.*

—Just your thoughts, in simple guise,
Fit to make frail mortals wise;
Every period, every line,
With some moral truth doth shine.
—Like the rocks, which storms divide,
Thund'ring down the mountain's side,
So strides Time, with rapid force,
Round his unobstructed course;
Like a flood upon its way,
Sweeping downward to the sea:
But what figure so sublime
As describe the flight of time?
Yesterday is past an gane,
Just as it had never been.
—Life's a dream, and man's a bubble,
'Compass'd round with care and trouble,
Like a ship in tempest tost;
Soon o'erwhelm'd, for ever lost;
Like the short-liv'd passion-flow'r,*
Blooming, dying, in an hour;
Like the tuneful bird that sings,
Flutt'ring high on sportive wings,
Till the fowler's subtle art,
Drives Death's message to its heart,

---

* *Passiflora*; Passion Flower,—from *passio*, suffering, and *flos*, a flower. This plant was discovered in South America in 1629, and much interest is attached to it from the description given by Romish missionaries. They declared that the part of the flower like a pillar, bearing the three *stigmas*, represented the Cross on which the Saviour suffered; the five *anthers*, the hammer and the nails with which he was fastened to the Cross; and the *rays* figured the crown of thorns. The *petals* represented the ten apostles,—the other two being left out because the one had betrayed, and the other denied his Master. The Saviour having lain three days in the tomb,—that the flower opens and closes in three days in commemoration of that event.

While, perhaps, Death aims his blow
For to lay the wretch as low.
—Now since life is but a day,
Make the most of it we may ;
Not in drinking to excess—
Drink the spirits will depress :
Calm and tranquil let us be,
Still resign'd to Fate's decree :
Let not poortith sink us low,
Let not wealth exalt our brow,
Let's be grateful, virtuous, wise—
There's where all our greatness lies ;
Doing all the good we can,
Is all that Heaven requires of man.
—Wherefore should we grieve and sigh,
'Cause we know that he must die ?
Death's a debt requir'd by nature,
To be paid by every creature;
Rich and poor, and high and low,
Fall by Death's impartial blow—
God, perhaps, in kindness, will
Snatch us from some coming ill ;
Death may kindly waft us o'er
To a milder, happier shore.
—But, Dear Jamie! after a',
What I've said's not worth a straw ;
What is't worth to moralize
What we never can practise ?
As for me, wi a my skill,
Passion leads me as she will :
But resolves, laid down to-day,
Ere to-morrow 're done away.—
—Then let's ever cheery live,

Do our best an never grieve ;
Still let Friendship's warmest tie
A' deficiencies supply,
And, while favour'd by the Nine,
I your laurels will entwine.

19.

EPISTLE TO JAMES SCADLOCK.*

On receiving from him a small MS. volume of Original Scottish Poems.

April, 1803.

While colleg'd Bards bestride Pegasus,
An try to gallop up Parnassus,
By dint o meikle lear,
The lowe o friendship fires my saul,
Tae write you this poetic scrawl,—
Prosaic dull, I fear !

---

* *Note in 1825 Edition.*—"James Scadlock, by business an engraver, was born at Paisley in 1775, died 1818. His posthumous works, consisting of Poems, Odes, and Songs, &c., have since been published, along with a short sketch of his life."

James Scadlock was born on 7th October, 1775, and brought up in Abbey Close of Paisley. His father, a weaver, gave him the usual education imparted to children in his class of society, and he was sent to the school taught by William Adie, Session-Clerk. The father, being an intelligent person himself, his children derived considerable knowledge from their parent. James Scadlock exhibited a taste for drawing, which latterly became a favourite pursuit with him, and afterwards an accessory to the business he was ultimately taught. Almost every youth in Paisley was sent to the loom at an early age, whether they had an inclination for the weav-

But, weel I ken, your gen'rous heart
Will overlook its failings,
And whar the poet has come short,
Let frien'ship cure his ailings;
Tis kind, man, divine, man,
Tae hide the faut we see,
Or try tae men't, as far's we ken't,
Wi true sincerity.

---

ing trade or not,—silk weaving being light work, and the wages high. James Scadlock's father accordingly set his son to that trade to earn his maintenance. From some cause or other, he felt disinclined to follow that trade, and relinquished it before a twelvemonth. He was next sent to the service of a bookseller and stationer; but the business being in a decline, and the master becoming insolvent, young Scadlock was discharged. James Scadlock formed an early attachment to books from the well-furnished library of his father, and that inclination was extended and gratified by his attendance in the bookseller's shop. He likewise, from that opportunity, became acquainted with several authors; but he indulged more particularly in poetical writings. He recited to his juvenile acquaintances passages he had read, and occasionally added poetry from his own pen. Drawing, however, was his favourite pursuit; and his father, now anxious to place his son at a business congenial to his tastes, apprenticed him, in his 19th year, for seven years as a copperplate engraver to the firm of Findlay, Ure, Bryce, & Co., printers at Ferneze, near Neilston, where he had considerable opportunities for cultivating his taste for the fine arts. In writing poetry, and associating with intelligent companions, the time whirled insensibly past, and, on 11th June, 1801, he received his indenture with a certificate of faithful service. He was an acquaintance of Tannahill for several years. Both Scadlock and Tannahill became members of the Paisley Croft Friendly Society,—a society for supporting its members in sickness. The society was formed in 1761 by the weaver feuars of the Croft land of Paisley, from William, seventh Earl of Dundonald. Scadlock, wishing to perpetuate his skill in drawing and engraving, designed and engraved a ticket of admission to the society, which is a work of art. We tried to discover the original plate to give a copy of it as an illustration to this volume; but were unsuccessful. The ticket which Tannahill received on his admission into the Society is still in existence. It is headed—

"In Unity we all agree."

Then follows a Coat of Arms,—the armorial bearings of the *weavers*. A shield with a cheveron *argent*, charged with three cinquefoils and three cats'

This last observe, bring'st in my head,
Tae tell you here my social creed—
Let's use a mankind weel,
An ony sumph wha'd use us ill,
Wi dry contempt let's treat him still,
He'll feel it warst himsel:
I never flatter—praise but rare,
I scorn a double pairt;
An when I speak, I speak sincere,
The dictates o my heart;
I truly hate the dirty gait
That mony a bodie tak's,
Wha fraise ane, syne blaze ane
As soon's they turn their backs.

---

heads,—each with a shuttle in the mouth, in dexter and sinister chief, and base *azure*. The *crest*, a cat's head with a shuttle in the mouth, and a cap made of coops or pirns. There are also two oval pictures on the ticket,—one with a widow and three orphan children, and the other containing the figure of Justice, with sword and balance. There is also inscribed on the ticket,—

ERECTED, IN 1761,
THE PAISLEY CROFT SOCIETY.
HERE POVERTY AND SICKNESS
CAN CLAIM RELIEF.
NO. 30.

A general stagnation of trade had affected the firm with whom Scadlock was engaged, by which he and a great number of others were thrown out of employment. It was a difficult matter for him to obtain employment, and he had almost given up all hope, when he received an offer from a firm in Perth, which he accepted. Tannahill, in June, 1804, addressed a second Epistle (No. 21) to his friend in that town; but before a year passed away, Scadlock returned to the service of his former employers. While resident in Perth, he wrote the song of "The Scottish Exile," which was first printed in Maver's *Gleaner*, 1806 (See Note to No. 5), and signed with his name. This brought him into notice as a poet. In April, 1808, he married Mary Ewing, the daughter of a respectable fellow-workman. This turned out a happy union. James Scadlock died from an attack of typhus fever on 4th

In judging, let us be richt hooly ;
I've heard some fouks discant sae freely,
On ither people's matters,
As if theirsel's war real perfection,
Whan, had they stood a fair inspection,
The abus'd war far their betters :
But gossips ay maun hae their crack,
Though moralists shoud rail.
Let's end the matter wi this fac',
That, "Goodness pays itsel."
The joys, man, that rise, man,
To ane frae daeing weel,
Are siccan joys that harden'd vice
Can seldom ever feel.

O Jamie, man ! I'm proud to see't,
Our ain auld muse yet keeps her feet,
Maist healthy as before ;
For sad predicting fears foretauld,
When Robin's* glowing heart turn'd cauld,
Then a our joys war o'er,
(Ilk future Bard revere his name,
Through thousan years to come,
And though we cannot reach his fame,
Busk laurels roun his tomb :)

July, 1818, in the 43rd year of his age, leaving a widow and four children to lament his loss.

The same year, 1818, "The Posthumous Works of James Scadlock, containing Poems, Songs, Odes, and other poetical pieces, with a Sketch of the Author's Life," was published at Paisley in an 8vo, of 96 pages, including the Life. See Notes to Nos. 21 and 86.—*Ed.*

* Robert Burns.—*Ed.*

Yet, though he's dead, the Scottish reed,
This mony a day may ring,
In Livingston,* in Anderson, †
In Scadlock, ‡ and in King. §

---

* William Livingston, weaver, poet, and comedian, was born in 1776. He was an early and intimate acquaintance and correspondent of Tannahill. Two of his letters to Tannahill will be found in the Correspondence, and are dated Kirkcudbright, 18th November, 1804, and Killylcagh, March 7th, 1806. He was in the company of Mr. Archibald Pollock, manager of the Paisley Theatre; and he, along with Pollock, urged Tannahill to write the dramatic piece of "The Soldier's Return." He was also in the company of Mr. Harry Johnston when he had his Theatre in the Saracen's Head Inn, Paisley; and in referring to a handbill of Mr. Johnston's intimating the performance for Wednesday evening, 17th July, 1822, of the celebrated new tragedy of "Bertram, or the Castle of Saint Aldobrand," we observed the name of Mr. Livingston put down for the character of *Hugo*. In the melodrama, the same evening, of "Ella Rosenberg," his name is put down for the character of *Flutterman*. Livingston, "Old Livy" as he was called in his latter days, trod the boards of theatres for upwards of fifty years both in Scotland and Ireland, but more particularly in the West of Scotland, chiefly Paisley and Glasgow. In the prime of life, he enjoyed a respectable share of popularity in his sphere; but he did not like the life of a strolling player, and frequently left the buskin for his trade of a weaver, or a small stationery business. He must be well remembered by a large number of those gentlemen, both in Glasgow and Paisley, who attended the theatre in their youth. He wrote the "Weaver's Lament," "The Gloamin'," and a number of other poems and songs. His health declined in 1845, and he removed to Greenock to recruit his strength. On the 10th of June, 1849, when taking a walk on the quay at low water, and in stepping along the steamboat wharf, his foot slipped, he stumbled and fell over, struck the breastwork in falling, and was thus deprived of life in the 73rd year of his age.—*Ed.*

† William Anderson, clockmaker, precentor, teacher of music, and poet. He was a shrewd and talented member of the social club with which Tannahill was connected and was one of the founders of the Paisley Burns' Club in 1805. He was so well informed on different subjects that he was always ready to discuss any question on any side that might arise in either of these clubs; but he loved a liquor which destroyed his company.—*Ed.*

‡ The subject of this Epistle. See Notes to No. 86.—*Ed.*

§ John King. See Notes to Nos. 6 and 73.—*Ed.*

"The Tap-room,"—what a glorious treat!
"Complaint and wish"—how plaintive sweet!
"The Weaver's" just "Lament."
"The Gloamin' Fragment"*—how divine!
There Nature speaks in every line,
The Bard's immortal in't!

---

* "The Gloamin; a Fragment" (by the author of "The Weaver's Lament," "Complaint and Wish," &c., *transmitted by a Correspondent*) appeared in the *Glasgow Selector* of 1805, Vol. III., page 199. The correspondent would be Tannahill: and from respect for that guileless old man, William Livingston, we here insert it:—

"See how bricht wi goud a bleezin,
Purple-shaded shines the wast;
Cool the air, an sweet an pleasin,
Now the burnin day is past.

Now, while the sun, fast sinkin,
Yellow tints yon eastern braes,
And the clachan bell is clinkin,
Let me sit, an—list'ning—gaze.

Seated on this verdant knowie,
Whar the curlin foggage grows
An the sunbeams faintly glow, ay,
An the burnie quietly rows;

Frae the hedge, by yonder plantin,
Sweeter far than notes o airt
Hark! the blackbird, how he's chantin
Loud an clear,—it thrills the heart.

Saft I hear the lammies bleatin,
Distant kye rowt a aroun;
Echo frae the hichts repeatin,
Lengthens out the varied soun.

Fresh the zephyrs, gently breathin,
Sleekly bend the noddin bere;
Carryin scented fragrance wi them
Frae the clover an the brier.

See the cottar, pacin slowly
To his hut below the hill;
Hame's ay hame, tho e'er sae lowly,
There, tho puir, he's welcome still.

Blythe the wee bit whistlin herdie
Drives his charge out owre the lee,
Wi the nest o some sweet birdie,
Herried frae its chosen tree;

While he hauds secure his plunder,
Tentless that he's doin wrang,
Fancy hears the mither, yonder,
Wail her loss in plaintive sang.

Stop!—forbear your wanton thievin!
Little robber, hear yon tune!
Kent ye how the mither's grievin,
Sure ye'd rue the deed ye've dune.

Now, the baukie-bird attendin
Minds me that it's wearin late,
An the moistening dews descendin
'Gin to weet my grassy seat."—*Ed.*

Yon "Epigram on Jeanie Lang,"
Is pointed as the steel,
An "Hoot! ye ken yoursel's,"—a sang
Would pleas'd e'en Burns himsel!
Let snarling, mean quarr'ling,
Be doubly damn'd henceforth,
And let us raise the voice of praise,
To hearten modest worth.

And you, my dear respectit frien,
Your "Spring's" a precious evergreen,
Fresh beauties budding still.
Your "Levern Banks," an "Killoch Burn," *
Ye sing them wi sae sweet a turn,
Ye gar the heart-strings thrill.

---

* The following three verses were written by Scadlock in three separate songs on the romantic scenery of Killoch Burn:—

"The sun's now setting in the west,
And mild's his beam on hill and plain,
No sound is heard, save Killoch Burn
Wild murmuring down its woody glen."

"Will you gae to Glen Killoch, my Mary,
Whar the burnie fa's owre the linn;
Its murmurs are dear to me, Mary,
When borne on the saft-breathin win."

"Hark! the winds around us swell,
Raving doun Glen Killoch dell,
Where aft wi thee, my bonnie Bell,
I've wander'd blythe and cheery."

See No. 86, and Note on that song.—*Ed.*

"October Winds"—e'en let them rave,
Wi Nature-blasting howl,
If, in return, kind heaven gi'e
The sunshine of the soul:
The feeling heart that bears a part,
In ithers' joys and woes,
May still depend to find a frien
Howe'er the tempest blows.

Yet, lang I've thocht, and think it yet,
True frien's are rarely to be met,
Wha share in ithers' troubles,
Wha jointly joy, or drap the tear
Reciprocal—and kindly bear
Wi ane anithers' foibles;
Ev'n such a frien I ance could boast,
Ah! now in death he's low—
But fond anticipation hopes
For such a frien in you.
Dear Jamie, forgi'e me,
That last presumptive line;
See—here's my han at your comman—
Ye hae my heart langsyne.

20.

EPISTLE TO JAMES BARR,*

Wherever he may be found.

March, 1804.

GUDE Pibrocharian, jorum jirger,
Say, hae ye turned an Antiburgher?
Or lang-fac'd Presbyterian El'er?
Deep read in wiles o gath'rin siller?

---

* This Epistle first appeared in Maver's *Glasgow Selector*, 1806, Vol. IV., page 114. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

James Barr, weaver and musician, Kilbarchan, was born at Tarbolton, Ayrshire, in 1781. In his childhood, his parents came to Kilbarchan to reside there, and he was brought up in that town. He was apprenticed to the trade of a weaver with Mr. James Buchanan, Kilbarchan, mentioned in the Epistle No. 25. He cultivated music in his leisure hours, and became an accomplished player of the violin and flute, and latterly taught instrumental music bands. Tannahill and Barr formed an early acquaintance, which ripened into bosom-friendship. They frequently corresponded with each other; and a few of the letters that passed between them, which have been preserved, are printed among the Correspondence. "Blythe Jamie Barr" is one of the parties mentioned in the song of "The Five Friends," No. 144. In 1812, James Barr was in the employment of Mr. J. Steven, music publisher, Wilson Street, Glasgow; and, in 1813, he commenced the teaching of music opposite the Star Inn, Glasgow. From Glasgow, he went with his family, in 1832, to Saint John's, New Brunswick, and there followed the occupation of farming for upwards of 20 years. He returned to Glasgow, and afterwards removed to Govan, where he died. On Halloween, 1874, we made a pilgrimage to Kilbarchan, and visited the cemetery of the U.P. Church there, and saw a tombstone with the following inscription:—"In Memory of James Barr, who died 24th February, 1860, aged 79 years, and his wife, Margaret Love, who died 11th August, 1859, aged 75 years.

Shortly after the death of Mr. Barr, his eldest daughter, Miss Janet Barr, distributed among the friends and acquaintances of her late father several

Or cauld, splenetic solitair,
Resolv'd to herd wi man nae mair?

As to the second I've nae fear for't;
For siller, feth! ye ne'er did care for't,
Unless to help a needfu body,
An get an antrin glass o toddy.
But what the black mischief's cam owre ye?
These three months I've been speirin for you,
Till e'en the Muse, wi downricht grievin,
Has worn her chafts as thin's a shavin.
Say, hae ye ta'en a tramp to Lon'an,
In Co. wi worthy auld Buchanan,*

---

of the letters and songs of Tannahill that he had received, retaining six in her possession. In making inquiries for information to frame the notes to this edition, we were shown the list of those retained by Miss Barr, in her own handwriting, as follows:—

List of Pieces retained by Miss Barr.

1. Poetical Epistle to J. Barr for negligence in writing.
2. Song to tune "Three Carles," alluded to in remarks by J. B. in *Saturday Evening Post* on "Burns and Tannahill's Style."
3. The "Five Frien's,"—J. B. one.
4. Reply to Invitation to Burns' Anniversary in Kilbarchan, pleading some engagements in Paisley; and "Clean Pea Strae."
5. Thanks and Presentation of a Volume of the Poems to J. B., and to each of the brothers Matthew and Walter, and copies of some formerly given away.
6. "Kebbuckston Wedding," and Letter on the subject.

We made inquiries at the friends and acquaintances of the late Miss Barr, (she having died on 25th December, 1873, aged 68), and also wrote her sister, Mrs. Bannerman, Liverpool, on the subject; but, unfortunately, none of the pieces in the list could be found after Miss Barr's decease.—*Ed.*

* *Note by the Author.*—"A much-respected naturalist in the west country."

This is the old friend of Tannahill in Kilbarchan, to whom he addressed the Epistle (No. 25) in August, 1806, and the reader is directed to the Notes upon it.—*Ed.*

Wha mony a mile wad streek his shanks,
To hae a crack wi Josie Banks †
Concerning "Shells, an birds, an metals,
Moths, spiders, butterflies, an beetles."
For you, I think you'll cut a figure,
Wi king o pipers, Malc. M'Gregor, ‡
An wi your clarion, flute, an fiddle,
Will gar their southron heart-strings diddle.

Or are ye thro' the kintra whiskin,
Accoutr'd wi the sock an buskin,
Thinkin to climb to wealth an fame,
By adding Roscius § to your name?
Frae thochts o that, pray keep abeich!
Ye're far ow're auld, an far owre heich;
Since in thir novel-hunting days
There's nane but bairns can act our plays.

---

† Sir Joseph Banks, an accomplished and laborious naturalist. He accompanied Captain Cook in his first voyage round the world in 1768. An island in the North Pacific Ocean was named after him, and his name was also conferred on a genus of plants found in the islands of the South Sea. Sir Joseph was President of the Royal Society forty-two years. He was born in 1743, and died 19th March, 1820, aged 77 years.—*Ed.*

‡ At the annual competition of the Highland Society of Scotland held on 21st August, 1803, for playing on the bagpipes, the second prize was awarded to Malcom M'Gregor, piper from Glasgow, the king of pipers in the West of Scotland.—*Ed.*

§ A celebrated comedian and famous elocutionist in Rome, born B.C. 106, and died B.C. 61. He was a contemporary and companion of Cicero, the eloquent Roman orator; Cicero defended and pled a cause for the actor. His daily pay for acting was £30 sterling. Pliny said Roscius made £4000 sterling annually; and Cicero, his advocate, alleged it was £5000. Every actor of excellence on the stage has had the name of *Roscius* bestowed on him.—*Ed.*

At twal year auld,* if ye had tried it,
I doubtna but ye micht succeedit ;
But full-grown buirdly chiels like you—
Quite monstrous, man, 'twill never do !

Or are ye gane, as there are few sic,
For teachin o a band o music ?
O, hear auld Scotland's fervent pray'rs,
And teach her genuine native airs !
Whilk simply play'd, devoid o airt,
Thrill thro the senses to the heart.
Play, when ye'd rouse the patriot's saul,
True valour's tune, "The Garb of Gaul."
An when laid low in glory's bed,
Let "Roslin Castle" soothe his shade.
"The Bonnie Bush aboon Traquair,"
Its every accent breathes dispair ;
An "Ettrick's Banks," celestial strain !

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The allusion here is to the young *Roscius*, Master Betty, whose juvenile performances for a time threw even first-rate actors into the shade."

William Henry West Betty, called "The Young Roscius," was born on 13th September, 1791, near Shrewsbury in England, but brought up in Ireland. When near twelve years of age, he made his first appearance at Belfast on 16th August, 1803. The manager of the Glasgow Theatre engaged him for ten nights ; and he made his first appearance in that city on Monday. 21st May, 1804, taking the chief characters of *Osman*, *Hamlet*, *Romeo*, *Douglas*, *Rollo*, and others. Tannahill walked into Glasgow one of these evenings, and saw and heard "The Young Roscius" fascinating a Glasgow audience, He acted twenty-eight nights in each of Drury Lane and Covent Garden Theatres, London, which brought to the managers £34,000, or upwards of £600 per night. This Note was written thus far on Friday, 28th August, 1874 ; and in an hour thereafter, we read the following paragraph in the *Glasgow Daily Mail* newspaper of that date,—"Mr. W. H. W. Betty, who "was formerly known as 'The Young Roscius,' died at his residence in "London on Monday night, in the 83rd year of his age. He first appeared "on the stage when about twelve years old in August, 1803, and he retired "from professional life in August, 1842."—*Ed.*

Mak's simmer's gloamin mair serene ;
An, O how sweet the plaintive muse,
Amang "The broom o Cowdenknowes !"
To hear the love-lorn swain complain,
Lane, on "The Braes o Ballendine ;"
It e'en micht melt the dortiest she,
That ever sklinted scornfu e'e.
When Beauty tries her vocal pow'rs
Amang the greenwood's echoing bow'rs,
"The bonnie birks of Invermay "
Might mend a seraph's sweetest lay.
Then, shoud grim Care invest your castle,
Just knock him down wi "Willie Wastle,"
An rant blythe "Lumps o' Puddin" owre him ;
An for his dirge sing "Tullochgorum."
Whan Orpheus charm'd his wife frae hell,
Twas nae Scotch tune he play'd sae well ;
Else had the worthy auld wire scraper
Been keepit for his deilship's piper.

Or if ye're turn'd a feather'd fop,
Licht dancing upon fashion's top,
Wi lofty brow an selfish e'e,
Despising low clad dogs like me ;
Uncaring your contempt or favour,
Sweet butterfly adieu for ever !
But, hold—I'm wrong tae doubt your sense,
For pride proceeds from ignorance.

If peace of mind lay in fine clothes,
I'd be the first of flutt'ring beaux,
An strut as proud as ony peacock,
That ever craw'd on tap o haycock ;

And ere I'd know ane vexing thocht,
Get dollar buttons * on my coat,
Wi a the lave o fulsome trash on,
That constitutes a man o fashion.
O, grant me this, kind Providence,
A moderate, decent competence;
Thou'lt see me smile in independence,
Above weak-saul'd pride born ascendence,

But whether ye're gane to teach the Whistle,
Midst noise an rough regimental bustle;
Or gane to strut upon the stage,
Smit wi the mania o the age;
Or Scotsman like, hae trampt abreed,
To yon big town far south the Tweed;
Or dourin in the hermit's cell,
Unblessing an unblest yoursel—
In gude's name, write!—tak up your pen,
An how ye're daein let me ken.
Sae, hoping quickly your epistle,
Adieu! thou genuine son of song an whistle.

POSTSCRIPT.

We had a concert here short syne; †
Oh, man! the music was divine,
Baith plaintive sang and merry glee,
In a the soul o harmony.

---

* Silverised buttons as large as dollars.

† This concert probably took place in the previous month of February, 1804.—*Ed.*

When Smith and Stuart* lea this earth,
The gods, in token o their worth,
Will welcome them at heaven's portals
The brichtest, truest, best o mortals ;
Apollo, proud, as weel he may,
Will walk on tip toe a that day ;
While a the Muses kindred claim,
Rememb'ring what they've done for them.

---

* R. A. Smith (so frequently noticed as the composer of the music for the Author's songs), and William Stuart, weaver in Well Street, Paisley, were frequently vocalists at concerts. Stuart was born 12th November, 1779 ; married in 1799 ; and his eldest son, James Stewart, born 20th September, 1802. The father and the son spelled their surnames differently. James Barr, to whom this Epistle was addressed, and Smith and Stuart, were three of the "Five Frien's" mentioned in No. 144, as "blythe Jamie Barr," "Rab frae the south," and "Will, the guid fallow." William Stuart was one of the founders of the Burns' Club in 1805, and a very intimate acquaintance of Tannahill's. On 1st July, 1814, the Town Council of Paisley, of their own accord, appointed Stuart Precentor of the Laigh Kirk in New Street, Paisley ; and, in 1822, he removed to the Relief Church in Anderston of Glasgow. We have lying before us a handbill of a grand concert of vocal and instrumental music for the benefit of Mr. Thomas Boyd, a comic singer in Paisley, then in the 82nd year of his age, to take place in the Assembly Room of the Renfrewshire Tontine, Paisley, on Monday, 30th July, 1827. Two of the seven distinguished performers from Glasgow were the "Guid fallow" and "Blythe Jamie." "Wee Tammie Boyd" was born in the '45, and became a warper to Messrs. Brown, Sharp, & Co., muslin manufacturers in Shuttle Street. In 1818, he was elected an honorary member of the Burns' Club. Tammie enlivened the festivities of many public and private parties in Paisley upwards of half a century ; and we recollect him singing at the election dinner of the Paisley Faculty of Procurators in 1834, in the 90th year of his age (shortly after he had married his third wife), the fine old songs of "The golden days of good Queen Bess," and "Twa-score twa" (the 42nd). He died on 20th January, 1836, in the 91st year of his age. William Stuart and James Clark, two of the "Five Frien's," were schoolfellows in Paisley ; and William Stuart and his son, James Stewart, were in the habit of visiting Clark in Campbelton. William Stuart died at London in 1862, aged 83 years ; and his son, James Stewart, who had been Precentor to Saint David's Church, popularly called "The Ramshorn," Glasgow, died on 7th August, 1864, aged 62.—*Ed.*

21.

SECOND EPISTLE TO JAMES SCADLOCK.

Then at Perth.

June, 1804.*

Let those who never felt its flame,
Say Friendship is an empty name;
Such selfish, cold philosophy
For ever I disclaim:

It soothes the soul with grief opprest,
Half cures the care distemper'd breast,
And in the jocund happy hour,
Gives joy a higher zest.

All nature sadden'd at our parting hour,
Winds plaintive howl'd, clouds, weeping, dropt a show'r,
Our fields look'd dead—as if they'd said,
"We ne'er shall see him more." †

---

* This Epistle first appeared in Maver's *Selector*, 1805, Vol. III., page 159. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

Note by Ramsay.—"James Scadlock, a copperplate engraver, wrote 'The Scottish Exile,' and other poems that have been published. In the words of John Struthers, in his 'Essay on Scottish Song Writers,' 'he died, July the 4th, 1818, lamented by his friends, respected by his neighbours, and probably without an enemy in the world.'"

See Notes to No. 19.

† This line occurs in an old English Epitaph:—

"Old Grimes is dead, that good old man,
We ne'er shall see him more,
He used to wear a long brown coat
All buttoned down before."—*Ed.*

Tho fate an fortune threw their darts,
Envying us your high deserts,
They well might tear you from our arms,
But never from our hearts.

When spring buds forth in vernal show'rs,
When summer comes array'd in flow'rs,
Or autumn kind, from Ceres' horn, *
Her grateful bounty pours ;

Or bearded winter curls his brow—
I'll often fondly think on you,
And on our happy days and nights
With pleasing backcast view.

If e'er in musing mood ye stray
Alang the banks of classic Tay, †
Think on the walks by Stanely Tower,
And sage Gleniffer brae ;

Think on our langsyne happy hours,
Spent where the burn wild, rapid, pours,
And o'er the horrid dizzy steep
Dashes her mountain stores ; ‡

---

* *Ceres*—in mythology, the goddess of agriculture. Ceres' horn, *Cornucopia*. The Horn of Plenty, an emblem of abundance of cereal crops and all other fruits of bountiful autumn.—*Ed.*

† The classic Tay is one of the principal rivers in Scotland, and Tannahill reminded his friend, then residing in the fair town of Perth, in musing on its banks, to remember their walks of solitude in places around ancient Paisley, endeared to them from their youth.—*Ed.*

‡ The cascade, or fall of water in Gleniffer, or western branch of the streamlet of Espedair. The best time for enjoying the scene is after a heavy shower of rain.—*Ed.*

Think on our walks by sweet Greenlaw, *
By woody hill and birken shaw,
Where nature strews her choicest sweets
To make the landscape braw.

And think on rural Ferguslie,
Its plantin's green, and flow'ry lee;
Such fairy scenes, tho distant far,
May please the mental e'e.

Yon mentor, Geordie Zimmerman, †
Agrees exactly with our plan,
That partial hours of solitude
Exalt the soul of man.

So, oft retir'd from strife and din,
Let's shun the jarring ways of men,
And seek serenity and peace
By stream and woody glen

---

* Scadlock was brought up in the Abbey Close of Paisley, and of course his walks were on the east or Newton side of the River Cart. Greenlaw path and Arkleston road would be the walks of solitude in that district. *Easter Greenlaw* belonged to Mr. Charles Ross, surveyor, who, in 1760, built a house thereon in the Ionic order of architecture. He made a nursery on his lands for fruit and forest trees, and for evergreen and flowering shrubs. He published a map of the county of Renfrew, besides other county maps, and "The Traveller's Guide to Lochlomond, in 1792." *Wester Greenlaw* belonged to Robert Corse, Esq., merchant. In 1780 he built a splendid mansion on Greenlaw hill, after the Corinthian order, and its elevation was given in William Semple's plan of Paisley, published in 1782, and is now possessed by John Morgan, Esq.—*Ed.*

† The familiar Scots orthography of one of the christian names of this foreign author is characteristic of a Paisley weaver. Johann Gorg von Zimmerman, the celebrated author of "Solitude," was born at Brug, in Switzerland, in 1728, and died at Hanover, in 1775, aged 67.—*Ed.*

But ere a few short summers gae
Your friend will mix his kindred clay,
For fell disease tugs at my breast,
To hurry me away.

Yet while life's bellows bear to blaw,
Till life's last lang-fetch'd breath I draw,
I'll often fondly think on you,
And mind your kindness a.

Now, fare-ye-weel! still may ye find
A friend congenial to your mind,
To share your joys, and half your woes—
Warm, sympathising, kind.

22.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM THOMSON.

June, 1805. *

DEAR WILL, my much respected frien,
I send you this to let you ken,
That, tho at distance fate hath set you,

---

* William Thomson was a weaver in Ferguslie of Paisley, and a member of the same club Tannahill attended, and which met in the Sun Tavern, 12 High Street, Paisley, kept by Mr. Allan Stewart, a very respectable individual. Thomson was a much-respected member of the club when he left Paisley for Overton. The Epistle states that his friends had not forgotten him, but had kept his chair vacant in case he should come back again. Places with the name of Overton will be found almost in every landward parish in Scotland; and it was difficult to find out the one referred to. Persons supposed to have correct knowledge were applied to on the subject, and each of them gave a different Overton, in different

Your frien's in Paisley don't forget you ;
But aften think on you, far lone,
Amang the braes of Overton.
Our social club continues yet,
Perpetual source of mirth an wit ;
Our rigid rules admit but few,
Yet still we'll keep a chair for you.

A kintra life I've aft envied,
Whar love, an truth, an peace preside ;
Without temptations tae allure,
Your days glide on, unstain'd an pure ;
Nae midnicht revels waste your health,
Nor greedy landlord drains your wealth,
Ye're never fasht wi whisky fever,
Nor dizzy pow, nor dulness ever,
But breathe the halesome caller air,
Remote from aucht that genders care.
I needna tell how much I lang
Tae hear your rural Scottish sang ;
Tae hear you sing your heath-clad braes,
Your jocund nichts, an happy days ;
An lilt with glee the blythsome morn,
Whan dew draps pearl every thorn ;
Whan larks pour forth the early sang,

---

counties. With these several conflicting statements as to places called Overton, the inquiry was about to be given up in despair, when Mr. John Harkness, town officer, handed us an envelope containing a letter. On taking it out, the well-known handwriting of Tannahill was at once observed in the address, "Mr. Thomson, Overton, near Beith." That letter, dated 1st May, 1807, at once settled the right Overton, and it was neither of those supposed by the others. The letter is copied into the Correspondence. Mr. Thomson had procured subscribers for twenty-nine volumes of the first edition, and Tannahill was sending them to him for distribution.—*Ed.*

An linties chant the whins amang,
An pyats hap frae tree tae tree,
Teachin their young anes how tae flee,
While frae the mavis tae the wren,
A' warble sweet in bush or glen.
In town we scarce can fin occasion,
Tae note the beauties o creation,
But study mankind's diff'rent dealings,
Their virtues, vices, merits, failings,
Unpleasing task, compar'd wi yours;
Ye range the hills 'mang mountain flow'rs,
An view, afar, the smoking town,
More blest than all its riches were your own.

A lang epistle I might scribble,
But aiblins ye will grudge the trouble
Of readin sic low, hamert rhyme,
An sae it's best to quat in time;
Sae I, with soul sincere an fervent,
Am still your trusty frien an servant.

23.

EPISTLE TO WILLIAM WYLIE.*

January, 1806.

DEAR kindred saul, thanks to the cause
First made us ken each ither,

* William Wylie, weaver, Abbey Close. He was a good tradesman, and always employed on the best of textile fabrics. He was an acquaintance of James Scadlock mentioned in the Epistles addressed to that individual (Nos. 19 and 21), and Scadlock and Tannahill were chief acquaintances. Wylie was afterwards married to Scadlock's sister, Elizabeth. Wylie and Tannahill

Ca't fate or chance, I carena whilk,
Tae me it brocht a brither.

Thy furthy, kindly, takin gait;—
Sure every gude chiel likes thee,
And bad luck wring his thrawart heart
Wha snarling e'er would vex thee.

Tho mole-ee't Fortune's partial hand
O clink may keep thee bare o't;
O what thou hast, pale Misery
Receives, unask'd, a share o't.

Thou gi'est without ae hank'rin thocht,
Or cauld, self-stintit wish;
E'en winter-finger'd Avarice
Approves thee with a blush.

If Grief e'er mak thee her pack horse,
Her leaden load tae carry't,
Shuve half the burthen on my back,
I'll dae my best tae bear it.

Gude kens we a hae fauts enew,
Tis Friendship's task tae cure em,
But still she spurns the critic view,
An bids us tae look o'er 'em.

---

were kindred spirits, and the friendship thus commenced ripened into that of the affection of brothers. Wylie, being a good elocutionist, became an accomplished reciter. He was one of the founders of the Burns' Club in 1805, and he was chosen the President for 1810. In that year, the Ode No. 8, prepared by Tannahill for the Anniversary, was recited by the President, William Wylie. Wylie afterwards became foreman to Mr. Robert Lockhart, manufacturer, Causeyside. This bosom friend of the Poet died on 27th November, 1840, aged 66 years.—*Ed.*

When Death performs his beadle part,
An summons thee tae heaven,
By virtue of thy warm, kind heart,
Thy fauts will be forgiven.

And shoudst thou live tae see thy frien,
Borne lifeless on the bier,
I ask of thee, for epitaph,
One kind, elegiac tear.

24.

EPISTLE.*

TO ALEXANDER BORLAND.†

February, 1806.

RETIRED, disgusted, from the tavern roar,
Where strong-lung'd Ignorance does highest soar;

---

* This Epistle first appeared in 1806 in Maver's *Glasgow Gleaner*, page 273. See first Note on No. 5.—*Ed.*

† *Note by Ramsay.*—"He died some years ago."

Alexander Borland, a native of Paisley, was born at the head of Causeyside Street, in the year 1773, and brought up to the trade of a weaver. He was a chief acquaintance of James King, to whom the Epistle No. 18 is addressed, and through that connection he became acquainted with Tannahill. In these days of soldiering, Alexander Borland joined the Lanarkshire Militia, and the Regiment was sent to England. On his term of service expiring, he took up his residence in Glasgow, and was residing there when this Epistle was sent to him, and also in 1810, when Tannahill called on him, in the afternoon of 16th May of that year. Tannahill, on the occasion of the latter visit, made use of such incoherent language, that Borland suspected

Where silly ridicule is passed for wit;
And shallow laughter takes her gaping fit;
Where selfish sophistry out-brothers sense,
And lords it high at modesty's expense— *
Here lone I sit, in musing melancholy,
Resolv'd for aye to shun the court of Folly;
For, from whole years' experience in her train,
One hour of joy brings twenty hours of pain.
Now, since I'm on the would-be-better key,
The muse soft whispers me to write to thee,
Not that she means a self-debasing letter;
But merely show there's hopes I may turn better;
That what stands bad to my account of ill,
You may set down to passion, not to will.

---

his friend had become dĕranged, and proposed, as it was a fine summer evening, to take a walk out to Paisley with him. In walking along the turnpike road, and on approaching the road leading to Crocston Castle, the place where Tannahill and Hogg the Ettrick Shepherd had parted in March previously, Tannahill said he would require to retire a short time, but, waiting rather long, Borland followed after, and was in time to prevent him slipping away. Borland, after that, did not lose sight of Tannahill until he saw him home. The following morning, the melancholy and lamented occurrence of Tannahill's death happened. Alexander Borland afterwards wrote an Ode on the death of his friend Tannahil, the manuscript of which is still in existence, and in possession of Mrs. Wright, Kirkcaldy. We do not think the Ode was printed before, and have therefore inserted it in the Appendix. It is an excellent tribute of respect to the memory of the departed. Borland resided in Lochwinnoch, in 1819, for a year, came to Paisley, where he resided several years, and afterwards returned to Glasgow, where he died in 1828, aged 55.—*Ed.*

* The couplet printed in italic appeared in the *Gleaner*, but had been suppressed in the Edition of 1807, and all the subsequent editions of the Poet's works. We thought these lines amongst the truest the author penned, and have accordingly restored them. The truth contained in them must have stung some of the Poet's companions, and this would lead to their subsequent suppression.—*Ed.*

The fate-scourg'd exile, destin'd still to roam,
Thro desert wilds, far from his early home,
If some fair prospect meet his sorrowing eyes,
Like that he owned beneath his native skies,
Sad recollection, murdering relief,
He bursts in all the agonies of grief;
Memory presents the volume of his care,
And "harrows up his soul" with "such things were."
Tis so in life, when Youth folds up his page,
And turns the leaf to dark, blank, joyless Age,
Where sad Experience speaks in language plain,
Her thought of bliss, and highest hopes were vain;
O'er present ills I think I see her mourn,
And, "weep past joys that never will return."

Then, come, my friend, while yet in life's gay noon,
Ere grief's dark clouds obscure our summer sun,
Ere Winter's sleety blasts around us howl,
And chill our every energy of soul—
Let us look back, retrace the ways we've trod,
Mark virtue's paths from guilty pleasure's road,
And, 'stead of wandering in a devious maze,
Mark some few precepts for our future days.

I mind, still well, when but a trifling boy,
My young heart fluttered with a savage joy,
As with my sire I wander'd thro the wood,
And found the mavis' clump-lodg'd callow brood.
I tore them thence, exulting o'er my prize.
My father bade me list the mother's cries:
"So thine would wail," he said, "if reft of thee."—
It was a lesson of humanity.
Humanity! thou'rt glory's brightest star,
Outshining all the conqueror's trophies far!
One individual act of generous pity

Is nobler far than ravaging a city.
Ev'n let the blood-stain'd ruffians call me coward,
An Alexander* sinks beside a Howard.†
Not to recount our every early joy,
When all was happiness without alloy;
Nor tread again each flow'ry field we trac'd,
Light as the silk-wing'd butterflies we chas'd;
Ere villain falsehood taught the glowing mind,
To look with cold suspicion on mankind—
Let's pass the valley of our younger years,
And further up hill mark what now appears.

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* Alexander III., King of Macedonia, called Alexander the Great, from his extraordinary achievements. He was the son of King Philip and Olympias, born 356 B.C. He ascended the throne at fifteen years of age, and died at Babylon at the early age of thirty-three in a drunken debauch. In that short period, he conquered nearly the whole known world, and included the several countries which he had subjugated into one vast empire.—*Ed.*

† John Howard, born at Hackney near London, on 2nd September, 1726, became the foremost in the first class of philanthropists. He was induced to visit the Jails of England, and afterwards the Prisons of the Continent. The results of these enquiries he published in 1789. Edmund Burke, the distinguished statesman and greatest ornament of the House of Commons, in his address in Parliament recognising the extensive and arduous labours of the great philanthropist, concluded his speech with the following exquisite peroration:—"He has visited all Europe, not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples,—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur,—not to form a scale of the curiosities of modern art,—not to collect metals or to collate manuscripts,—but to dive into the depths of dungeons; to plunge into the infection of hospitals: to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain; to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt; to remember the forgotten; to attend to the neglected; to visit the forsaken; and to compare and collate the distresses of all men in all countries. His plan is original: it is as full of genius as of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery; a circumnavigation of charity." The foregoing quotation appeared in the *Scots Magazine*, a periodical which several of the Paisley Book Clubs took in; and we have referred to it, as we have no doubt that Tannahill read it, and then wrote the line—

"An Alexander sinks beside a Howard."

John Howard, in prosecuting his cause, died at Kherson, in South Russia, on the 20th of January, 1790.—*Ed.*

We see the Sensualist, fell vice's slave,
Fatigu'd, worn out, sink to an early grave;
We see the slave of av'rice grind the poor,
His thirst for gold increasing with his store;
Packhorse of Fortune, all his days are care,
Her burthens bearing to his spendthrift heir.
Next view the Spendthrift, joyous o'er his purse,
Exchanging all his guineas for remorse;
On Pleasure's flow'r-deck'd barge away he's borne,
Supine, till ev'ry flow'r starts up a thorn.
Then all his pleasures fly, like air-blown bubbles:
He ruin'd sinks, amidst a sea of troubles.
Hail, Temperance! thou'rt wisdom's first, best lore,
The sage in ev'ry age does thee adore;
Within thy pale we taste of ev'ry joy,
O'erstepping that, our highest pleasures cloy:
The heart-enlivening, friendly, social bowl,
To rapturous ecstasy exalts the soul;
But when to midnight hour we keep it up,
Next morning feels the poison of the cup.
Though fate forbade the gifts of schoolmen mine,
With classic art to write the polished line,
Yet miners oft must gather earth with gold,
And truth may strike, though e'er so roughly told,
If thou in ought would rise to eminence,
Show not the faintest shadow of pretence,
Else busy Scandal, with her thousand tongues,
Will quickly find thee in ten thousand wrongs,
Each strives to tear his neighbour's honour down,
As if detracting something from his own.
Of all the ills with which mankind is curst,
An envious, discontented mind's the worst;
There muddy spleen exalts her gloomy throne,

Marks all conditions better than her own :
Hence Defamation spreads her ant-bear tongue,
And grimly pleas'd, feeds on another's wrong.
Curse on the wretch, who, when his neighbour's blest,
Erects his peace-destroying, snaky crest!
And he who sits in surly, sullen mood,
Repining at a fellow-mortal's good!
Man owns so little of true happiness,
That curst be he who makes that little less!
Vice to reclaim join not the old cant cry,
Of "Son of Sathan, guilt, and misery,"
One good example, more the point will carry,
Than all th' abuse in Scandal's dictionary.
The Zealot thinks he'll go to heaven direct,
Adhering to the tenets of his sect,
E'en tho' his practice lie in this alone,
To rail at all persuasions but his own.
In judging, still let Moderation guide ;
O'er-heated Zeal is certain to mislead.
First bow to God in heart-warm gratitude,
Next do your utmost for the general good.
In spite of all the forms which men devise,
'Tis there where real solid wisdom lies;
And impious is the man who claims dominion,
To damn his neighbour diff'ring in opinion.
When suppliant Misery greets thy wand'ring eye,
Altho in public, pass not heedless by ;
Distress impels her to implore the crowd,
For that denied within her lone abode.
Give thou the trifling pittance which she craves,
Tho ostentation called by prudent knaves ;
So conscience will a rich reward impart,
And finer feelings play around thy heart.

When Wealth with arrogance exalts his brow,
And reckons Poverty a wretch most low,
Let good intentions dignify thy soul,
And conscious rectitude will crown the whole.
Hence indigence will independence own,
And soar above the haughty despot's frown.
Still to thy lot be virtuously resign'd ;
Above all treasures prize thy peace of mind ;
Then let not envy rob thy soul of rest,
Nor discontent e'er harbour in thy breast.
Be not too fond of popular applause,
Which often echoes in a villain's cause,
Whose specious sophistry gilds his deceit,
Till pow'r abus'd, in time shows forth the cheat ;
Yet be't thy pride to bear an honest fame ;
More dear than life watch over thy good name ;
For he, poor man! who has no wish to gain it,
Despises all the virtues which attain it.
Of friendship, still be secrecy the test,
This maxim let be 'graven in my breast—
Whate'er a friend enjoins me to conceal,
I'm weak, I'm base, if I the same reveal;
Let honour, acting as a pow'rful spell,
Suppress that itching fondness still to tell;
Else, unthank'd chronicle, the cunning's tool,
The world will stamp me for a gossip fool.
Yet let us act an honest open part,
Nor curb the warm effusions of the heart,
Which, naturally virtuous, discommends,
Aught mean or base, e'en in our dearest friends.
But why this long unjointed scrawl to thee,
Whose every action is a law to me,
Whose every deed proclaims thy noble mind ;

Industrious, independent, just, and kind.
Methinks I hear thee say, "Each fool may teach,
Since now my whim-led friend's begun to preach!"
But this first essay of my preaching strain,
Hear, and accept for friendship's sake. Amen.

25.

EPISTLE

TO JAMES BUCHANAN.

August, 1806. *

My gude auld frien on Locher banks,
Your kindness claims my warmest thanks;
Yet, thanks is but a draff-cheap phrase
O little value now-a-days;

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This is the 'worthy auld Buchanan' celebrated as a naturalist in the Epistle to Barr (No. 20.) He was also something of an antiquary; and like Burns' friend, Captain Grose, was possessed of 'a routh o auld nick-nackets.' He died lately at an advanced age."

James Buchanan, weaver in Kilbarchan, was born in that village in 1756,—the year Tannahill's father came from Kilmarnock and settled in Paisley. He was an intelligent and independent person, and a very worthy and respected villager. He taught apprentices the weaving trade; and two of these were James Barr, mentioned in Notes to Nos. 20 and 144, and William M'Neil, referred to in the Notes of No. 62. James Buchanan devoted his leisure hours to antiquarian researches, botanical rambles, and study of the fine arts, music, and poetry. He became such an enthusiast in the prosecution of these several objects, that he formed a museum with his antiquarian relics, botanical specimens, and paintings; and while visitors were examining the collection, he entertained them with music on the dulcimer. One of his paintings, which was much admired, was the "Banks and Falls of Locherwater." The pencil and not the pen could do justice to the beautiful scenery on the banks of the rivulet, and the silvery cascades of the stream. Locher, *Welsh*, the stream of linns and pools. Tannahill, in the first line of the Epistle, refers to his friend "on Locher banks."

Indeed, it's hardly worth the heeding,
Unless to show a body's breeding.
Yet mony a puir, doilt, servile bodie
Will scrimp his stomach o its crowdie,
An pride to rin a great man's erran's,
An feed on smiles an sour cheese parin's,

James Buchanan was appointed to the office of Grand Master of Saint Barchan's (156) Masonic Lodge, instituted in 1784; and he was chosen the first chairman of the Kilbarchan Burns' Anniversary Club, in 1804. His grandson, James Buchanan, 81 years of age, and, like his grandsire, a respectable weaver in Kilbarchan, mentioned to us that he had on two occasions gone with his grandsire to see Paisley, and on one of these occasions he was in a public-house in the main street, near the Cross of Paisley, nearly opposite the Saracen's Head Inn, and there were present, Smith, Stuart, Tolmie, Tannahill, James Buchanan, and the boy himself. Smith sang "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane." John Tolmie was a Paisley weaver, and afterwards became precentor in the Laigh Kirk of Paisley, before Stuart. The other parties are mentioned in other notes. The public-house was evidently Allan Stewart's Sun Tavern, 12 High Street, Paisley, and the party had met in the club room. James Buchanan, *tertius*, stated that his grandfather burned all his poetical pieces before his death, and he only recollected one couplet—an impromptu. He also mentioned that his grandmother, Mary Arnott, was a great smoker, but George How, an acquaintance, was a greater, and one day when his grandfather came in from the garden to the house, the two smokers had their black cutties in their mouths, puffing dreadful blasts, when his grandfather at once repeated the following couplet:—

"Tobacco reek, in misty columns flew,
Frae Mary first, and syne frae Geordie Hoo."

John Buchanan, weaver in Paisley, another grandson, stated that he was now 79 years of age, and when he was ten, in 1806, he accompanied his grandfather to Paisley to see the town. On returning, and coming to Queen Street, they went down to see Tannahill, and after a short conversation, he invited them into the house of his mother, where they were entertained to tea. She was a quiet old woman. Tannahill's face was sharp or thin, and his nose was long. His working dress was a bonnet, blue jacket, and knee breeches, and in that dress he convoyed them to the east end of Elderslie, near a road leading down to Burn Brae. There were neither Canal nor Railway then. Old James Buchanan died in 1829, aged 73 years, and his antiquarian relics, botanical specimens, paintings, and musical instruments, that he had so much pleasure in collecting, were all dispersed.—*Ed.*

An think himsel nae sma sheepshank,
Rich laden wi his lordship's thank.
The sodger, too, for a his troubles,
His hungry wames, and bluidy hubbles,
His agues, rheumatisms, cramps,
Received in plashy winter camps,
O blest reward! at last he gains
His sov'reign's thanks for a his pains.
* 'Twas wisely said by "Queer Sir John,"
That "Honour wudna buy a scone."
Sae ane, of thanks, may get a million,
Yet live as puir's a porter's scullion:
Indeed, they're just (but, beg your pardon,)
Priest-blessing like, no worth a fardin. †
Thus, tho 'mang first o friens I rank you,
'Twere but sma compliment to thank you;
Yet, lest you think me here ungratefu,
Of hatefu names, a name most hatefu,
The neist time that ye come to toun,
By a the pow'rs beneath the moon!
I'll treat you wi a Hieland gill, ‡

---

* This paragraph was suppressed in the Editions of 1815 and 1817.

† *Note by the Author.*—"Alluding to the anecdote of the sailor who would not accept of the priest's blessing, alleging that if it was worth one farthing he would not part with it."

‡ *Note by Ramsay.*—"A Hielan' gill—a phrase jocularly used in the Lowlands of Scotland to mean double quantity of a common gill—half a mutchkin. Thus Burns says—

'But bring a Scotsman frae his hill,
Clap in his cheek a *Highland gill*,
Say, such is royal George's will,
And there's the foe,
He has nae thought but how to kill
Twa at a blow.'"

Tho it shou'd be my hindmaist fill.
Tho in the bustling toun, the Muse
Has gather'd little feck o news,
'Tis said, the Court of Antiquarians,
Has split on some great point o variance,
For ane has got, in gouden box,
The spectacles of auld John Knox;
A second proudly thanks his fate wi'
The hindmaist pen that Nelson wrate wi',
A third ane owns an antique rare,
A saip brush made o mermaid's hair!
But, niggard wichts! they a refuse 'em—
These precious relics, to the museum,
Whilk selfish, mean, illegal deeds,
Hae set them a at loggerheads.
* 'Tis also said, our noble Prince,†
Has play'd the wee saut loon for ance,
Has gien his bonnie wife the fling,
Yet gars her wear Hans Carvel's ring;
But a sic clish clash cracks I'll lea
Tae yon sculdudry committee.
Sure, taste refin'd and public spirit
Stan next to genius in merit;
I'm proud to see your warm regard
For Caledonia's dearest bard.

---

* This paragraph was omitted in the Editions of 1815, 1817, and 1838.—*Ed.*

† George Augustus Frederick, Prince of Wales, born 12th August, 1762, married 8th April, 1795, his cousin, Princess Caroline Amelia, sister of the Duke of Brunswick, born 17th May, 1768; issue, Princess Charlotte Augusta, born 7th January, 1796.—*Ed.*

Of him ye've got sae guid a painting,*
That nocht but real life is awanting.
I think yon rising genius, Tannock,†
May gain a niche in Fame's heich winnock ;
There, with auld Rubens, ‡ placed sublime,
Look doun upon the wreck o time.
I ne'er, as yet, hae found a patron,
For, scorn be till't ! I hate a flatt'rin',
Besides, I never had an itchin
Tae slake about a great man's kitchen,

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"Portrait of Burns, painted by Mr. J. Tannock for the Kilbarchan Burns Anniversary Society."

This portrait is now in the possession of Mr. Archibald Crawford, Kilbarchan, one of the two surviving members of the original Society.—*Ed.*

† *Note in the 1825 Edition.*—"Mr. Tannock belongs originally to Kilmarnock, and has for many years prosecuted his profession of portrait painting in London with a success certainly deserving the poetical compliment here paid him."

James Tannock, a distinguished artist, was born in Kilmarnock in 1784. In 1803, he became a student with Alexander Naysmith, Edinburgh, a celebrated artist, to whom Burns sat for his portrait. Tannock afterwards came to Paisley, and practised for two years ; and, during that period, painted the Kilbarchan portrait of Burns,—the first he executed. After visiting several provincial towns in Scotland, he went to London, and became a student of the Royal Academy, and next in the British Gallery, where he was introduced to several persons of eminence and distinction, and entrusted with the execution of many fine works of art. He was also much employed in painting portraits of Burns. The eminent painter, Benjamin West, President of the Royal Society, on seeing one of Tannock's portraits, and following up the opinion expressed by Tannahill, wrote thus :—"It is Nature itself ; it is the man sitting before you. Tannock is a man of genius." James Tannock died at Kilmarnock in 1863, aged 79.—*Ed.*

‡ Peter Paul Rubens, born 29th June, 1577, the great Flemish historical painter, whose *chefs-d'œuvre* are "The Descent from the Cross," "The Elevation of the Cross," and "Last Judgment." He died 30th May, 1640.

An, like a spaniel, lick his dishes,
An come an gang just tae his wishes ;
Yet, studious tae give worth its due,
I pride tae praise the like o you ;
Gude chiels, replete wi sterling sense,
Wha wi their worth mak nae pretence.
Ay—there's my worthy frien, M'Math, *
I'll lo'e him till my latest breath,
An like a traitor wretch be hang'd,
Before I'd hear that fallow wrang'd ;
His every action shows his mind,
Humanely noble, bricht, an kind,
An here's the worth o't, doubly rooted,
He never speaks ae word about it !
—My compliments and warm gudewill,
Tae Maisters Semple,† Barr,‡ and Lyle. §

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* In the original edition, this name was printed M'M * * * In subsequent editions, it was sometimes printed *M'Neil* and sometimes *M'Math*. The latter is correct ; and that worthy friend of the Author, John M'Math, was a weaver, who wrought in the same loomshop with him. Like the Poet, he lived and died a bachelor.—*Ed.*

† James Semple, manufacturer, Kilbarchan, born in 1775. He was an acquaintance of the Author and R. A. Smith, and they frequently met him in Kilbarchan. James Semple was twice elected President of the Kilbarchan Burns' Club. He was an extreme Royalist, and was the junior Lieutenant in the Renfrewshire Yeomanry Infantry when the above Epistle was written, and afterwards an officer in the Renfrewshire Militia, and, latterly, in the Rifles of 1819. He died in 1833, aged 68. Mr. Semple was not related to the Editor.—*Ed.*

‡ James Barr,—"blythe Jamie." See Notes to Nos. 20 and 144.—*Ed.*

§ William Lyle, weaver, Kilbarchan. He was Precentor in the Parish Kirk, Kilbarchan, and obtained some celebrity as a vocalist. He died in 1822, aged 42.—*Ed.*

Wad rav'ning Time but spare my pages,
They'd tell the warl in after ages,
That it, tae me, was wealth an fame,
Tae be esteem'd by chiels like them.
O Time, thou all devouring bear!
Hear—List, O list my ardent pray'r!
I crave thee here, on bended knee,
Tae let my dear-lov'd pages be!
O tak thy sharp-nail'd nibbling elves,
Tae musty scrolls on college shelves!
There, wi dry treatises on law,
Feast, cram, and gorge thy greedy maw;
But grant, amidst thy thin-sown mercies,
Tae spare, O spare, my darling verses!

Could I but up thro hist'ry wimple,
Wi Robertson,* or sage Dalrymple; †
Or had I hauf the pith an lear

* William Robertson, D.D., born at Borthwick in Midlothian, 1721; died 11th June, 1793. He was a distinguished historian, and wrote the history of Scotland in 1759, besides several other histories and literary works. He was Principal of the Edinburgh University.—*Ed.*

† Sir David Dalrymple of Hailes, Baronet, admitted a Lord of Session 6th March, 1766, under the title of "Lord Hailes." He was the author of the erudite work "Annals of Scotland," which is a standing monument of accurate and faithful research, and is a most reliable history of our ancient kingdom. He also wrote some minor historical works. He was born in 1726, and died 29th November, 1792.—*Ed.*

Of a Mackenzie,* or a Blair!†
I aiblins then micht tell some story,
Wad show the Muse in bleezin glory;
But scrimpt o time ‡ and lear scholastic,
My lines limp on in Hudibrastic, §
Till Hope, grown sick, flings down her claim,
An draps her dreams o future fame.
—Yes, Oh waesuck! should I be vaunty?
My Muse is just a Rosinante, ‖

---

* Henry Mackenzie, born in Edinburgh in August, 1745. He was educated for the legal profession, but became more distinguished in literary work. He was the author of "The Man of Feeling," published in 1771, and "Man of the World," 1773, and "Enquiry into the Nature and Authenticity of the Poems of Ossian," 1805. He, along with other friends, projected the "British Essayists." Died 14th June, 1831.—*Ed.*

† Hugh Blair, D.D., F.R.S.E., born 7th April, 1718, minister in Edinburgh, and first Professor of Belles Lettres in the University there. He wrote a Dissertation concerning the Antiquity of the Poems of Ossian in 1762, and his Lectures on Rhetoric and Belles Lettres were published in 1783. He died 27th December, 1810.—*Ed.*

‡ *Note by the Author.*—"Time"—Scottish idiom for leisure.

§ Doggerel verse, like that in which Butler's "Hudibras" was composed. Samuel Butler was born in 1612; and wrote the poem of "Hudibras," attacking the cant and fanaticism of the period, and gained the approbation of Charles II. He died in 1680.

‖ The name the erratic Spanish knight, Don Quixote, gave to his steed when he set out on his strange adventures. Though the bones of the old horse jutted out, he fancied that neither the horse *Bucephalus* of Alexander the Great, nor the horse *Babieca* of Cid, the Spanish hero, were equal to the new-named *Rosin-ante. Rosin* (Spanish), a common drudge horse; *ante*, before. Michael de Cervantes Saavedra, author of "Don Quixote," poet, novelist, and dramatist, was born 1549; and died 1616, aged 69. "Don Quixote" was published in 1605, and 1615 at Madrid.

She stammers forth, wi hilchin canter,
Sagely intent on strange adventure,
Yet, sae uncouth in garb an feature,
She seems the Fool of Literature.
But lest the critic's birsie besom,
Soop aff this cant of egotism,
* I'll sidelins hint—na, bauldly tell,
I whyles think something o mysel:
Else, wha the deil wad fash to scribble,
Expectin scorn for a his trouble?
Yet, lest dear self shoud be mista'en,
I'll fling the bridle o'er the mane,
For after a, I fear this jargon
Is but a Willie Glassford bargain. †

---

* This paragraph was omitted in the editions of 1815 and 1817.—*Ed.*

† *Note by Ramsay.*—"William Glassford, a late writer of doggerel verses, which he hawked in pennyworths amongst the inhabitants of Paisley, under the title of 'Poems on Engaging Subjects.' The reader may be amused on being made aware of some of those subjects, which the author considered so captivating. One is 'On the Police of Paisley;' another, 'On Creation;' a third, 'On War: France and Bonaparte;' and a fourth, 'On the New Light.'"

William Glassford, commonly called "Willie," lived in Well Street, and he generally came down to the Cross on Thursdays (the market day) and Saturday afternoons. He liked his "mercies," particularly if he got them for nothing; and he generally returned "wi a wee bit drappie in his e'e," either "laughin or greetin fou." He was one of the minor rhymsters of Paisley, and frequently rested on the doorsteps opposite Professor Wilson's (author of "The Isle of Palms") house. Willie delighted in children, or children believed in Willie; and he would form them into a ring round him, and sing—or, rather, croon—what he called his "sublime stanza," the description of "oor ain toun":—

"The bonnie toun o Paisley,
It stan's upon a hill;
By it rins the River Cart,
And ca's the Seidill Mill."

(That verse has been rivetted on our memory from our youth.) Willie then, pointing over to Professor Wilson's house, said—"If I had been born in that big house, I would hae been a gran poet." William Glassford died in November, 1822, aged 60.—*Ed.*

26.

EPISTLE

TO ROBERT ALLAN, KILBARCHAN.*

1807.

DEAR ROBIN,

The Muse is now a wee at leisure,
An sits her doun wi meikle pleasure,
To skelp ye aff a blaud o rhyme,
As near's she can tae true sublime;
But here's the rub,—puir poet devils,
We're compass'd roun wi mony evils;

---

* Robert Allan, weaver and poet, Kilbarchan, was born at Townfoot there on Friday, 4th November, 1774, the same year of Tannahill's birth. He was the third child of his parents, whose family consisted of ten children,—five sons and five daughters. He received his education in the Parish School, which was at that time taught by William Manson. Tannahill had several acquaintances in Kilbarchan, among whom were the Allans. Tannahill, however, became more attached to Robert Allan, who was of the same age, and an admirer of the Muse like himself. The family of the Allans were very respectably brought up, and all the brothers and sisters had very kindly dispositions, and lived affectionately. In all the communications which Tannahill and his poetical and musical friends had with their acquaintances, they always referred to the family as the "Allans," and not as individuals. Robert Allan was very much respected in the village, and he was one of the founders of the Kilbarchan Library in 1818, which is still flourishing and greatly patronised by the population of the district. Robert Allan had, on several occasions, contributed poetical pieces to the Paisley Burns' Club, which were very much admired by the members; and the Club on 5th February, 1818, in respect of these repeated poetical communications and estimation of his character elected him an honorary member of the Club. Two of these pieces are given in the note at the end of this Epistle. Robert, in his youth, imbibed what were then considered extreme political opinions, and he was ready to advocate them on all occasions. He spoke at the great Reform Meeting held in the Relief Church in 1817, and took a prominent part in the Radical proceedings in 1819 and 1820. In 1819, the *Harp of Renfrewshire* was

We jerk oursel's into a fever
Tae gie the warld something clever,
An after a perhaps we muddle
In vile prosaic stagnant puddle.
For me—I seldom choose a subject,
My rhymes are aft without an object;
I let the Muse e'en tak her win;
And dash awa thro thick and thin:
For Method's sic a servile creature,
She spurns the wiles o simple nature,
And paces on, wi easy airt,
A lang day's journey frae the heart:—

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published under the editorial supervision of the celebrated William Motherwell. Robert Allan contributed several songs to the volume, and received the special approbation of the editor. In 1836, he published, by subscription, a volume of Poems and Songs; but it did not comprise all his writings, as some of his Songs in the *Harp* were not printed in the volume. The reception which the publication met with greatly disappointed the Author. He supposed his merits as a Poet had been overlooked; and, brooding over the disappointment, he became irritable in his temper and gloomy in appearance. Some of his friends had emigrated to America, and succeeded, and he was determined to follow them. As he was in the 67th year of his age, several of his acquaintances remonstrated with him, but without success, and he sailed on 28th April, 1841, from Greenock for New York. All went well until the ship reached the banks of Newfoundland, where the vessel was detained eight days by foggy weather; and the Poet, during that time, caught a cold. He landed on the 1st, and died on the 7th June, 1841.

The Centenary of the birth of Robert Allan of course arrived on 4th November, 1874; and the Kilbarchan folk celebrated it by holding two meetings in that town in honour of the birth of their Bard. There is always something melancholy about such meetings. The volume of Poems and Songs published by the Poet had not been so well received by the public as the author expected. As we have seen, he was disappointed, soured, became irritable and sullen; and left the land of his birth, in his old age, only to droop and die in a foreign country. The one meeting was held in the Mason Arm's Inn, and the other took the form of a soiree in the Good Templars' Hall. We certainly approve of the latter meeting which was held on temperance principles, where ladies could join, for whom more songs are composed by poets than for the sterner sex.—*Ed.*

Sae what comes uppermaist you'll get it,
Be't gude or ill, for you I write it.

How fares my worthy frien, the bard?
Be peace and honour his reward!
May every ill that gars us fyke,
Bad webs, toom pouches, and sic like,
An ocht that wad his spirit bend,
Be ten miles distant from my friend.
Alas! this wicked endless war,
Rul'd by some vile malignant star,
Has sunk puir Britain low indeed,
Has robb'd Industry o her bread,
An dasht the sair won cog o crowdie
Frae mony an honest eident body,
While Genius, dying thro neglect,
Sinks doun amid the general wreck
Just like twa cats tied tail to tail,
They worry at it tooth and nail;
They girn, they bite in deidly wrath,
An what is't for? for nocht, in faith!
Wee Lourie Frank,* wi brazen snout,
Nae dout wad like to scart us out,
For proud John Bull, aye us'd to hone him,
Will no gi'e o'er to spit upon him;
But Lourie's rais'd to sic degree,
John wad be wise to let him be,
Else, aiblins, as he's wearin aul,
Frank yet may tear him spawl frae spawl,
For wi the mony chirts he's gotten,
I fear his constitution's rotten.

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"A personification of France."

But while the bullying blades o Europe
Are boxing ither to a syrup,
Let's mind oursel's as weel's we can,
An live in peace, like man and man,
An no cast out and fecht like brutes,
Without a cause for our disputes.
When I read o'er your kind epistle,
I didna dance, nor sing, nor whistle,
But jump'd, and cried, Huzza! huzza!
Like *Robin Roughhead** in the play:—
But to be serious—jest aside,
I felt a glow o secret pride,
Thus to be roos'd by ane like you;
Yet doubted if sic praise was due,
Till self thus reason'd in the matter:
Ye ken that Robin scorns to flatter,
And ere he'd prostitute his quill,
He'd rather burn his rhyming mill—
Enough! I cried—I've gain'd my end,
Since I hae pleased my worthy friend.
My sangs are now before the warl,
An some may praise, and some may snarl,

* This is the principal character in the farce of "Fortune's Frolics, or the Ploughman turned Lord," written by John Till Allingham, and published in 1799. It is very probable that Tannahill saw the farce acted in the Paisley Theatre, in the companies either of Mr. Pollock or Mr. Moss. It was performed in Kilkenny Theatre, on 24th August, 1810, in which town Moore, the Irish Melodist, as an amateur, acted the part of *Robin Roughhead*, and Miss Dyke, actress, the part of *Miss Nancy*. The Melodist and the Actress were afterwards married; the former died in 1840, and the latter in 1865. Although Tannahill wrote several songs to Irish airs he had collected, he never referred to or imitated the Irish Melodist in his array of poets and authors.—*Ed.*

They hae their fauts, yet I can tell
Nane sees them clearer than mysel;
But still, I think, they, too, inherit,
Amang the dross, some sparks o merit.

Then come, my dear Parnassian brither,
Let's lay our poet heads thegither,
And sing our ain sweet native scenes,
Our streams, our banks, and rural plains,
Our woods, our shaws, and flow'ry holms,
An mountains clad wi purple blooms,
Wi burnies bickerin doun their braes,
Reflecting back the sunny rays:
Ye've Semple Woods,* and Calder Glen,†

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Places in the neighbourhood of Kilbarchan."

The estate of Castlesemple, under the various proprietors, has always been ornamented with thriving plantations, yielding a constant supply of very valuable timber. The policies of Castlesemple were the most beautiful and extensive in this district of country, and the aristocratically-ancient trees, singly and in clumps, were certainly worthy the laudation of a poet. The potent house of Sempill were in possession of the estate in 1214, and it descended from generation to generation in that family till 1727, a period of 513 years, when Colonel William M'Dowall acquired it from Hew, 11th Lord Sempill. This Lord Sempill, a Brigadier-General, was appointed Colonel of the *Black Watch*, or 42nd Foot, on 14th January, 1741, and during his command the regiment was called Lord Sempill's Highlanders. In 1743, the regiment was marched to London, reviewed on 14th May by General Wade, and despatched to Flanders, where they made a gallant defence under their brave Colonel. In 1813, Castlesemple estate passed from the M'Dowalls, who had held it for seventy-two years, into the possession of John Rae or Harvey, and it has continued in that family till the present time.

† This picturesque glen — sometimes called Calderwood Glen — in the romantic parish of Lochwinnoch, with its sylvan scenery, is well worth visiting. It was the theme of the poet and American Ornithologist, Alexander Wilson, in his "Calder Banks," and other pieces, when he lived in the neighbourhood for several years. Tannahill passed it frequently when visiting his relations the Brodies of Langcraft, and notices Calderwood Glen in his "Jessie, the Flower o Dumblane."—*Ed.*

And Locherbank,* sweet fairy den!
Auchinames,† a glorious theme!
Where Crawfurd ‡ lived, of deathless name,
Where Sempill § sued his lass to win,
And Nelly ‖ rose, and let him in.

---

* Another sweet retreat in the Parish of Kilbarchan,—the cascades on the rivulet of Locher, and scenery on the banks of the stream, are extremely beautiful. See Note to No. 25.—*Ed.*

† The old Barony of Auchinames, belonging to the ancient family of the Crawfurds, is also situated in the Parish of Kilbarchan, but has been feued out to various proprietors.—*Ed.*

‡ *Note by Ramsay.*—"William Crawford, 'whom,' says Ritson, 'the pastoral beauties and elegant language of 'Tweedside,' and the pathetic tenderness of 'My dearie, an ye dee,' will ever place in the first rank of lyric poets. He also wrote 'The Bush aboon Traquair,' and some other songs marked C. in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*. He died young, about 1732."

This is Robert Crawfurd, youngest son of Patrick Crawfurd of Auchinames by his first marriage. He resided a considerable time in France, and on returning to Scotland was drowned in May, 1733. He was an elegant writer of pastoral poetry, and has found a first place in the ranks of lyric poets.—*Ed.*

§ *Note by Ramsay.*—"Francis Sempill of Belltrees born about 1630, the reputed author of the song here alluded to, and also of 'Maggie Lauder,' 'The Blythsome Bridal,' and other pieces."

This was Francis Sempill, one of the hereditary poets of Belltrees, and Sheriff of Renfrewshire. Francis Sempill, the son of Robert Sempill of Belltrees, author of the "Elegy on Habbie Simpson," was born about 1630, married on 3rd April, 1655, and died suddenly on 12th March, 1682, in his house in Paisley. He was the author of "She raise an loot me in," and other poems.—*Ed.*

‖ A *Nelly* was the heroine of the song, "She raise an loot me in;" but there is no evidence that she was Helen Crawfurd of Auchinames, although Tannahill, according to the tradition of the period, and without weighing dates, says the latter named place was

"Where Sempill sued his lass to win,
And Nelly rose and let him in."

Whar Habbie Simpson * lang did play,
The first o pipers in his day ;

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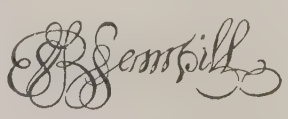
* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The famous piper of Kilbarchan, on whom Robert Sempill, father of Francis, wrote the well-known Elegy."

Robert alias *Habbie* Simpson was a well-known piper, a wandering minstrel, who generally resided in the Parish of Kilbarchan, and attended weddings, merry-makings, and fairs. On the death of this celebrated piper, his fame became more extended from Robert Sempill of Belltrees, eldest son and third child of Sir James Sempill of Belltrees, having written the popular Elegy—"The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph on Habbie Simpson." Robert Sempill was born in 1599, was educated at the Paisley Grammar School, and matriculated in Glasgow University in the kalends of March, 1613. He succeeded to the estate of Belltrees and other heritable properties on the death of his father, who died at his great lodging or tenement at the head of Saint Mirin's Wynd, Paisley, in 1625. In the rude days of the piper, common people with the Christian name of Robert were vulgarly called Hob, Hab, Hobbie, and Habbie, according to the district of country in which they resided. In ancient criminal trials, persons were indicted both by their proper and popular names, and the names of "Hob, *alias* Robert," frequently occur. Pitcairn, the learned editor of *Criminal Trials*, in reporting the cases of Robert Eldwalde, *alias* "Hob the King ;" Robert *alias* Hob Ormeston ; and Robert Turnbull, *alias* "Fabel Hob," in a note to the first of these cases, explains to his readers that "'Hob' is a familiar border abbreviation for Robert, not *Halbert.*" The border names of Hob and Hobbie, and the west country softened names of Hab and Habbie, all represent Robert, and not Halbert. Habbie Simpson, under his proper name of Robert Simpson, piper, occasionally appears in the Council books of Paisley for rude manners or piper immorality. His true name would be well known to the Bailies and the whole inhabitants of that town,—the population at the time not exceeding 915. Those names have been changed into Bob, Robin, and Rabbie ; and our author himself was familiarly called by his companions both "Bob" and "Robin" Tannahill, both in verbal conversation and in written correspondence. The cleverly-written elegy of Robert Sempill brought Robert Simpson, *alias* Habbie, into greater fame than the gifted poet and famed author



Archibald Robertson (formerly of Greenock, afterwards of Liverpool), when a young man, and just about to make his *debut* as a wood carver and

And tho aneath the turf langsyne,
Their sangs and tunes shall never tyne.
Sae, Robin, briskly ply the Muse;
She warms our hearts, expands our views,
Gars every sordid passion flee,
And waukens every sympathy. *

---

sculptor, came to Kilbarchan along with a few companions to enjoy themselves. They dined, and talked on many subjects. The chief subject being the piper; and, as a piece of frolic, it was decreed that young Robertson should display his handicraft in a statue of the renowned Habbie. Mr. Robertson consented, finished his work, and, in 1822, the figure in wood was placed where it now stands in the steeple. Upwards of half a century has now passed away, and a statue of stone has not been erected to the gifted poet and author.

* At the Paisley Burns' Anniversary Meeting held in 1815, Robert Allan took the advice of Tannahill, and briskly plied the Muse upon the Ale Caup of Scotia's Bard and "the Harp which his infant hand had strung." The minute of the meeting of the Club on that occasion respecting these subjects, is as follows:—

Paisley, 29th January, 1815.—The "Ale Caup" presented to the Club at the last meeting by Mr. James Armour was produced, handsomely mounted with silver, and the following inscriptions engraven on it:—

BURNS' FAVOURITE CAUP.
Presented to the Paisley Burns' Club, 29th January, 1814,
At their Ninth Anniversary Meeting to Commemorate the
Birth of the Bard,
By James Armour, brother to the Poet's "ain dear Jean."

Underneath the above inscription:—

Wi mony a draught o reamin nappy,
Aft Scotia's Bard I've made fu happy,
And slockened mony a mashlum bannock
That grac'd the boards o auld Nanse Tannock.

On the reverse side at the top:—

He glowed with all the spirit of the Bard,
Fame, honest fame, his great—his dear reward.

The Caup is composed of twelve staves of Plane and Plum tree wood, bound with six cane hoops, and the bottom of oak. It measures four

Now, wishing Fate may never tax you,
Wi cross, nor loss, to thraw and vex you,
But keep you hale till ninety nine,
Till you and yours in honour shine,
Shall ever be my earnest pray'r,
While I've a frien'ly wish to spare.

---

inches in diameter, and is three and a-half inches deep. The Caup being filled with "nappy ale," the following song, written for the occasion by Mr. Robert Allan, Kilbarchan, and here printed for the first time, was sung by Mr. Smith immediately before drinking from it, which every one present did, and gave their toast :—

THE CAUP

Air,—"Lewie Gordon."

Fill the bicker to the brim
Tae Scotia's Bard, and drink tae him
Wha was the king amang them a;
He's dear to us, tho noo awa.

For the Bruce and Wallace wicht,
And for liberty and richt,
Fu weel cou'd he the whistle blaw,
The Bard o Caledonia.

Dear tae him was Simmer e'en,
Hawthorn shade and valley green,
Rosy brier and birken shaw,—
The pride o Caledonia.

Now again we'll taste the bree,
Till the drap glance in oor e'e;
An aye we'll roun the bicker ca
Tae Burns and Caledonia.

The following songs, also written by Mr. Robert Allan, and here printed for the first time, were sung by Mr. Smith :—

THE HARP.

Where is the Harp when the Bard was young,
The Harp that his infant hand hath strung;
That broke on our ear, from its hallowed cell,
As a thunder peal in the hollow dell,
And in stilly murmurings stole its way,
Like the brook and the breeze of a summer's day?

Where is the Harp when the Bard was young,
The Harp that his infant hand hath strung;
That o'er the expanse of ocean swept,
Laugh'd with the gay, with the mournful wept,
And came on us still, in our wandering way,
Like the brook and the breeze of a summer's day?

27.

EILD.

THE rough hail rattles thro the trees,
The sullen lift low'rs gloomy gray,
The trav'ller sees the swelling storm,
And seeks the alehouse by the way.

But, waes me! for yon widowed wretch,
Borne doun wi years an heavy care;
Her sapless fingers scarce can nip
The wither'd twigs tae beet her fire.

Where is the Harp when the Bard was young,
The Harp that his infant hand hath strung?
Oh Scotia! list its echoings wild,—
Its chords are torn, and the minstrel child
Is mute; but his song shall murmur aye
Like the brook and the breeze of a summer's day.

LAMENT O'ER SCOTIA'S BARD.

Shall Scotia lament o'er the Bard she hath lost,
While laurels are blooming around him?
Can she weep o'er the wreaths that affection hath wove,
And fresh and unfading hath bound him?

Yes, Scotia may weep; but the tears she will shed
Are those of a fond loving mother
Who weeps for her son, as she hangs up the Harp
That ne'er shall be strung by another.

But the star of his glory that hallows the dome
Where the echoes yet sweetly are streaming,
Will play round the Harp as to wake it to life,
And brighten her eye with its beaming.

Then, peace to his shade! in her bosom he rests,
Nor time the fond ties shall e'er sever;
On her heath blooming hills, and her mountains of storm,
His laurel shall blossom for ever.

Thus youth and vigour fends itsel;
Its help, reciprocal, is sure,
While dowless Eild, in poortith cauld,
Is lanely left tae stan the stoure.

* * * * * *

28.

THE RESOLVE TO GIVE UP RHYMING; OR, THE ROSE AND PRIMROSE.*

1806.

" Him who ne'er listen'd to the voice of praise,
The silence of neglect can ne'er appal."
BEATTIE. †

TWAS on a sunny Sabbath day,
Whan wark-worn bodies get their play
(Thanks tae the rulers o the nation,
Wha gi'e us all a toleration,

* This poem first appeared in 1806 in Maver's *Gleaner*. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

† James Beattie, LL.D., an eminent Poet and Philosopher, was born at Lawrencekirk, 25th October, 1735. His leisure hours were devoted to poetical compositions, several of which appeared in the *Scots Magazine*. His first volume of Poems was published in 1759. In 1760, he was appointed Professor of Moral Philosophy in Mareschal College, Aberdeen. In 1770, his "Essay on Truth" appeared; in 1771 and 1774, his "Minstrelsy" was published; and, in 1776, his Essays on Poetry and Music. He died 18th August, 1803. The gentle Tannahill must have been an admirer of Beattie, when he took the motto of this poem from his works, and also added a note from the same author to the "Soldier's Funeral," No. 101.

Tae gang as best may please oursel's—
Some tae the kirk, some tae the fiel's),*
I've wander'd out, wi serious leuk,
Tae read twa page on Nature's beuk;
For lang I've thocht, as little harm in
Hearin a lively out-fiel sermon,
Even tho rowtet by a stirk,
As that aft bawl'd in crowd'd kirk
By some proud, stern, polemic wicht,
Wha cries, "My way alane is richt!"
Wha lairs himsel in controversy,
Then damns his neighbours without mercy,
As if the fewer that war spar't,
These few would be the better ser't.
Now tae my tale—digression o'er—
I wander'd out by Stanely tow'r,
The lang grass on its tap did wave,
Like weeds upon a warrior's grave;
Whilk seem'd tae mock the bluidy braggers,
An grow on theirs as rank's on beggars'—
But hold, I'm frae the point again.—
I wander'd up Gleniffer glen;
There, leaning gainst a mossy rock,
I, musing, ey'd the passing brook,
That in its murmurs seem'd tae say—
"Tis thus thy life glides fast away:
Observe the bubbles on my stream;
Like them, fame is an empty dream,
They blink a moment tae the sun,
Then burst, and are for ever gone:

* This parenthetical sentence was suppressed in Ramsay's Edition.

So fame's a bubble of the mind;
Possess'd, tis nocht but empty wind,
No courtly gem e'er purchas'd dearer,
An ne'er can satisfy the wearer.
Let them wha hae a bleezing share o't
Confess the truth, they sigh for mair o't.
Then let contentment be thy cheer,
An never soar aboon thy sphere;
Rude storms assail the mountain's brow
That lichtly skiff the vale below."
A gaudy Rose was growing near,
Proud, tow'ring on its leafy brier;*
In Fancy's ear it seem'd to say—
"Sir, have you seen a flower so gay?
The poets in my praise combine,
Comparing Chloe's † charms tae mine;
The sunbeams for my favour sue me,
And dark-brow'd nicht comes doun tae woo me;
But when I shrink from his request,
He draps his tears upon my breast,
And in his misty cloud sits wae,
Till chas'd awa by rival day—

---

* The Briarbush or Dog-rose,—*Rosa canina*,—very prevalent on the Braes of Gleniffer and almost everywhere, a spreading shrub, growing from five to eight feet high. Leaflets narrow, elliptic, serrated, smooth, upper pair and odd leaflet largest, and the young leaves shining as if varnished. Flowers in June and July, red or white—the latter rarely, and the buds redder than the expanded flowers. The hip or fruit elliptic, smooth, shining scarlet. Rosewater distilled from flowers of the Dog-rose more fragrant than from garden roses. The mossy protuberance seen on the briarbush is the workmanship of bediguar insects. The Dog-rose is the emblem of Pleasure and Pain.—*Ed.*

† The shepherdess beloved by Daphnis in the pastoral romance of Longus, entitled "Daphnis and Chloe." Saint Pierre's tale of "Paul and Virginia" is founded on the fine romance of Longus.—*Ed.*

That streamlet's grov'lling grunting fires me,
Since no ane sees me but admires me;
See yon bit violet * neath my view:
Wee sallow thing, its nose is blue!
An that bit primrose † 'side the breckan,
Puir yellow ghaist,—it seems forsaken!
The sun ne'er throws't ae transient glow,
Unless when passing whether or no;
But wisely spurning ane sae mean,
He blinks on me frae morn till e'en."

To which the Primrose calm replied—
"Puir gaudy gowk, suppress your pride,
For sune the strong flow'r-sweeping blast
Shall strew your honours in the dust;
While I, beneath my lowly bield,
Will live an bloom frae harm conceal'd;
An while the heavy raindraps pelt you,
Ye'll maybe think on what I've tell't you."

The Rose, derisive, seem'd to sneer,
An wav'd upon its bonnie brier.

---

* The Dog Violet, *Viola Canina.* This plant is also abundant on Gleniffer Braes. Root woody. Leaves heart-shaped, acute, nearly smooth. Flowers from April to June, and, in shaded places, longer,—the status axillary, solitary, erect, bearing two awl-shaped bracteas in the upper part, and one nodding blue-flower. The emblem of Love in Idleness.—*Ed.*

† The Common Primrose, *Primula Vulgaris.* This plant is also to be found on Gleniffer Braes. Leaves spread from the root four or five inches long, dark green above and pale beneath. The flowers of a pale yellow or sulphur colour, and very common in April and May, and later in glens. This is the parent of all the varieties of Polyanthi. The emblem of Early Youth.—*Ed.*

Now dark'ning cluds began to gather,
Presaging sudden change o weather;
I wander'd hame by Stanely green,
Deep pond'ring what I'd heard an seen,
Firmly resolv'd to shun from hence
The dangerous steeps of eminence,
Tae drap this rhyming trade for ever,
And creep thro life a plain, day plodding weaver.

29.

THE CHOICE.*

Ye vot'ries of pleasure and ease,
Proud, wasting in riot the day,
Drive on your career as ye please,
Let me follow a different way.
The woodland, the mountain, and hill,
With the birds singing sweet from the tree,
The soul with serenity fill,
And have pleasures more pleasing to me.

When I see yon parade thro the streets,
With affected, unnatural airs,
I smile at your low, trifling gaits,
And could heartily lend you my pray'rs.

---

* Tannahill, in these excellent verses composed in the guileless simplicity of his heart, has shown the leaning of his mind, and made his Choice. The poet has firmly stated he had no desire for tavern dissipation and degradation, which drives on to destruction both physically and morally. The chief wish of our sweet lyrist was to enjoy the solitude and scenery of Gleniffer Braes, among the woodland choristers, reading "Thomson's Seasons" or "Shenstone's Poems," and striving to imitate them.—*Ed.*

Great Jove! was it ever design'd
That man should his reason lay down,
And barter the peace of his mind,
For the follies and fashions of town?

I'll retire to yon broom-cover'd fields,
On the green mossy turf I'll recline,
The pleasures that Solitude yields,
Composure and peace shall be mine.
There Thomson* or Shenstone† I'll read,
Well pleas'd with each well-manag'd theme,
With nothing to trouble my head,
But ambition to imitate them.

30.

THE CONTRAST.

Inscribed to Mr. J. SCADLOCK.

August, 1803.

When Love proves false, and friends betray us,
All nature seems a dismal chaos
Of wretchedness and woe;
We stamp mankind a base ingrate,
Half loathing life, we challenge Fate
To strike the final blow.
Then settled grief, with wild despair,
Stares from our bloodshot eyes,

* James Thomson, an eminent Poet, was born at Ednam in Roxburghshire on 11th September, 1700. His *Seasons* of Winter, Summer, Spring, and Autumn, were published separately between 1725 and 1730, and now hold a high place in English literature. He died 22nd August, 1748.—*Ed.*

† See Note to "The Parnassiad," No. 17.—*Ed.*

Tho oft we try to hide our care,
And check our bursting sighs.
Still vexed, so wretched,
We seek some lonely wood,
There sighing, and crying,
We pour the briny flood.

Mark the contrast—what joys we find,
With friends sincere and beauty kind,
Congenial to our wishes;
Then life appears a summer's day;
Adown Time's crystal stream we play
As sportive's little fishes.
We see nought then but general good,
Which warm pervades all nature;
Our hearts expand with gratitude
Unto the great Creator.
Then let's revere the virtuous fair,
The friend whose truth is tried,
For, without these, go where we please,
We'll always find a void.

31.

A FOP PASSING AN OLD BEGGAR.

He who, unmov'd, can hear the suppliant cry
Of pallid wretch, plac'd on the pathway side,
Nor deigns one pitying look, but passes by,
In all the pomp of self-adoring pride:
So may some great man vex his little soul,
When he, obsequious, makes his lowest bow;
Turn from him with a look that says,—Vain fool, [know.
And speak to some poor man whom he would shame to

32.

THE GUINEA NOTE.

THOU little badge of independence,
Thou mak'st e'en Pride dance mean attendance;
Thou sure hast magic in thy looks;
Gives poets taste for tasteless books;
Makes lawyers lie, makes courtiers flatter,
And wily statesmen patriots clatter;
Makes ancient maids seem young again,
At sixty, beauteous as sixteen;
Makes foes turn friends, and friends turn foes,
And drugmen brew the pois'ning dose,
And ev'n as common *say* prevails,
Thou mak'st e'en Justice tip the scales.*

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"Lines written on the back of a guinea note."

These excellent lines on the corrupting influence of money were very appropriately written by the author on the back of a guinea note. Burns also wrote lines on the back of a bank note, and they appeared as a fugitive piece, but not in any of the editions of his works till Cunningham's of 1834. In 1663, during the reign of Charles II., a gold coin was minted which was called a "guinea," from the gold of which the coin was made having been brought from Guinea, on the coast of Africa. It became a favourite coin in Scotland; and, in Paisley, it was called "a gold *guinzie.*" The coin in guinea gold at first represented 20s., but shortly afterwards it was converted, and re-stamped as of the value of £1 1s.,—

> "The rank is but the guinea stamp,
> The man's the gowd for a that."—*Burns.*

On banks being instituted in Scotland in 1695, guinea notes, representing the same value of £1 1s. sterling as the coinage of that name, were issued. The Paisley Banking Company commenced business on 1st October, 1783, in the house No. 28 Gauze Street, Paisley, (now belonging to Mr. Thomas Russell Cameron, surgeon-dentist,) and issued guinea notes. The above lines are here printed on the back of a representation of the guinea note of that Banking Company, which is a very fair imitation of the original guinea note, and will give our readers an idea of the form of that extinct Note of Issue. Subscriptions for benevolent objects and other kindred subjects are frequently solicited, and, in numerous instances, still made in guineas.—*Ed.*

ONE GUINEA,

PAISLEY.

No. 125
781

2nd May, 1796.

I Promise to pay William Gibb,
or the Bearer, on demand, ONE GUINEA,
at the Company's Office here.

For the Paisley Banking Co.

James Hog, Cashier.

Entd. p. Tho. Cockburn

33.

ODE TO JEALOUSY.*

MARK what Demon hither bends
Gnawing still his finger-ends,
Wrapt in contemplation deep,
Wrathful, yet inclin'd to weep.
Thy wizard gait, thy breath-check'd broken sigh,
Thy burning cheeks, thy lips, black, wither'd, dry;
Thy side-thrown glance, with wild malignant eye,
Betray thy foul intent, infernal Jealousy.

Hence, thou self-tormenting fiend,
To thy spleen dug cave descend,
Fancying wrongs that never were,
Rend thy bosom, tear thy hair;
Brood, fell Hate, within thy den,
Come not near the haunts of men.

Let man be faithful to his brother man,
Nor guileful, still revert kind Heaven's plan,
Then slavish fear, and mean distrust shall cease,
And confidence confirm a lasting mental peace.

34.

ON A FLATTERER.

I HATE a flatt'rer as I hate the devil,
But Tom's a very, very pleasing dog,
Of course, let's speak of him in terms more civil—
I hate a flatt'rer as I hate a hog;

---

* This Ode first appeared in Maver's Glasgow periodical, the *Selector*, of 1805, Vol. I., page 268,—the sixth of the seven pieces with the signature "Modestus." See the first Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

Not but applause is music to mine ears—
He is a knave who says he likes it not,
But when, in friendship's guise, deceit appears,
'Twould fret a Stoic's frigid temper hot.

35.

EVIL SPEAKER.*

As secret's the grave be the man whom I trust;
What friendship imparts still let honour conceal,
A plague on those babblers, their names be accurs'd!
Still first to enquire, and the first to reveal.
As open as day let me be with the man
Who tells me my failings from motives upright,
But when of those gossiping fools I meet one,
Let me fold in my soul and be close as the night.

36.

THE MORALIST.

"BARE'ROUS!" cried John, in humanising mood,
Tae Will, who'd shot a blackbird in the wood;
"The savage Indian pleads necessity,
But thou, barbarian wretch! hast no such plea."
Hark!—click the alehouse door—his wife comes in—
"Dear, help's man, John!—preserve me, what d'ye mean!
Sax helpless bairns—the deil confound your drouth!
Without ae bit tae stop a single mouth."
"Get hame," cried John, "else, jade! I'll kick your a——!"
Sure such humanity is all a ——.

* *Note by the Author.*—"Written on hearing a fellow tell some stories to the hurt of his best friends."

37.

A LESSON.*

1800.

Quoth gobbin Tom of Lancashire,
To northern Jock, a lowland drover,
"Thoose are foin kaise thai'rt driving there,
They've zure been fed on English clover."
"Foin kaise!" quoth Jock, "ye bleth'rin hash,
Deil draw your nose as lang's a sow's!
That tauk o yours is queer-like trash;
Foin kaise! poor gowk!—their names are koose."
The very fault which I in others see,
Like kind, or worse, perhaps is seen in me.

38.

TOWSER. †

A TRUE TALE.

20th July, 1806.

"Dogs are honest creatures,
Ne'er fawn on any that they love not;—
And I'm a friend to dogs,—
They ne'er betray their masters."

In mony an instance, without dout,
The man may copy frae the brute,

---

* Written by Tannahill when he resided in England in 1800.—*Ed.*

† The true name of Tannahill's dog was "Cyrus," and the Poet was very much attached to his faithful canine companion. Cyrus loved his master,

And by th' example grow much wiser;—
Then read the short memoirs of Towser.

With def'rence tae our great Lavaters, †
Wha judge a mankind by their features,
There's mony a smiling, pleasant-fac'd cock,
That wears a heart no worth a custock,
While mony a visage, antic, droll,
O'erveils a noble, gen'rous soul.
With Towser this was just the case:
He had an ill-faur't tawtie face,
His mak was something like a messin,
But big, an quite unprepossessin,
His master caft him frae some fallows,
Wha had him doom'd untae the gallows,
Because (sae hap'd poor Towser's lot),
He wadna tear a comrade's throat;
Yet, in affairs of love or honour,
He'd stan his part amang a hunner,
An whare'er fighting was a merit,
He never failed to shaw his spirit.

---

and always accompanied him in his rambles on Gleniffer Braes and by Alt Patrick Burn. On the sudden death of Cyrus occurring, the Poet wrote the above tale under the name of Towser, and it was first printed in No. VII. of John Millar's *Paisley Repository*, published in July, 1806. See first Note to No. 16.—*Ed.*

† John Kaspar Lavater, the celebrated physiognomist, was born at Zurich in 1741, and became a Protestant minister. He was an acquaintance of Dr. Zimmerman, and the doctor advised his friend to pursue his natural and extraordinary gift of physiognomy. In 1775, Lavater's great work, "Physiognomanic Fragments," in 4 vols., 4to., appeared, which was translated into English, obtained great celebrity, and was a favourite subject for discussion in the days of Tannahill. Lavater died in 1801.—*Ed.*

He never girn'd in neighbour's face,
Wi wild, ill-natur'd scant-o-grace,
Nor e'er accosted ane wi smiles,
Then, soon as turn'd, wad bite his heels,
Nor ever kent the courtier airt,
To fawn wi rancour at his heart;
Nor aught kent he o cankert quarlin,
Nor snarlin just for sake o snarlin;
Ye'd pinch him sair afore he'd growl,
Whilk ever shaws a magnanimity of soul.

But what adds maistly to his fame,
An will immortalise his name—
(Immortalise!—presumptive wicht!
Thy lines are dull as darkest nicht,
Without ae spark o wit or glee,
To licht them through futurity.)
E'en be it sae;—poor Towser's story,
Though lamely tauld, will speak his glory.

Twas in the month o cauld December,
When Nature's fire seem'd just an ember,
An growlin winter bellow'd forth
In storms and tempests frae the north—
When honest Towser's loving master,
Regardless o the surly bluster,
Set out to the neist borough town
To buy some needments o his own;
An, case some purse pest soud waylay him,
He took his trusty servant wi him.

His bus'ness done, twas near the gloamin,
An ay the king o storms was foamin,

The doors did ring—lum pigs down tuml'd—
The strawns gush'd big—the sinks loud ruml'd ;
Auld grannies spread their looves, an sich't,
Wi "O sirs ! what an awfu nicht !"
Poor Towser shook his sides a draigl'd,
An's master grudg'd that he had taigl'd ;
But, wi his merchandizing load,
Come weel, come wae, he took the road.
Now cluds drave o'er the fiel's like drift,
Nicht flung her black cleuk o'er the lift ;
An thro the naked trees and hedges,
The horrid storm redoubl'd rages :
An, to complete his piteous case,
It blew directly in his face.
Whiles gainst the footpath stabs he thumped,
Whiles o'er the coots in holes he plumped ;
But on he gaed, an on he waded,
Till he at length turn'd faint and jaded.
To gang he could nae langer bide,
But lay down by the bare dykeside.
Now, bairns and wife rush'd on his soul—
He groan'd—poor Towser loud did howl,
An, mournin, couret doun aside him ;
But, oh ! his master couldna heed him,
For now his senses gan to dozen,
His vera life streams maist war frozen ;
An't seemed as if the cruel skies
Exulted o'er their sacrifice,
For fierce the win's did o'er him hiss,
An dasht the sleet on his cauld face.*

* In the April number of the *Scots Magazine* for 1803, Vol. LXV., page 256, the following anecdote of a dog, taken from the *Gentleman's Magazine*, appeared. At that time, there were several reading clubs in Paisley, and

As on a rock, far, far frae lan,
Twa shipwreck'd sailors shiv'ring stan,
If chance a vessel they descry
Their hearts exult with instant joy,
Sae was poor Towser joy'd to hear
The tread o trav'llers drawing near,
He ran, an yowl'd, and fawn'd upon 'em,
But couldna mak them understan him,
Till, tugging at the foremost's coat,
He led them tae the mournfu spot,

---

the *Scots Magazine* was one of the monthly periodicals taken in, and Tannahill afterwards became a contributor to that well-conducted serial:—"REMARKABLE SAGACITY IN A DOG.—Some years since, Mr. S—— of Margate, in Kent, was returning from a neighbouring town, during a very heavy fall of snow, and was accompanied by a dog belonging to a relation of his who kept an inn near his own house. He became so fatigued with his journey, which he performed on foot, that he was hardly able to proceed, and when within a mile or less from home he several times stopped; when the sagacious animal seized hold of his coat and impelled him forwards, until, through his kind efforts, he literally tore the skirts from his garments. At last, Mr. S—— being entirely overcome by the inclemency of the weather, when he had arrived within two hundred yards of his house, was obliged to drop on the snow by the side of a hovel, and supposes he immediately fell asleep. It appeared that the faithful animal had used every endeavour to awaken him, as his hands and face, when he was discovered, were evidently marked by the claws of the dog; but this being ineffectual, he then left his friend, and hasted to his master's house, and by every gesture which he could command endeavoured to entice somebody with him by howling, running backwards and forwards to the door, &c. But not being able to make himself understood, he took a person by the coat, and led him to the spot where his friend lay in a miserable state, and nearly deprived of life by the cold. Assistance being procured, Mr. S—— was taken to his house, and, with the greatest difficulty, restored to animation. In gratitude to his deliverer (under the Almighty), he took the greatest care of the dog, had his portrait accurately taken in oil colours, and which, as a *memento*, now graces the chimney-piece in his hall. Shall we call this fidelity, instinct, sagacity, friendship, or reason, in the brute; or a gracious interposition of Eternal Providence, in thus furnishing this animal with faculties beyond the nature of his species,—thus to preserve the life of one in the higher rank in his wonderful, incomprehensible, and all-beautiful creation."—*Ed.*

Where, cauld an stiff his master lay,
Tae the rude storm a helpless prey.

Wi Caledonian sympathy
They bore him kindly on the way,
Until they reach'd a cottage bien.
They tauld the case, war welcomed in—
The rousin fire, the cordial drop,
Restor'd him soon tae life an hope ;
Fond raptures beam'd in Towser's eye,
An antic gambols spake his joy.

Wha reads this simple tale may see
The worth of sensibility,
And learn frae it tae be humane—
In Towser's life he sav'd his ain.

39.

THE AMBITIOUS MITE.*

A FABLE.

WHAN Hope persuades, and Fame inspires us,
And pride with warm ambition fires us,
Let reason instant seize the bridle,
And wrest us frae the passions guidal;
Else, like the hero of our fable,
We'll aft be plung'd intae a habble.

---

* This fable first appeared in 1805 in Maver's *Selector*, Vol. I., page 264. The third of the seven pieces under the signature "Modestus." See the first Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

Twas on a bonny simmer day,
Whan a the insect tribes war gay,
Some journeying o'er the leaves o roses,
Some brushing thrang their wings an noses,
Some wallowing sweet in bramble blossom,
In luxury's saft downy bosom ;
While ithers of a lower order,
War perch'd on plantain leaf's* smooth border,
Wha frae their twa inch steeps look'd doun,
An view'd the kintra far aroun.

Ae pridefu elf, amang the rest,
Wha's pin point heart bumpt 'gainst his breast,
Tae work some michty deed of fame
That woud immortalise his name ;
Thro future hours woud han him doun,
The wonder o an afternoon ;
(For ae short day wi them appears
As lang's our lengthen'd hunner years.)

By chance, at han, a bow'd horse hair
Stood up six inches high in air ;
He plann'd tae climb this lofty arch,
Wi philosophic deep research,
Tae prove (which aft perplex'd their heads)
What people peopl'd ither blades,
Or, from keen observation, show
Whether they peopl'd were or no.

* Greater plantain,—*Plantago major.* A common plant in pastures and sides of roads, with broad short leaves, vulgarly called the *waybürn*, leaf spread on the ground, oval, long foot stalks. Flower stalk from centre six to twelve inches high, under half bare, upper half cylindrical, with flowers of a greenish white colour. The seeds are small and brown, and collected for food to birds. The leaves were reckoned formerly among the most efficacious for healing wounds.—*Ed.*

Our tiny hero onward hies,
Quite big with daring enterprise,
Ascends the hair's curvatur'd side,
Now pale with fear, now red with pride,
Now hangin pend'lous by the claw,
Now glad at having 'scap'd a fa;
What horrid dangers he came thro,
Woud trifling seem for man tae know;
Suffice, at length he reach'd the top,
The summit of his pride and hope,
And on his elevated station
Had plac'd himsel for observation,
When, puff!—the win did end the matter,
And dasht him in a horse hoof gutter.

Sae let the lesson gi'en us here,
Keep each within his proper sphere,
And when our fancies tak their flight,
Think on the wee ambitious mite.

40.

BAUDRONS AND THE HEN-BIRD.

A FABLE.

Some fouks there are of such behaviour,
They'll cringe themselves intae your favour,
And whan you think their friendship staunch is,
They'll tear your character tae inches.
T' enforce this truth, as weel's I'm able,
Please, reader, tae peruse a fable.

Deborah, an auld wealthy maiden,
Wi spleen, remorse, an scandal laden,
Socht out a solitary spat,
Tae live in quiet wi her cat,—
A meikle, sonsie, tabbie she ane
(For Deborah abhor'd a he ane),
And in the house, tae be a third,
She gat a wee hen chuckie bird.

Soon as our slee nocturnal ranger,
Beheld the wee bit timid stranger,
She thus began, wi frien'ly fraise,—
"Come ben, puir thing, an warm your taes;
"This weather's cauld, an wet, an dreary,
"I'm wae tae see you look sae eerie,
"Serse! how your tail an wings are dreepin!
"Ye've surely been in piteous keepin;
"See, here's my dish, come tak a pick o't,
"But, deed, I fear there's scarce a lick o't."

Sic sympathisin words o sense
Soon gain'd puir chuckie's confidence,
An while Deborah mools some crumbs,
Auld baudrons sits, an croodlin thrumbs;
In short, the twa soon grew sae pack,
Chuck roosted upon pussy's back!

But ere sax wee short days war gane,
When baith left in the house alane,
Then thinks the hypocritic sinner,
Noo, noo's my time tae hae a dinner;
Sae, wi a squat, a spring, an squal,
She tore puir chuckie spawl frae spawl.

Then mind this maxim,—Rash acquaintance,
Aft leads tae ruin and repentance.

41.

CONNEL AND FLORA.

*A SCOTTISH LEGEND.**

"THE western sun shines o'er the loch,
And gilds the mountain's brow,
And what are Nature's smiles tae me,
Without the smile of you?

"O will ye go to Garnock side,
Where birks and woodbines twine!
I've socht you aft to be my bride,
Whan! whan will ye be mine?"

---

* *Note by Motherwell.*—"'Connel and Flora' is read without emotion, and never thought of again after perusal. This piece has none of that noble simplicity of diction and disregard to meretricious ornament which distinguish the ballad from every other kind of poetry, and give it all its peculiar charm. With the exception of one or two stanzas, 'Connel and Flora' glistens in all the showy and unmeaning garniture of wordiness, and fulness of sounding epithet, that disgusted us so in the balladmongery lately in vogue, but now happily rooted out and despised, never, it is hoped, to be again cultivated or esteemed."

Note by Ramsay.—"This attempt to engraft modern refinement upon ancient simplicity is, we think, unsuccessful."

The scene of this legend is laid in the Parish of Kilbirnie, in the vicinity of the loch of that name, and Glengarnock Castle, shortly after the bloody Battle of Flodden. The Garnock River flows from the base of the hill of Staik in Lochwinnoch Parish,—a hill 1200 feet above the level of the sea,—and flows through the Parishes of Kilbirnie, Dalry, Kilwinning, and Irvine, and falls into the Firth of Clyde. The characters represented are *Flora*,—a young maiden plighted to the youthful *Connel* down the dusky dale; and *Donald*,—a surviving trooper of the fatal field of Flodden, suing *Flora* for his bride. The ancient Castle of Garnock, said to have been the residence of Hardyknute, was not very far from Langcraft in Lochwinnoch Parish, the residence of Tannahill's granduncle, Hugh Brodie, where the mother of the Poet was brought up, and would be visited by him in his rambles in that district of country.—*Ed.*

"Aft as ye socht me for your bride,
My mind spak frae my e'e;
Then wherefore seek tae win a heart
That is not mine tae gi'e?

"Wi' Connel doun the dusky dale
Lang plighted are my vows;
He won my heart before I wist
I had a heart to lose."

The fire flash'd from his eyes of wrath,
Dark gloom'd his heavy brow,
He grasp'd her in his arms of strength,
And strain'd to lay her low.

She wept and cried—the rocks replied—
The echoes from their cell,
On fairy wing, swift bore her voice
To Connel of the dale.

With vengeful haste he hied him up,
But when stern Donald saw
The youth approach, deep stung with guilt,
He, shame-fac'd, fled awa.

"Ah! stay my Connel—sheath thy sword—
O, do not him pursue!
For mighty are his arms of strength,
And thou the fight may rue."

"No!—wait thee here,—I'll soon return,—
I mark'd him from the wood!
The lion-heart of jealous love
Burns for its rival's blood!

"Ho! stop thee, coward,—villain vile!
With all thy boasted art,
My sword's blade soon shall dim its shine,
Within thy reynard heart!"

"Ha! foolish stripling, dost thou urge
The deadly fight with me?
This arm strove hard in Flodden Field,*
Dost think 'twill shrink from thee!"

"Thy frequent vaunts of Flodden Field
Were ever fraught with guile:
For honour ever marks the brave,
But thou'rt a villain vile!"

Their broad blades glitter to the sun—
The woods resound each clash—
Young Connel sinks 'neath Donald's sword,
With deep and deadly gash.

"Ah! dearest Flora, soon our morn
Of love is overcast!—
The hills look dim—Alas! my love!"—
He groan'd and breath'd his last.

"Stay, ruthless ruffian!—murderer!—
Here glut thy savage wrath!—

---

* The Battle of Flodden Field was fought on 9th September, 1513, between King James IV. of Scotland and King Henry VIII. of England, brothers-in-law. It was a sad day for Scotland, for the Scots army was signally defeated,—King James and the choicest of the nobility having been slain. In that disastrous engagement, several dignitaries of the Church, twelve peers, thirteen lords, five eldest sons of peers, fifty gentlemen of note, and about 1000 men, were left lying dead on the field with their Sovereign.—*Ed.*

Be thou the baneful minister
To join us low in death!"

In wild despair she tore her hair,
Sunk speechless by his side—
Mild Evening wept in dewy tears,
And, wrapt in night, she died.

42.

THE HAUNTET WUD.

*In Imitation of John Barbour, an old Scots Poet.**

QUHY screim the crowis owr yonder wud,
Witht loude and clamourynge dynne,
Haf deifenynge the torrentis roare,
Quhilk dashis owr yon linne?

---

* *Note by Motherwell.*—"'The Haunted Wud' is a bonnie little poem, considered as such; but far from being anything like an imitation of John Barbour. Tannahill had neither leisure, education, nor means, to qualify himself for the perusal of Barbour and other venerable *makers*, much less to imitate their productions. Yet though he has been unsuccessful, we cannot help loving him for thus showing that he was acquainted with the name, if not with the language, of one of the oldest of our epic poets."—*Harp of Renfrewshire* Essay, p. xli.

Note, by Ramsay, continuing.—"So said a very competent judge and successful imitator of our ancient bards, the late William Motherwell. The Essay was published anonymously, and we now claim it for our friend. If Tannahill failed in the above attempt, it was not for the want of a liberal allowance of consonants, which (to use a figure of Sir Walter Scott's, when writing of Chatterton), are 'doubled like the sentinels of an endangered army.'"

The old Scots poets and ballad "makers" were the literature in which Motherwell delighted, and made a study to imitate them both in composition

Quhy straye the flokis far outowr,
Alang the stanery lee,
And wil nocht graze anear the wud,
Thof ryche the pasturis be?

And quhy dis aft the sheipherdis dug,
Gif that ane lamikyne straye,
Ay yamf and yowl besyde the wud,
Nae farthir yn wil gaye?

"Marvil thee nocht at quhat thou seist,"
The tremblynge Rusticke sayde,
"For yn that feindis hauntet wud,
Hath guyltiles blude been sched.

---

and orthography. Motherwell seems to question whether Tannahill had acquired any more knowledge of Barbour than his mere name; but a perusal of Tannahill's works will satisfy every reasonable person that Tannahill was well acquainted with the current literature of the day, and also of bygone times,—particularly poetical compositions. The names of authors that have been introduced into his pieces, and references otherwise made, show that he had not given more than a tithe of those he consulted in his studies. Allowing, however, that Motherwell was correct, Tannahill is entitled to the greater credit in having so well imitated the ancient poet both in composition and spelling. Tannahill had, undoubtedly, obtained the loan of Barbour's works; and we have not the least hesitation in saying he read them. Ramsay followed in the wake of his chief by saying the failure had not occurred from a want of liberal allowance of consonants. He seems not to have tested his own assertion by counting these consonants in the poem; we have done so, and also in the same number of words in the Memoir framed by Mr. Ramsay, and find the result to be as follows:—

Tannahill, ..	206 words,—350 vowels,	588 consonants,	938 letters.
Ramsay, ..	206 „ „ —346 „	525 „	875 „

The weaver poet, living thirty years before his two learned annotators, certainly had the best of it. Notwithstanding the questionable opinions of Motherwell and Ramsay, the poem has been inserted *in all the editions of Tannahill's works.—Ed.*

"Thou seist far doun yon buschye howe,
An eldrin castil greye,
Witht teth of tyme, and weir of wyndis,
Fast mouldiryng yn decaye.

"'Twas ther the jealous Barrone livit,
Witht Lady Anne hys wyfe,
He fleichit her neatht that wudis dark glume,
And revit hyr ther of lyffe.

"And eir hyr fayre bodye was founde,
The flesch cam fra the bane,
The snailis sat, feistyng onne hyr cheikis,
The spydiris velit her ein.

"And evir syne nae beist nor byrde
Will byde twa nichtis ther,
For fearful yellis and screichis wylde
Are heird throch nicht sae dreir."

'Twas thus dark ignorance did ween,
In fancy's wizard reign,
When minstrel fiction won belief,
O'er Scotland's wide domain.

43.

SPIDER DARTING ON A FLY.

Let gang your grip, ye auld grim devil!
Else with ae crush I'll mak you civil—
Like debtor bard in merchant's claw,
The fient o mercy ye've at a!

Sae spite an malice (hard to ken 'em),
Sit spewin out their secret venom—
Ah, hear!—poor buzzart's roaring "Murder:"
Let gang!—Na, faith!—thou scorn'st my order!—
Weel, tak thee that!—vile ruthless creature!
For wha but hates a savage nature?
Sic fate to ilk unsocial kebar
Who lays a snare to wrang his neighbour.

44.

RICH GRIP-US.

RICH Grip-us pretends he's my patron and friend,
That at all times to serve me he's willing,
But he looks down so sour on the suppliant poor,
That I'd starve ere I'd ask him one shilling.

45.

PURSE PROUD.

I SCORN the selfish, purse-proud b——,
Who piques himself on being rich
With twoscore pounds, late legacied,
Sav'd by his half-starv'd father's greed—
To former neighbours not one word!
He bows obsequious to my Lord.
In public see him—how he capers!
Looks big—stops short—pulls out his papers,
And from a silly, puppish dunce,
Commences the great man at once.

46.

SILLER STANDS FOR SENSE.

*On a Country Justice in the South.**

1800.

WHAT gars yon gentry gang wi Jock,
An ca him Sir and Master?
The greatest dunce, the biggest block,
That ever Nature cuist her;
Yet see, they've plac'd this human stock
Strict justice to dispense:
Which plainly shows yon meikle folk
Think siller stands for sense.

47.

ASSUMED SANCTITY.

TO W. ——.

WHAT need'st thou dread the end of sin,
The dire reward of evil;
Keep but that black infernal grin,
'Twill scar the vera devil.

---

* Written by Tannahill when he resided in England in 1800, on a country Justice of the Peace there. –*Ed.*

48.

MODE FOR ATTAINING A CHARACTER.

If thou on earth wouldst live respected,
In few words, here's the way to make it—
Get dog-thick with the parish priest,
To all his foibles mould thy taste ;
What he condemns, do thou condemn,
What he approves do thou the same ;
Cant Scripture words in every case,
"Salvashion, saunt, redemshion, grace ;"
But controverted points forbear,
For thou may'st shew thy weakness there ;
Look grave, demure as any owl—
A cheerful look might damn the whole,
Gang rigid to the kirk on Sunday,
With face as lang's a gothic window ;
But from these maxims should'st thou sever,
Poor profligate ! thou'rt lost for ever.

49.

THE MAN OF CHARACTER.

Wee A—— ——, self-sainted wight,
If e'er he won to heaven,
The veriest wretch, though black as pitch,
May rest he'll be forgiven :
With holy pride he cocks his nose,
And talks of honest dealings,
For when our webs are at the close,
He nips off two three shillings.

50.

SUCCESSOR TO OLD CHARON.

When the devil got notice old Charon was dead,
He wish'd for some blockhead to row in his stead;
For he fear'd one with int'lect discov'ries might make,
Of his tortures and racks, t'other side of the lake;
So for true native dullness and want of discernment,
He sought the whole world, and gave John the preferment.

51.

ALLAN'S ALE.*

1799.

Come a ye frien'ly, social pack,
Wha meet wi glee tae club your plack,
Attend while I rehearse a fac',
That winna fail;
Nae drink can raise a canty crack,
Like Allan's Ale.

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"All*n Br**n."

Note in 1825 Edition.—"Allan Brown."

William Semple, in his History of Renfrewshire and Paisley, published in 1782, page 327, mentioned that there are "two large breweries in this town; the first by Thomas Brown and Son. They also began the brewing of porter in 1781, which appears to do well. The second by Matthew Brown, both in Croft Street." The *Son* was Allan Brown, the subject of this poem. He was a subscriber for Semple's history. Thomas, the father, died about 1791; and Allan Brown succeeded to the whole business. Allan also became a changekeeper or dealer in ales and porter,

It waukens wit, an mak's as merry
As England's far-fam'd Canterbury;
Rich wines frae Lisbon or Canary,*
Let gentles hail,
But we can be as brisk an airy,
Wi Allan's Ale.

---

and allowed "cockmains" to take place in his premises. By making good brewsts, his *ale* became famous, and drew forth the praise of the Poet in 1799. Allan's daughters were excellent swimmers, and they occasionally, like the *Naiades* of old, disported themselves in the river of White Cart, at the back of their house, when the tide was full. The pellucid water of the Cart could be and was then used for all domestic purposes, while the river was much frequented by trout and salmon. His changehouse was a rendezvous for recruiting parties; and Allan Brown, like a great number of others who deal in ales and spirits, had become one of his own best customers, and frequently headed these parties in their enlisting parades through the town, dressed with many coloured ribbons, feathers, and cockades, to attract the senseless youths into the martial ranks. In the end of the year 1801, Allan Brown's affairs had come to a crisis, and his heritable property was advertised for sale by public roup for 7th January, 1802. It was described in the advertisement as "All and Whole that Garden lying at the south-east end of the Sneddon Bridge of Paisley, with the adjoining front houses, close, and an extensive range of backhouses, long occupied in the brewing and distilling business, either in whole or in separate lots, which may be divided as follows:—Lot I. The Garden; II. The House possessed by Mr. Brown; III. The House possessed by Mr. Peat; and IV. The House possessed by Mr. Muir." The whole were purchased by Mr. Matthew Brown, distiller. Allan Brown then removed to the hostelry called "The White Swan," on the opposite side of the New Smithhills Street. The whole range of that property formerly belonging to Allan Brown, now belongs to ex-Provost Robert Brown, author of *The History of the Paisley Grammar School, from its foundation in 1576; of the Paisley Grammar School and Academy; and of the other Town's Schools; with some Notices of Subjects relating to the History of the Town of Paisley: 1875.* Ex-Provost Brown is noways related to Allan Brown or Matthew Brown, and we are not related to William Semple.—*Ed.*

* The Canterbury Ale of England; the Red or Port Wine of Portugal; and the White or Sherry Wine of the Canary Islands.—*Ed.*

It bears the gree, I'se gie my aith,
O Widow Dunn's an Ralston's baith, *
Wha may cast by their brewin graith,
Baith pat and pail,
Since Paisley wisely puts mair faith
In Allan's Ale.

Unlike the puir, sma penny wheep, †
Whilk worthless, petty changefouk keep,
O'er whilk mirth never deign'd to peep,
Sae sour an stale,
I've seen men joyous, frisk an leap,
Wi Allan's Ale.

Whether a frien'ly, social meetin,
Or politicians thrang debatin,
Or benders ‡ blest your wizzens weetin,
Mark well my tale,
Ye'll fin nae drink hauf worth your gettin,
Like Allan's Ale.

---

* Two famed alehouses in Paisley. Mrs. Dunn kept a very respectable inn at the Old Bridge, and she was the individual that furnished the dinner and drink at the "house-heating" of the author's father's cottage in Queen Street in 1776. John Ralston's was a much-frequented house at the foot of Saint Mirin's Wynd, on the west side of the street, where the Bank of Scotland is now situated. He was designed a *changekeeper*, and died in 1805. His widow, Luckie Ralston, carried on the business, and she is designed in the *Paisley Directory for 1810* — "Mrs. Ralston, *vintner*, Saint Mirren's Street."—*Ed.*

† Small ale.

‡ *Benders*—Hard-drinkers.

Whan bleak December's blasts dae blaw,
An Nature's face is co'er'd wi snaw,
Puir bodies scarce dae work at a,
The cauld's sae snell,
But meet an drink their cares awa
Wi Allan's Ale.

Let auld Kilmarnock mak a fraise,
What she has dune in better days,
Her "thri-penny" ance her fame coud raise
O'er muir an dale;
But Paisley* now may claim the praise
Wi Allan's Ale.

Let selfish wichts impose their notions,
And damn the man wont tak their lessons,
I scorn their threats, I scorn their cautions,
Say what they will,
Let frien'ship croun our best devotions
Wi Allan's Ale.

While sun, an moon, an stars endure,
An aid wi licht "a random splore,"
Still let each future social core
Its praises tell:
Ador'd ay and for evermore
Be Allan's Ale!

---

* The Poet, true to his native town, claimed more praise for Paisley Ale—the cauldron yill, also called the *tip-penny*, than the famed *thri-penny* of his father's auld *Killie.—Ed.*

52.

PARODY.

*On seeing the late Mr. Thomas Willoughby, Tragedian, rather below himself.**

PEACEFUL, slumb'ring in the ale-house,
See the god-like *Rollo* lie,
Drink outwits the best of fellows;
Here lies poor Tom Willoughby.

Where is stern *King Richard's* fury?
Where is *Osmond's* blood-flush'd eye?
See these mighty men before ye,
Sunk to poor Tom Willoughby.

Pity tis that men of merit,
Thus such sterling worth destroy;
Oh ye gods! did I inherit
Half the pow'rs of Willoughby!

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This piece appeared in the Author's Edition; but it has hitherto been omitted in the posthumous ones."

Mr. Ramsay has committed a mistake, as it appeared in the Editions of 1822 and 1825. Mr. Thomas Willoughby, an Englishman, was a first-class actor, but had sunk down to the boards of provincial theatres. He had been well educated, and had the manners of a gentleman. He frequently acted in the Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock Theatres, about the end of last, and beginning of the present centuries; and we observe from a playbill of Messrs. Hamilton and Power, New Theatre, Greenock, that Mr. Willoughby appeared on 10th January, 1800, in the character of *Doctor Pangloss*, in Coleman's comedy of "The Heir-at-Law." Mr. Willoughby was a great favourite with Paisley audiences; but his gentlemanly manners were sadly marred with that accursed liquor called "whisky," and he was oftener found lying in the gutter, than "peaceful, slumb'ring in the alehouse," from its alcoholic effects.—*Ed.*

53.

SCOTCH DRINK.

Let ither bards exhaust their stock
Of heav'nly names, on heav'nly folk,
An god an goddesses invoke
Tae guide the pen,
While, just as well, a barber's block
Woud ser their en.

Nae muse hae I, like guid Scotch drink,
It mak's the dormant saul to think,
Gars wit and rhyme thegither clink,
In canty measure,
An even tho half fou we wink,
Inspires wi pleasure.

Whiles dullness stands for modest merit,
And impudence for manly spirit;
Tae ken what worth each does inherit,
Just try the bottle,
Sen roun the glass, an dinna spare it,
Ye'll see their mettle.

O woud the gods but grant my wish!
My constant pray'r woud be for this,
That luve sincere, with health an peace,
My lot they'd clink in,
With now an then the social joys
O frien'ly drinkin.

And when youth's rattlin days are done,
An age brings on life's afternoon,
Then, like a simmer's setting sun,
Brichtly serene,
Smiling, leuk back, an slidder down
Tae rise again.

54.

THE BACCHANALIANS.*

Encircl'd in a cloud of smoke,
Sat the convivial core;
Like lightning flash'd the merry joke,
The thund'ring laugh did roar;
Blythe Bacchus† pierc'd his fav'rite hoard,
The sparkling glasses shine:
"'Tis this," they cry, "come, sweep the board,
Which makes us all divine!"

Apollo tun'd the vocal shell,
With song, with catch, and glee:
The sonorous hall the notes did swell,
And echoed merrily.
Each sordid, selfish, little thought,
For shame itself did drown;
And social love, with every draught,
Approv'd them for her own.

---

* This poem first appeared in Maver's Glasgow periodical, the *Selector*, of 1805, Vol. II., page 111,—the seventh, and last, with the signature "Modestus." See first Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

† Bacchus, in Heathen Mythology, the son of Jupiter and Semele. The god of Wine,—hence the title of this poem, "The Bacchanalians."—*Ed.*

"Come, fill another bumper up,
And drink in Bacchus' praise,
Who sent the kind, congenial cup,
Such heav'nly joys to raise!"
Great Jove, quite mad to see such fun,
At Bacchus 'gan to curse,
And to remind they were but men,
Sent down the fiend Remorse.

55.

THE COCK-PIT.

The barbarian-like amusement of seeing two animals instinctively destroy each other certainly affords sufficient scope for the pen of the Satirist; the Author thought he could not do it more effectually than by giving a picture of the COCK-PIT, *and describing a few of the characters who generally may be seen at such glorious contests.*—AUTHOR.*

"THE great, the important hour is come."
Oh Hope! thou wily nurse!
I see bad luck behind thy back,
Dark, brooding, deep remorse.

---

* The barbarous sport of cock-fighting was very prevalent in Paisley in the end of the last and beginning of the present centuries. The principal Cock-pit was situated in the house now 25 West Street, behind the Deer Inn in Broomlands Street. The tenement was vulgarly called the *Pit* Land, and it is known by that name at the present time. Cock-fighting was frequently carried on in alehouses and taverns, such as that of Allan Brown's, referred to in the Poem, No. 51.—*Ed.*

No fancied muse will I invoke,
To grace my humble strain,
But sing my song in homely phrase,
Inspir'd by what I've seen.

Here comes a "feeder" with his charge; *
Mong friends 'tis whisper'd straight,
How long he swung him on a string
To bring him to his weight. †

The carpet's laid—pit money drawn—
All's high with expectation;
With birds bereft of Nature's garb,
The handlers take their station.

What roaring, betting, bawling, swearing,
Loudly assail the ear!
"Three pounds!"—"four pounds, on Phillip's cock!" ‡
"Done! done! come on, sir! here!"

Now cast a serious eye around—
Behold the motley group,
All gamblers, swindlers, ragamuffins,
Votaries of the stoup.

---

* The best of food was required for game cocks, as high feeding stimulated their pugnacity, and increased their powers of endurance. Hence, the saying—*To live like fighting cocks*, is to have abundance of the best of food.—*Ed.*

† *Note by the Author.*—"When a feeder has unluckily fed his bird above the stipulated weight, recourse is had to the ludicrous expedient of making poor chanticleer commence rope-dancing. Being tied on the rope, he flutters, and through fear loses part of his preponderancy. When this happens to be the case, the *knowing ones* who are up to it will not bet so freely on his prowess, as the operation is supposed to have weakened him."

‡ Phillips was a Glasgow cock-fighter.

(But why of it thus lightly speak ?
The poor man's one best friend—
When fortune's sky lours dark and grim,
It clears the drumly scene.)

Here sits a wretch with meagre face,
And sullen, drowsy eye;
Nor speaks he much—last night at cards
A gamester drain'd him dry.

Here bawls another vent'rous soul,
Who risks his ev'ry farthing;
What d—l's the matter though at home
His wife and brats are starving.

See, here's a father gainst a son,
A brother gainst a brother,
Who, e'en with more than common spite,
Bark hard at one another.

But see yon fellow all in black,
His looks speak inward joy;
Mad happy since his father's death,
Sporting his legacy.

And, mark this aged debauchee,
With red bepimpl'd face—
He fain would bet a crown or two,
But purse is not in case.

ut hark !—what cry !—" He's run !—he's run !"—
And loud huzzas take place—
Now, mark what deep dejection sits
On ev'ry loser's face.

Observe the owner—frantic man,
With imprecations dread,
He grasps his vanquish'd idol-god,
And quick twirls off his head.

But, bliss attend their feeling souls,
Who no such deeds delight in!
Brutes are but brutes, let men be men,
Nor pleasure in cock-fighting.*

56.

THE TAP-ROOM.

THIS warl's a Tap-room owre an owre,
Whar ilk ane tak's his caper,
Some taste the sweet, some drink the sour,
As waiter Fate sees proper;
Let mankind live, ae social core,
An drap a selfish quar'ling,
An whan the Landlord ca's his score,
May ilk ane's clink be sterling.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This little piece says much for the humane disposition of the Author. We have been assured that it gives a very just description of what may be witnessed at such degrading exhibitions."

57.

THE TRIFLER'S SABBATH DAY.

Loud souns the deep-mouth'd parish bell,
  Religion kirkward hies,
John lies in bed and counts each knell,
  And thinks tis time tae rise.

But, oh how weak are man's resolves!
  His projects ill tae keep,
John thrusts his nose beneath the clothes,
  An doses o'er asleep.

Now fairy fancy plays her freaks
  Upon his sleep-swell'd brain;
He dreams—he starts—he mutt'ring speaks,
  An waukens wi a grane.

He rubs his e'en—the clock strikes twelve—
  Impell'd by hunger's grup,
Ae mighty effort backs resolve—
  He's up—at last he's up!

Hunger appeas'd—his cutty pipe
  Employs his time till two,—
An noo he saunters thro the house,
  An knows not what to do.

He baits the trap—catches a mouse—
  He sports it roun the floor—
He swims it in a water tub—
  Gets glorious fun till four!

An now of cats, and mice, an rats,
He tells a thousan tricks,
Till even dullness tires herself,
For hark—the clock strikes six!

Now view him in his easy chair
Recline his pond'rous head;
Tis eight—now Bessie raiks the fire,
An John must go to bed!

58.

THE PORTRAIT OF GUILT.*

In Imitation of Lewis. †

Twas night, and the winds thro the dark forest roar'd,
From heaven's wide cat'racts the torrents down pour'd,
And blue lightnings flash'd on the eye;
Demoniac howlings were heard in the air,
With groans of deep anguish, and shrieks of despair,
And hoarse thunders growl'd thro the sky.

---

* This tale first appeared in the *Poetical Magazine* of Vernon and Hood, London, 1804.—*Ed.*

† Matthew Gregory Lewis, M.P., was born in London in 1773. A romance-writer, whose tales were of the most marvellous description. He was called *Monk* Lewis, from his novel entitled "The Monk." He died in 1818. Lewis was a year older than Tannahill, and the latter must have read the tales of the former, when he imitated him in "The Portrait of Guilt."—*Ed.*

Pale, breathless, and trembling the dark villain stood,
His hands and his clothes all bespotted with blood,
His eyes wild with terror did stare;
The earth yawn'd around him, and sulph'rous blue,
From the flame boiling gaps, did expose to his view
A gibbet and skeleton bare.

With horror he shrunk from a prospect so dread,
The blast swung the clanking chains over his head,
The rattling bones sung in the wind;
The lone bird of night from the abbey did cry,
He look'd o'er his shoulder, intending to fly,
But a spectre stood ghastly behind.

"Stop, deep hell-taught villain!" the ghost did exclaim,
"With thy brother of guilt here to expiate thy crime,
"And atone for thy treacherous vow.
"Tis here thou shalt hang, to the vultures a prey,
"Till, piecemeal, they tear thee and bear thee away,
"And thy bones rot unburied below."

Now, closing all round him, fierce demons did throng,
In sounds all unholy they howl'd their death-song,
And the vultures around them did scream;
Now clenching their claws in his fear-bristled hair,
Loud yelling they bore him aloft in the air,
And the Murd'rer awoke—Twas a Dream!

EPIGRAMS.

59.

DICK TO BOB.

Cried Dick to Bob, "Great news to-day!"
"Great news," quoth Bob, "what great news, pray?"
Said Dick, "Our gallant tars at sea
Have gain'd a brilliant victory."
"Indeed!" cried Bob, "it may be true,
But that, you know, is nothing new."

60.

FRENCH INVASION.

"French threats of invasion let Britons defy, [on."
And spike the proud frogs if our coast they should crawl
Yes, statesmen know well that our spirits are high,
The financier has rais'd them two shillings per gallon.

61.

WOMAN'S TONGUE.

Nature, impartial in her ends,
When she made man the strongest,
For scrimpet pith to make amends,
Made woman's tongue the longest.

62.

WILL MACNEIL'S ELEGY.*

" He was a man without a clag,
His heart was frank without a flaw."
King Jamie the First. †

RESPONSIVE tae the roarin floods,
Ye win's, howl plaintive thro the woods,
Thou gloomy sky, pour doun hale clouds,
His death tae wail,
For bright as heaven's brightest studs,
Shin'd Will MacNeil. ‡

---

* This Elegy first appeared in Maver's Glasgow periodical, the *Gleaner*, page 37, in 1806. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

† *Note by Ramsay.*—"In previous editions, the name of 'King Jamie the First' has been attached to the lines which form the motto; but they are not to be found in any of the works of that monarch. They occur in the song of "Willie was a wanton wag," a much later production ascribed to William Walkinshaw, a member of the now extinct family of Walkinshaw of that Ilk near Paisley."

Ramsay, in his Edition of 1838, substituted the words "*Willie was a wanton wag*" for "King Jamie the First." A dispute recently arose whether the author of "Willie was a wanton wag" was Douglas of Fingland, Hamilton of Gilbertfield, or William Walkinshaw of that Ilk! The song appeared first in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, published in 1724, with the initials "W. W." for "Wanton Willie." David Laing, LL.D., has given his opinion that Gilbertfield was the author, and we suppose the opinion of such an excellent judge will settle the matter.—*Ed.*

‡ *Note by Ramsay.*—"William MacNeil was a surgeon in Old Kilpatrick, and survived, for some years, the friend by whom his good qualities are here celebrated."

"Will MacNeil" was born about the same time as the Author, and was the

He every selfish thocht did scorn,
His warm heart in his leuks did burn,
Ilk body own'd his kindly turn,
An gait sae leel;
A kinder saul was never born
Than Will MacNeil.

---

son of John MacNeil, gardener to Alexander Speirs, Esq. of Elderslie, and resided at Thorn, between Elderslie and Johnstone. MacNeil and Tannahill were intimate and familiar acquaintances. MacNeil was apprenticed to the trade of a weaver with James Buchanan, weaver, Kilbarchan, to whom the Epistle, No. 25, is addressed; but he detested the work of a wabster. He, accordingly, devoted more time than his leisure hours to the reading of books, and storing his mind with knowledge; and he also indulged in the spirit-stirring music of the bagpipes, and frequently made the woods and glens to the south of Thorn and Elderslie (the scenes of the finest of the songs of Tannahill) echo and resound with his wild pibroch. His sister, Mall MacNeil, had a similar craving for book knowledge and folk lore, and some people even say that she excelled him. Will MacNeil was a tall, robust man, nearly six feet high, with an exceedingly large head, so much out of the ordinary proportion that it was difficult to find a bonnet or hat that would fit the *magnum caput* without being trysted. MacNeil considered himself qualified to occupy a higher position than that of a wabster. He abandoned the loom, and commenced schoolmaster, and began teaching first at Bridge of Weir and next at Barrhead. By dint of indomitable perseverance, and almost in the face of starvation, he entered Glasgow College as a medical student. He had a severe struggle both to acquire his lessons, attend college, and work at the loom to earn his maintenance. With his threadbare garments and awkward manners, he cut a sorry figure among the young aristocracy, and they played all manner of tricks upon him. Several writers have stated that he ultimately triumphed, and obtained a diploma. We accordingly searched the Register of the University of Glasgow for its date, but could not find the issuing of the diploma. He, however, opened a druggist's shop in Old Kilpatrick, and was called Doctor MacNeil. The doctor having been very frugally brought up, little was required for hi maintenance; and he was not very exacting with his *honorariums*, but left his charges to the discretion of the villagers, the millworkers at Duntocher, and the canny wives of the farmers, and they certainly never overpaid him, and frequently remunerated him in kind. He was a member of the same social club with Tannahill, and he was a frequent tourist to the Highlands, visiting the places mentioned in the Elegy, and Tannahill occasionally accompanied him. The doctor married Miss Margaret Walker, belonging to a respectable family in Paisley. He was very short-sighted, and gradually

He ne'er kept up a hidlins plack
To spen ahint a comrade's back,
But on the table gart it whack,
Wi free guid will:
Free as the win on winter stack,
Was Will MacNeil.

He ne'er coud bide a narrow saul
Tae a the social virtues caul;
He wisht ilk sic a fiery scaul,
His shins to peel;
Nane sic durst herd in fiel or faul
Wi Will MacNeil.

He ay abhor'd the spaniel airt:
Ay whan he spak twas frae the heart,

---

became worse, so that latterly he had to be led by the hand to visit his patients. Before his death, he desired a bunch of rooted heather to be planted at the head of his grave. He died in 1829 in the 55th year of his age, and was buried in the cemetery of Kilpatrick, where it is said Saint Patrick, the patron saint of Ireland, rests in peace. The emblem of Solitude was planted at the desired place, where it bloomed for twelve years till the adjoining lair was opened, when it withered and died.

On Saturday, 5th September, 1874, we made a pilgrimage to the grave in Kilpatrick Churchyard,—a very well-kept burying-ground. Some kind friend, who remembered the kindness of Will MacNeil, had put up a small headstone five inches high, one foot six inches long, by five inches broad, and engraved on the top—

W: McNEIL,
SURGEON.

And another considerate friend, who had also recollected his kindness, had recently painted the stone for preservation. These two acts of kindness give a tone to Tannahill's Elegy on his professional friend.—*Ed.*

An honest, open, manly pairt
He ay uphel :
"Guile soud be develt in the dirt,"
Said Will MacNeil.

He ne'er had greed to gather gear,
Yet rigid kept his credit clear ;
He ever was tae Mis'ry dear,
Her loss she'll feel ;
She ay got saxpence, or a tear,
Frae Will MacNeil.

In Scots antiquities he pridit ;
Auld Hardyknute, he kent wha made it ;*
The bag-pipe, too, he sometimes sey'd it,
Pibroch and reel ;
Our ain auld language, few could read it
Like Will MacNeil.

In wilyart glens he lik'd tae stray,
By fuggie rocks, or castle gray ;
Yet ghaist rid rustics ne'er did say,
"Uncanny chiel !"
They fill'd their horns wi usquebae
Tae Will MacNeil.

---

* In the end of last century, a dispute arose amongst the antiquarians of that period respecting the authorship of the heroic Scottish ballad of "Hardyknute," whether it was ancient or modern. The grave point, however, was not settled until kind Will, with his antiquarian knowledge, folk lore, and college education, declared, "he kent wha made it." He was in the habit of contributing articles to John Millar's *Paisley Repository*, and the ballad, with Will M'Neil's knowledge of and observation on it, will be found in Nos. ix., x., xi., xii., xiii., and xiv. of the *Repository*.—*Ed.*

He sail'd and trampit mony a mile,
To visit auld I-columb-kill ;*
He clamb the heichts o Jura's isle,
Wi wearie speil ;
But siccan sichts ay payt the toil,
Wi Will MacNeil.

He raing't thro Morven's hills an glens,†
Saw some o Ossian's moss grown stanes,
Whar rest the low laid heroes' banes,
Deep in the hill ;
He cruin't a cronach tae their manes,
Kind Will MacNeil.

---

* The illustrious island of Iona, which was once the luminary of Caledonia, from whence were sent the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion among savage clans and roving barbarians. Iona was the burial-place of the kings of Scotland until 1056, when Malcom (III.) Canmore succeeded to the throne. In the end of the 12th century, or beginning of the 13th century, some Cluniac monks from Paisley landed in Iona, and erected the Cathedral. The edifice was cruciform, and dedicated to Saint Mary. The capitals of the columns are carved with grotesque figures, still very sharp, and well preserved. Besides these quaint delineations, there are several dragons with tails ending in scrolls and foliage. In that portion of the Isle are to be seen the romantic remains of Monasteries, both of monks and nuns, Cathedral, Chapels, Colleges, and Oratories,—ruins of ancient grandeur, piety, and literature, surrounded by the old sanctuary of the dead, with their mouldering tombstones of Scots, Irish, and Norway kings, Lords of the Isles, chieftains, and bishops, priests, abbesses, nuns, and friars. We observed that the Duke of Argyle commenced operations on 10th July, 1875, for the restoration of these monastic buildings, and, in re-opening the celebrated quarries at Corsaig, Ross of Mull, the place had been found where the beautiful cornices and arches of the world-famed ruins of Iona were taken. In prosecuting their investigations, the workmen discovered the Habnan Cailleach, or the Nun's Cave, 80 feet long, containing drawings of many of the ancient crosses and tombstones, with their dates, which once adorned the island of Iona. The discovery clears up the doubt as to the place from which these monuments and tombstones came.—*Ed.*

† Tannahill was a great admirer of Ossian's poems, and must have particularly studied the poem of "The War of *Inis-thona*." Morven, or Morvern,

He was deep read in Nature's beuk,
Explor'd ilk dark mysterious creuk,
Kent a her laws wi antrin leuk,
An that richt weel ;
But (fate o genius) death soon teuk
Aff Will MacNeil.

O ilka rock he kent the ore,
He kent the virtues o ilk flow'r,
Ilk banefu plant he kent its pow'r,
An warn't frae ill ;
A nature's warks few coud explore
Like Will MacNeil.

He kent a creatures, clute an tail,
Doun frae the lion to the snail,
Up frae the mennon to the whale,
An kraken eel ;*
Scarce ane could tell their gaits sae weel
As Will MacNeil.

---

in Argyllshire, bounded on the south by the Sound of Mull, is a modern parish composed of the two ancient parishes of Killcomkill and Killintag, which were united about the time of the Reformation. It includes the greater part of the Lordship of Morvern. *Killcolmkill*, the church of Saint Columba in Morwarne ; a small portion of the ruins of the church and the burying ground remain. This district was at one time considered the land of Morven, as stated in the poems of Ossian, and generally believed in the days of Tannahill, but investigations since that period have dissipated the land of song. Professor Wilson, in his poem of "Inismore," a Dream of the Highlands, writes of this parish—

"Morven and Morn, and Spring and Solitude!
In front is not the scene magnificent?
* * * * *
Morven and Morn, and Spring and Solitude!
A multitudinous sea of mountain-tops."—*Ed.*

* *Kraken eel*,—the Norwegian name of that fabulous monster of the deep called the sea serpent.—*Ed.*

Nor past he ocht thing slichtly by,
But wi keen scrutinizing eye,
He tae its inmaist bore woud pry
Wi wond'rous skill;
An teaching ithers ay gae joy
Tae Will MacNeil.

He kent auld Archimedes' gait,*
What way he burnt the Roman fleet:
"'Twas by the rays' reflected heat,
Frae speculum steel;
For bare refraction ne'er could dae't,"
Said Will MacNeil.

Yet fame his praise did never rair it,
For poortith's weeds obscur'd his merit,
Forby he had a bashfu spirit,
That sham't tae tell
His worth or wants; let envy spare it
Tae Will MacNeil.

O Barra,† thou wast sair tae blame!
I here record it tae thy shame,

---

* Archimedes, born 287 B.C., was a renowned geometrician and astronomer of Syracuse in Sicily. His inventions in mechanics, particularly the pulley and the screw, amazed the whole world. When Syracuse was besieged 212 B.C. by Marcellus, Archimedes constructed a burning mirror that fired the enemy's fleet. On the city being taken, the inventor, then seventy-five years of age, was found dead among the slain. The screw, the Archimedian screw, is a powerful appliance at the present time in marine navigation for propelling vessels, and of great use in general engineering purposes.—*Ed.*

† *Note by the Author.*—"The Laird of Barra, Chief of the MacNeil clan."

Note by Ramsay.—"MacNeil of Barra, the generally-understood chief of the clan."

Roderick MacNeil, Laird of the Island of Barra in Inverness-shire, chief of the clan MacNeil, and the 34th generation in lineal descent, was, in the days of Tannahill, as poor as "puir Will McNeil;" and in 1836 the creditors of his son, Colonel MacNeil, sold Barra to Colonel Gordon of Cluny.—*Ed.*

Thou lat the brichtest o thy name
Unheeded steal
Thro murky life, tae his lang hame—
Puir Will MacNeil.

He ne'er did wrang tae livin creature,
For ill, Will hadna't in his nature;
A warm kind heart his leading feature,
His main-spring wheel,
Ilk virtue grew tae noble stature
In Will MacNeil.

There's nae a man that ever kent him,
But wi their tears will lang lament him,
He hasna left his match ahint him,
At hame or fiel,
His worth lang on our minds will prent him—
Kind Will MacNeil.

But close my sang; my hamert lays
Are far unfit tae speak his praise;
Our happy nichts, our happy days,
Fareweel, fareweel!
Now dowie, mute—tears speak our waes
For Will MacNeil!

THE CONTRARY.

Get up, my Muse, and soun thy chanter,
Nae langer wi our feelings santer;
Ilk true-blue Scot get up an canter,
He's hale an weel!
An lang may fate keep aff mishanter,
Frae Will MacNeil.

EPITAPHS.

63.

EPITAPH ON THOMAS BISSLAND,*

A Gentleman whom indigence never solicited in vain.

February, 1806.

EVER green be the sod o'er kind Tom o the wood,
For the puir man he ever supplied;
We may weel say, alas! for our ain scant o grace,
That we reckt not his worth till he died:

---

* This Epitaph first appeared in 1806 in Maver's *Gleaner*, page 132. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

Note by Ramsay. — "This benevolent individual still survives. The allusion in the first line is to Ferguslie Wood, which is elsewhere celebrated as a favourite haunt of the Author's."

In the same year—1756—that the four brothers, James, Thomas, Robert, and John Tannahill, weavers, came from Kilmarnock to Paisley; two brothers, Thomas and Alexander Bissland, wrights, came from Drymen to Paisley. Thomas Bissland was successful in business; and, in 1760, entered into the Baltic trade with the Laird of Merksworth, under the firm of Maxwell and Bissland, and, in 1771, contracted a matrimonial alliance with Margaret Kibble, daughter of William Kibble of Whiteford. He acquired about thirty acres of the Whiteford Estate in 1785, and built a mansion house in a castellated style of architecture, and called the place "Auchentorlie." This house was taken down in 1828. His only son, Thomas Bissland, born 29th March, 1772 (the subject of the epitaph), on coming of age, entered into partnership with the husband of his eldest sister, William Stuart, and another person, as merchants and cotton-spinners. In 1798, Thomas Bissland, junior, purchased a few acres of the lands of Ferguslie with a house built thereon, upon which he made alterations and additions in the same castellated style as Auchentorlie mansion. He was married at Edinburgh on the 5th November, the same year, to Miss Margaret White Houston, eldest daughter of Captain Andrew Houston, Esq. of Jordanhill, and it was considered at the time he had married above his station. Shortly thereafter, William Stuart purchased from Captain Houston (Mrs. Bissland's father) his lands of Gryfe Castle, in the Parish of Houston. The

Though no rich marble bust mimics grief o'er his dust,
Yet fond memory his virtue will save.
Aft at lane twilicht hour sad remembrance shall pour
Her sorrows, unfeigned, o'er his grave.

Captain, however, like all discreet fathers-in-law, became reconciled to his son-in-law, and resided in family with him at Ferguslie; and an obituary notice states that Lieutenant-Colonel Andrew Houston of Jordanhill died at Ferguslie, near Paisley, on 1st October, 1800, much and justly regretted. Another obituary notice states that Mrs. Margaret Kibble, wife of Mr. Thomas Bissland, senior, merchant, Paisley, died on Sunday, 14th December, 1800, much regretted. Thomas Bissland succeeded his father in 1804, and designed himself of Auchentorlie. He was chosen one of the captains of the Renfrewshire Yeomanry Infantry. In 1806, he purchased the estate of Ferguslie, containing 156 acres, from the Corporation of Paisley, for £10,000, and then called himself of Ferguslie. The general distress of 1810 in commercial affairs affected the extensive business of Thomas Bissland & Co., and they yielded to the pressure of the times in 1811. Shortly thereafter, he received the appointment of Collector of Customs at Greenock, from which he retired about 1836 on an annuity, and left Greenock to reside with his son, the Rev. Thomas Bissland, Rector of Hartley, Alton, Hants. The son and father both died at Hartley,—the former on 31st May, and the latter on 10th July, 1846,—and tablets were put up in the Church to their memories:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS BISSLAND, A. M.," ETC.

* * * * * * *

"ALSO TO THE MEMORY OF
THOMAS BISSLAND, ESQUIRE,
LATE OF GREENOCK, IN THE COUNTY OF RENFREW, N.B.
WHO SURVIVED THE ABOVE, HIS ONLY SON, SIX WEEKS,
AND DEPARTED THIS LIFE,
JULY 10TH, 1846, AGED 72."

He was 74 according to the date of his birth above-noticed; and in the Register of Deaths for Hartley, his age is also entered at 74. No marble bust, not even a tombstone, marks the grave where "Kind Tom of the Wood" is buried in Hartley Churchyard. The family is now extinct.—*Ed.*

64.

ON A FARTHING-GATHERER.*

1806.

HERE lies Jamie Wight, wha was wealthy an' proud,
Few shar'd his regard an far fewer his goud;
He liv'd unesteem'd, and he died unlamented,
The kirk gat his gear an auld Jamie is sainted.

65.

ON AN INTOXICATED PERSON.†

IF loss of worth may draw the pitying tear,
Stop, passenger, and pay that tribute here—
Here lies, whom all with justice did commend,
The rich man's pattern, and the poor man's friend;
He cheer'd pale Indigence's bleak abode,
He oft remov'd Misfortune's galling load:
Nor was his bounty to one sect confin'd,
His goodness beam'd alike on all mankind;
Now, lost in folly, all his virtues sleep,—
Let's mind his former worth, and o'er his frailties weep.

66.

ON A CRABBED OLD MAID.

HERE slaethorn Mary's hurcheon bouk,
Resigns its fretfu bristles;—
And is she deid!—no—reader, look,
Her grave's o'ergrown wi thistles.

---

* This Epitaph first appeared in 1806 in Maver's *Glasgow Gleaner*. See Note to No. 5.—*Ed.*

† *Note by the Author.*—"Written on seeing a once worthy character lying in a state of inebriation in the street."

Songs.

Scottish Song

Set to Music by Mr Ross.

Thro' Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's
The wintry wind howls wild an' dreary,
Tho' mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
Yet I has vow'd to meet my Mary.
Ah! Mary, tho' the winds shou'd rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.
Loud, o'er Cardonald's rocky steeps,
Rude Cartha pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deeps
That roars between me an' my treasure;
Yes, Mary, tho' the torrent rave
Wi' jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest floods I'll baudly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee.
The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
An' makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
But when the lanesome way is past
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary;
Yes, Mary, tho' stern winter rave
Wi' a' his storms to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'll brave
For ae sweet secret moment wi' thee

SONGS.

67.

FAIRY WOODSIDE AND SWEET FERGUSLIE,*

OR

THE GREY PINIONED LARK.

September, 1807.

Set to Music by Mr. Louis Hoeck, Professor of Music, Paisley, 3rd June, 1874.

WHILE the grey pinioned lark early mounts to the skies,
And cheerily hails the sweet dawn,
And the sun, newly risen, sheds the mists from his eyes,
And smiles over mountain and lawn,

* Tannahill from his infancy was brought up in the cottage built in 1776 by his father, at No. 6 Queen Street, Paisley, in the immediate vicinity of Woodside and Ferguslie. All his infantile, youthful, and adult associations, were connected with that residence, and he never knew any other. Up Queen Street and down King Street, and in two or three minutes the lyrist would be at "Fairy Woodside" and "Sweet Ferguslie." These were the two places where the Poet spent the happiest hours—the halcyon days—of his boyhood, and where the Muse inspired the first song of his youth. The lands of Woodside were adorned with avenues of beech trees, and some of these trees can be seen in majestic grandeur at the present time. The view from Woodside, the site of an ancient encampment, is magnificent, embracing the whole of Strathgryffe, Kilpatrick Hills, the lofty Benlomond, Goatfell in Arran, with numerous other Bens in the distance, and is well entitled to the name of "Fairy Woodside." The lands of Ferguslie lying

Delighted I stray by the FAIRY WOODSIDE,*
Where the dewdrops the crowflowers adorn,
And Nature, array'd in her midsummer's pride,
Sweetly smiles to the smile of the morn.

Ye dark waving plantings, ye green shady bowers,
Your charms ever varying I view;
My soul's dearest transports, my happiest hours,
Have owed half their pleasures to you.

---

immediately below Woodside, with their green plantations of fir trees, interspersed with indigenous shrubs and odoriferous plants,—the haunt of numerous feathered warblers and the abode of the cushat dove,—were well entitled to be called "Sweet Ferguslie," "the dear sacred grove." We recollect these places, having seen them, about 1815, in a similar state to that in which Tannahill saw them during his time. These places were then the favourite haunts of the boys from the neighbourhood.—*Ed.*

* In the year 1208 (as formerly noted in the "Soldier's Return"), Walter Fitzallan, High Steward of Scotland, granted to the Monks of Paisley "all the lands between Hauld Patrick and Espedare." In 1545, Abbot John Hamilton of Paisley and his Monks feued out the greater portion of the lands included in the above grant. In particular, the Abbot and his Convent, with consent of the infant Queen Marie, Patroness of the Abbey, as the heiress-at-law of the High Stewards, and of James, Earl of Arran, protector and governor of the kingdom as her tutor-at-law, feued to John Stewart, kindly tenant in Woodside, "All and Whole the twenty shilling lands of Woodside, with the New Yaird of the same and pertinents; Reserving a public way through the whole lands of Woodside, from the public way, as far as the wood of Darskayt." The name "Woodside" was probably derived from the lands lying at the side of Darskayt Wood. The family of Stewart retained these lands till 1680, when Mr. Ezekiel Montgomerie, Sheriff Depute of Renfrewshire, acquired them. Mr. Montgomerie, in 1688, sold the lands to Thomas Crawfurd, elder, of Cartsburn, father of George Crawfurd, historian of Renfrewshire. The lands continued in the Crawfurd family till 1750, when they were sold to Mr. Shedden, merchant in Paisley. The Trustees of his second son sold the house and part of the lands, in 1846, to Peter Coats, Esq., residing in Woodside. Mr. Coats founded the Paisley Free Public Library and Museum (the Memorial-Stone of which was laid with Masonic honours on 27th April, 1869), and presented them to the community of Paisley. On 9th July, 1869, Her Majesty was very graciously pleased to confer the dignity of Knighthood on Mr. Coats, and we are certain no honour was ever better bestowed than that on Sir Peter Coats, Knight, of Woodside.—*Ed.*

SWEET FERGUSLIE,* hail! thou'rt the dear sacred grove,
Where first my young Muse spread her wing;
Here Nature first waked me to rapture and love,
And taught me her beauties to sing.

---

* Ferguslie was feued by the same Abbot John Hamilton, with similar consents, to the kindly tenant, John Hamilton, in 1545. The lands were bounded by the Burgh of Paisley, Darskayt Wood, and the lands of Woodside on the east, Candren Burn on the south and west. The Abbot reserved a public way through the lands of Ferguslie from the wood of Darskayt towards Candren Burn, with power to quarry stones for building his place, his town, and millstones for his mill of Paisley. That public way became the high road to the west country from Paisley, and traces of it from Sandholes Street to the Candren Burn—over Barskivan grounds and through the lands of Elderslie, &c.—can be seen at the present day. On the opening of the new turnpike road to the south, in a line with Broomlands Street in 1750, the old carriage road was superseded, and became a private road. In the days of Tannahill, it was a quiet and retired walk, much frequented by meditative weavers of the west end. The quarrying of stones on the lands of Ferguslie for building the place and town of Paisley continued for 300 years. The estate remained in the Hamilton family till 1680. During that period, the celebrated case of discipline between the Paisley Presbytery and the guidwife of Ferguslie, Margaret Hamilton, wife of John Wallace, factor for the Earl of Abercorn, which lasted for five years,—from June, 1642, to August, 1647,—occurred. John Cochran, nephew of William, first Earl of Dundonald, acquired the estate in 1680; the Corporation of Paisley in 1740; Thomas Bissland, merchant, Paisley, in 1806; and Thomas Coats, Esq of Ferguslie, Paisley, in 1872. In 1751, King Street was formed through Woodside lands, and the road to Blackston through Ferguslie estate opened. The fences on the road were low, dry stone dykes, and the ground on either side was planted with trees, principally Scots firs, and called "The Ferguslie Woods." Tannahill called them in a song "The Bonnie Woods of Craigielee," and the locality was and is now well known by that classic name. Thomas Coats, Esq., purchased Hope Temple grounds in Love Street, and, at a considerable expense, laid off the Fountain Gardens, and presented them to the community of Paisley on 26th May, 1868.

These two brothers, Sir Peter Coats of Woodside and Thomas Coats, Esq. of Ferguslie, are both natives of Paisley, and have been long allied together in a successful business. They head almost every local subscription with the highest sums. Their munificent donations to the community, their many deeds of beneficence in every good work, and their innumerable acts of private charity, have gained for them the highest esteem and respect of their fellow-townsmen.—*Ed.*

68.

BONNIE WOOD O CRAIGIELEE.*

Set to Music by Mr. James Barr. †

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee, ‡
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

THE brume, the brier, the birken bush,
Blume bonnie o'er thy flowery lee,
An a the sweets that ane can wish
Frae Nature's han, are strewed on thee.

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 75, and is titled "Bonny Wood of Craigie-lee." See the first Note to No. 13.

† *Note by R. A. Smith in the "Harp of Renfrewshire," page xxxvii.*—"The music to 'Thou bonnie wood o' Craigielee' was composed by 'Blythe Jamie Barr frae Saint Barchan's toun.' It does the author great credit. It is a very pleasing and natural melody, and has become most deservedly a great favourite all over the *West Kintra* side. I think this little ballad possesses considerable merit; one of the stanzas (the last) strikes me as being particularly beautiful."

‡ *Note by Ramsay.*—"The scenery, here so finely described, lies to the north west of Paisley. Since Tannahill's time its beauty has been sadly impaired by the erection of a more unpoetical object, the gas work."

There was no place on the estate of Ferguslie called Craigielee until Tannahill invented that name, and which first appeared in print when the author published the song in the *Nightingale*, and also in the first edition of his songs in 1807. There was a mailing on Ferguslie estate called Craigs, from the rocks abounding in it, and it was probably that name which suggested to the author the softening of the word into Craigielee. It has now become a classic name. In the 1815 Edition, the last letter of the name, *e*, was corrupted into an *a*, without giving any authority whatever for making the change. In several of the editions that have followed the true orthography of the Author has been observed, and in several other editions

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

Far ben thy dark green plantin's shade,
The cushat croodles am'rously,*
The mavis, doon thy buchted glade,
Gars echo ring frae ev'ry tree.

---

the corrupted spelling has been adopted. In grammar, it is said, there is no rule for the spelling of the proper names of persons and places, We are of opinion the Author's mode of spelling the name is correct, and have accordingly followed his rule. The Author was the Inventor, and he is certainly the best judge. The Author's mode of spelling the name even looks better in print. It was not an agricultural word that Tannahill was writing, but a fine soft word, melting away in the poetry of the name and sound. He has been equally successful in the name of *Craigielee* as he was with his invented name of *Glenfeoch* in No. 82.

"Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee," with "thy dark green plantin's shade," was situated at the foot of King Street, along the Blackston Road, on the Ferguslie estate, the fir tree plantations growing on each side of the road, were frequently called "King Street woods" and "Mary Spreul's woods," the name of the tenant. It was within five minutes' walk from Tannahill's residence, No. 6 Queen Street, Paisley, and was the favourite haunt of his youth, and of all the boys in the west end of the town. "The brume, the briar, the birken bush," flourished luxuriantly on the soil, and the wild flowers with their many coloured blossoms adorned the scene. It was a vast aviary of singing birds and the best place nearest the town for bird nesting. These plantations of Scots firs were cut down about forty years ago, and the last tree that fell under the woodman's axe was preserved, and came into possession of James Caldwell, Esq., Writer, Craigielee, Paisley, who in 1873 made 60 caups from it, turned out of the solid wood, which he presented to his friends. The one received by us measures at the mouth, in diameter 3 inches, and from the extremities of the handles 5 inches. On the obverse side the first and fourth verses of the song were written, and on the reverse side the following inscription, both being holograph of the donor:—"This cap, made from part of 'The Bonnie Wood of Craigielea,' is presented as a token of respect to my esteemed friend, Mr. David Semple. (Signed) Ja. Caldwell, Craigielea Place. Paisley, 25th June, 1873."—*Ed.*

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The cry of the cushat or wood-pigeon is often

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

Awa, ye thochtless, murd'rin gang,
Wha tear the nestlin's ere they flee!
They'll sing you yet a cantie sang,
Then, oh! in pity let them be!

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

Whan winter blaws in sleety showers,
Frae aff the Norlan hills sae hie,
He lichtly skiffs thy bonnie bow'rs,
As laith tae harm a flow'r in thee.

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

---

mentioned by Scottish Poets. Thus in the old and once popular allegory of 'The Cherrie and the Slae'

'The cushat croods, the corbie crys.'

Alexander Hume, a poet of the same century (16th) says:—

'The cushats on the branches green,
Full quietly they crood.'

Nearer the present day, we have

'While through the braes the cushat croods,
With waefu cry.'—*Burns.*

And

'Deep-toned . . . . . .
The cushat 'plains; nor is her changeless plaints
Unmusical, when with the general quire
Of woodland harmony it softly blends.'—*Graham.*

Though fate should drag me south the line,
Or o'er the wide Atlantic sea,
The happy hours I'll ever mind
That I, in youth, hae spent in thee.

Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee,
Near thee I pass'd life's early day,
An won my Mary's heart in thee.

69.

THE BRAES O GLENIFFER.*

Air,—"Saw ye my wee thing."

1806.

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross, Aberdeen.

KEEN blaws the win o'er the braes o Gleniffer,
The auld castle's turrets are covered wi snaw;
How changed frae the time when I met wi my lover
Amang the brume bushes by Stanely green shaw;

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 23, and was titled "Gleniffer Braes." See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Note by M'Laren.—"When speaking of 'The Braes of Gleniffer,' I cannot suppress a desire I feel to recommend it to the reader as one of the Bard's best poetical compositions. He who sings it gives the company a high opinion of his poetic taste. The language is beautifully natural, and some of the imagery may rank amongst the finest flowers of Scottish poetry."

R. A. Smith, in one of his letters to the Editor of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, page xxxviii., said—"Songs possessing great poetical beauty do not always become great favourites with the public.—'Keen blaws the wind o'er the braes o' Gleniffer' is perhaps Tannahill's best lyrical effusion, yet it does not appear to be much known; at least, it is but seldom sung. It was written

The wild flowers o Simmer were spread a sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;
But far to the camp they hae march'd my dear Johnnie,
And now it is winter wi nature and me.

---

for the old Scottish melody, 'Bonnie Dundee,' but Burns had occupied the same ground before him. Mr. Ross of Aberdeen composed a very pretty air for it, yet, to use the phrase of a certain favourite vocal performer, it did not *hit*. The language and imagery of this song appear to me beautiful and natural. There is an elegant simplicity in the couplet,—

'The wild flowers o Simmer were spread a sae bonnie,
The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree;'

And the dreary appearance of the scenery in winter is strikingly pourtrayed in the second stanza,—

'Now naething is heard but the win whistling dreary;
And naething is seen but the wide spreading snaw.'

Again—

'The trees are a bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
Tis winter wi them, and tis winter wi me.'

The birds shaking 'the cauld drift frae their wings' is an idea not unworthy of Burns. One of Tannahill's most favourite walks was by the ruins of Stanely Castle or over the Braes of Gleniffer. There he could recline on the brown heather, or sit on the side of a breckan-fringed rock, listen to the burn murmuring through the glen, and view the wild and varied scenery around him with a Poet's eye."

The Braes of Gleniffer was one of the favourite haunts of Tannahill. This mountainous range, lying east and west, is the boundary between Paisley and Neilston parishes. The forest of Passeleth was situated here. It was originally divided into three large portions, called Stanely, Thornly, and Fereneze. The north side of the ridge was afterwards called Paisley Braes, but now better known by the classic name of the Braes of Gleniffer. The south side of the ridge is called the Fereneze Braes. The lands of Stanely, part of the ridge of Paisley Braes, were granted by King Robert III. to Sir Robert Danyelston in 1392. One of his two daughters and co-heiresses married Sir Robert Maxwell, laird of Calderwood, in the parish of East Kilbride, and these lands, along with others, were allocated to Lady Calderwood. In the middle of the 15th century, the Maxwell family built on the lands a strong baronial residence, a massive piece of masonry, 40 feet high, which became well known by the name of Stanely Castle. The Maxwells continued in possession of the estate for several generations, and John

Then ilk thing aroun us was blythesome and cheery,
Then ilk thing aroun us was bonnie and braw;
Now naething is heard but the win whistlin dreary,
And naething is seen but the wide spreadin snaw.

Maxwell, in 1629, with consent of his son John, sold the estate to Jean Hamilton, dowager of Robert, fourth Lord Ross. It has continued in the Ross-Boyle families till the present time. The roof was taken off in 1714, when the "auld castle's turrets" and the inside of the building were exposed to the inclemency of the weather.

Stanely Castle, so hoary and grey, is now surrounded with a fine sheet of water,—the Reservoir of the Paisley Water Works,—covering an area of 50 acres of ground, and containing 34 millions of cubic feet of water "so placid, so calm, and so serene!" The supplying of the town of Paisley with water was projected by the late James Kerr, M.D., Paisley, and the works were inaugurated and opened on Friday, 13th July, 1838. Dr. Kerr died on 4th March, 1848, aged 79.

This song was printed in *Smith's Scotish Minstrel* in 1822, Vol. II., page 7, to the Air, "Bonnie Dundee":—

THE
SCOTISH MINSTREL:
A SELECTION
FROM THE
Vocal Melodies of Scotland, Ancient and Modern,
ARRANGED FOR THE
PIANO FORTE
BY
R. A. SMITH.

(Vignette view of)
Edina, "Scotia's darling seat.
P. Gibson delt, W. H. Lizars, sculp.
Entd. at Stat. Hall. Price 8s. 6d.

EDINBURGH:
Published & sold by Robt. Purdie, at his Music & Musical Instrument Warehouse, No. 70 Princes Street.

The *Scotish Minstrel*, a collection of songs, with music, is all engraved excepting the preface of ten pages and indices, which are letterpress. The *Scotish Minstrel* was published in 6 vols., in 1821, 22, 23, and 24. Twenty-three of the songs are Tannahill's, one of them (No. 172) has been published only in the 1846 edition, and other two (Nos. 168 and 173) never appeared till now in any of the editions of Tannahill's works. These three are printed among the unpublished and unedited pieces printed at the end of the Songs in this volume. One song, "The Braes o Balquither," No. 91, is printed in both the first and fourth volumes of the *Minstrel*.

Smith only uses one *t* in making his compound word of Scotish. He seems to be correct. The syllable *Scot* is the prefix, and the syllable *ish* is the affix, making *Scot-ish*, Scotish. The common way, however, in writing the word is Scottish; the prefix being *Scot*, and the affix *tish*—*Scot-tish*, Scottish. Double consonants are not used in writing the words English, British, and Irish, as *Engllish*, *Brittish*, and *Irrish*.—*Ed.*

The trees are a bare, and the birds mute and dowie;
They shake the cauld drift frae their wings as they flee,
And chirp out their plaints, seeming wae for my Johnnie;
Tis winter wi them and tis winter wi me.

Yon caul slecty cloud skiffs alang the bleak mountain,
And shakes the dark firs on the stey rocky brae,
While doun the deep glen bawls the snaw flooded fountain,
That murmur'd sae sweet to my laddie an me.
Tis no its loud roar, on the wintry win swellin,
Tis no the caul blast brings the tear to my ee,
For, oh, gin I saw my bonnie Scots callan,
The dark days o winter war simmer to me!

70.

GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA.*

Air,—"Lord Balgownie's Favourite."

1807.

Arranged by Mr. R. A. Smith.

GLOOMY Winter's now awa,
Saft the westlan breezes blaw;

* *Note by R. A. Smith in the "Harp of Renfrewshire," page xxxiv.*—"Tannahill was particularly averse to enter the company of people above his own station of life. As an instance of this, I shall relate one little anecdote:—Miss ——— of ——— was particularly fond of the Scottish melody, 'Lord Balgownie's Favourite,' and had expressed a wish to see it united to good poetry. I accordingly applied to my friend, who produced his song, 'Gloomy Winter's now awa,' in a few days. As soon as I had arranged the air, with symphonies and accompaniment for the pianoforte, I waited on the lady, who was much delighted with the verses, and begged of me to invite the author to take a walk with me to the house at any leisure time.

Mang the birks o Stanely shaw
The mavis sings fu cheerie, O;

I knew that it would be almost impossible to prevail on Robert to allow himself to be introduced by *fair means*, so, for once, I made use of the only alternative in my power by beguiling him thither during our first Saturday's ramble, under the pretence of being obliged to call with some music I had with me for the ladies. This, however, could not be effected, till I promised not to make him known, in case any of the family came to the door; but how great was his astonishment when Miss ——— came forward to invite him into the house by name. I shall never forget the awkwardness with which he accompanied us to the music room. He sat as it were quite petrified, till the magic of the music and the great affability of the ladies reconciled him to his situation. In a short time, Mr. ——— came in, was introduced to his visitor in due form, and with that goodness of heart and simplicity of manner, for which he is so deservedly esteemed by all who have the pleasure of knowing him, chatted with his guest till near dinner time, when Robert again became terribly uneasy, as Mr. ——— insisted on our staying to dine with the family. Many a rueful look was cast to me, and many an excuse was made to get away; but, alas! there was no escaping with a good grace, and finding that I was little inclined to understand his signals the kind request was at length reluctantly complied with.

* * * * After a cheerful glass or two, the restraint he was under gradually wore away, and he became tolerably communicative. I believe that, when we left the mansion, the poet entertained very different sentiments from those with which he had entered it. He had formed an opinion that nothing save distant pride and cold formality was to be met with from people in the higher walks of life, but on experiencing the very reverse of his imaginings, he was quite delighted, and when Mr. ———'s name happened to be mentioned in his hearing afterwards it generally called forth expressions of respect and admiration. 'Gloomy winter's now awa' became a very popular song, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time."

Note by Ramsay.—"This melody was published in Nathaniel Gow's collection under the name of 'Lord Balgonie's Favourite,' as a very ancient air. Afterwards, however, it was claimed by Alexander Campbell, who asserts in 'Albyn's Anthology,' Vol. I., that it was originally composed by him as a strathspey."

Mr. Ramsay further said—"The song 'Gloomy Winter's now awa' was written by Tannahill for Smith, who adapted the melody to the words, and published it in the key C Minor about the year 1808. It became very popular, and was the reigning favourite in Edinburgh for a considerable time. Twenty years afterwards when the song was, comparatively speaking, forgotten, its popularity was renewed from the inimitable manner of Miss E. Paton's singing; and Smith was induced to publish a new edition, with

Sweet the crawflower's early bell *
Decks Gleniffer's dewy dell,
Blooming like thy bonnie sel,
My young, my artless dearie, O.

Come my lassie, let us stray
O'er Glenkilloch's sunny brae, †
Blythely spend the gowden day,
Midst joys that never weary, O.

---

an entirely new arrangement and a third lower, and more suitable for the generality of voices."

The young lady referred to in the foregoing notes was Miss Elizabeth Wilson, daughter of John Wilson, Esq., Hurlet, a very worthy and highly respected gentleman, who took a deep interest in the affairs of Renfrewshire. Miss Elizabeth Wilson was then 16 years of age, is still living, and is now in the 85th year of her age. On Monday, 25th May, 1874,—ten days before the Centenary of Tannahill,—the Crathie Choir came to Balmoral Castle, where Queen Victoria was residing at the time, and sang the following selection of music in honour of Her Majesty's Birthday (the preceding day):—"Auld Langsyne," "Banks and Braes o' bonnie Doon," "A wee bird cam' tae oor ha' door," "Tam Glen," "Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled," "Gloomy Winter's now awa," "The hundred pipers," "Ca' the ewes to the knowes," and the "National Anthem."—*Ed.*

* The flower here referred to is the Wild Hyacinth, or Harebell. *Hyacinthus Non Scriptus.* Abundant in Gleniffer woods and hedges. Root, a coated egg-shaped bulb. Leaves long, narrow, and grass green. Flower stem six to twelve inches. Flowers in a long drooping raceme of fine purplish blue, pendent, and pointing one way. Tannahill did not refer to the yellow flower of the Crowfoot, *Ranunculus Repens*, so common in pasture fields, known by the common name of Buttercups.—*Ed.*

† *Glenkilloch.*—The farm of Killoch is situated in Neilston parish, in the Ferneze portion of the mountainous range dividing that parish from the parish of Paisley; and, having a *southern* exposure, the lyric poet has described the place as "Glenkilloch's sunny brae." In Killoch Glen there are a succession of beautiful cascades, or falls of water, before the Killoch burn sinks into the bosom of the Levern rivulet at Broadley Mill.—*Ed.*

Tow'ring o'er the Newton* wuds,
Lav'rocks fan the snaw white cluds,
Siller saughs, wi downy buds,
Adorn the banks sae briery, O.

Roun the sylvan fairy nooks,
Feath'ry breckans fringe the rocks,
Neath the brae the burnie jouks,
And ilka thing is cheerie, O.

Trees may bud, and birds may sing,
Flowers may bloom, and verdure spring,
Joy to me they canna bring,
Unless wi thee, my dearie, O.

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* The lands of Newton, situated at a short distance to the north-west of Stanely Castle, are bounded on the west by the Ald Patrick burn; on the north, by the road to Beith; and on the east, by the Fulbar road. The eastern portion was covered with plantations, and several hundreds of the trees are still growing, reminding the present generation of Tannahill's Newton Woods. These lands were acquired by Robert Alexander in 1670, and he and his descendants were the respected landlords for upwards of a hundred years. He was the ancestor and founder of the present Southbar and Ballochmyle families of Alexander.—*Ed.*

71.

WINTER IS GANE.

Air,—"The fair-haired child."

1806.

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* . . . . . .

Tannahill's second stanza :—

Ye mind whan the snaw lay sae deep on the hill,
Whan cauld icy cranreuch hung white on the tree,
Whan bushes war leafless, an mournfully still
War the wee birds o sweet Woodhouselee :
Whan snaw show'rs were fa'ing,
An wintry win's blawing,

---

* *Hamilton's first stanza :—*

Now winter is gane, and the clouds flee away,
Yon bonnie blue sky how delightful to see,
Now linties and blackbirds sing on ilka spray
That flourishes round Woodhouselee.
The hawthorn is blooming,
The soft breeze perfuming,
O come, my dear lassie, the season is gay,
And naething mair lovely can be ;
The primrose and lily
We'll pu' in the valley,
And lean, when we like, on some gowany brae
That rises beside Woodhouselee.

The whole of this song, including Hamilton's and Tannahill's verses, appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 215, among others contributed by Tannahill. See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Note by Motherwell in "Harp of Renfrewshire," page 311.—"We extract this song from a selection made by Mr. R. A. Smith, teacher of music,

Loud whistling o'er mountain an meadow sae chill,
We mark'd it wi sorrowin ee;
But now since the flowers
Again busk the bowers,
O come, my dear lassie, wi smilin goodwill,
An wander around Woodhouselee. *

Paisley, for the use of his pupils, where also occurs concerning its authors the following—

"*Note by R. A. Smith.*—'It may be interesting to many to learn that this little song is the joint production of the late Mr. John Hamilton of Edinburgh (author of the popular Scottish song, 'Up in the Morning Early,' &c.) and Tannahill. Mr. Hamilton wrote the first stanza for an ancient Irish melody, 'The fair-haired child;' but after some unavailing attempts to proceed further, he applied to Tannahill, through the medium of a friend, for a second verse. In a short time, the request was complied with, and the Bard sent it to his friend with the following note:—'Mr. Hamilton's stanza is admirably suited to the air; in my opinion, his lines possess, in an eminent degree, that beautiful natural simplicity which characterises our best Scottish songs. I have attempted to add a verse to it; but I fear you will think it a frigid production,—the original one is so complete in itself that he who tries another to it labours under the disadvantage of not knowing what to say further on the subject. However, I give you all I could make of it.'"

Like all the letters given by Smith, he neither gives date nor name. It was probably written in 1806. Ramsay gave the above Notes of Motherwell and Smith as his own; but at the word "friend" he inserted the name (Clark) in parenthesis. John Hamilton died at Edinburgh in September, 1814, aged 53.—*Ed.*

* This place is in the Parish of Glencross, Edinburghshire, the seat of the Tytler family; and Ramsay, in his "Gentle Shepherd," says the parish is a place

"Where a the sweets o Spring and Simmer grow."—*Ed.*

72.

EARLY SPRING.*

Air,—"Forneth house."

May, 1806.

Now winter, wi his cloudy brow,
  Is far ayont yon mountains,
And spring beholds her azure sky
  Reflected in the fountains.
Now, on the budding slaethorn bank,
  She spreads her early blossom,
And woos the mirly breasted birds
  Tae nestle in her bosom;
But lately a was clad wi snaw,
  Sae darksome, dull, an dreary,
Now lav'rocks sing tae hail the Spring,
  An Nature all is cheery.

Then let us lea the toun, my love,
  An seek our country dwelling,
Whar waving woods, and spreading flow'rs
  On ev'ry side are smiling.
We'll tread again the daisied green,
  Whar first your beauty mov'd me;
We'll trace again the woodland scene,
  Whar first ye own'd ye lov'd me.

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 153. See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

We soon will view the roses blaw,
In a the charms o fancy,
For doubly dear these pleasures a,
When shar'd with you, my Nancy.

73.

SIMMER GLOAMIN.*

Air,—"Alexander Donn's Strathspey."

January, 1810.

THE midges dance aboon the burn,
The dews begin to faw,
The pairtricks doun the rushy holm,
Set up their e'ening caw.

---

* *Note by Motherwell.*—"This song, though not generally known, our readers will be gratified to learn is the production of the late R. Tannahill."

Note by Ramsay.—"Although this has never acquired much popularity as a song, we think that for trueness to Nature and beauty of expression it must be ranked as one of the happiest of the Author's efforts."

This song, with the above title, appeared in the January number of the *Scots Magazine* for 1810, and it was there plainly stated to have been written by "ROBERT TANNAHILL." In Ramsay's edition, the title is changed to the first line of the song, and the *Air* to "The Shepherd's Son." John King, an intelligent Paisley weaver (mentioned in the Note to No. 6) and a companion of Tannahill, wrote an essay on Entomology, and took for his motto the first line of this song—

"The midges dance aboon the burn."

John King also wrote an essay on the Geology of the Paisley Mosslands, and other essays on similar kindred subjects, which were read at meetings of the club with which he was connected. Being well versed in the *ologies*, the sobriquet of "The Dungeon of Wit"—deep thought—was popularly conferred upon him. He was evidently a more cultured essayist than a poet.—*Ed.*

Now loud and clear the blackbird's sang
Rings thro the briery shaw,
While flitting gay, the swallows play
Aroun the castle wa.

Beneath the gouden gloamin sky,
The mavis mends her lay,
The redbreast pours his sweetest strains,
To charm the lingerin day;
While weary yeldrins seem to wail
Their little nestlings torn,
The merry wren, frae den to den,
Gaes jinking thro the thorn.

The roses faul their silken leaves,*
The foxglove shuts its bell, †
The honeysuckle ‡ and the birk §
Spread fragrance thro the dell.
Let ithers crowd the giddy court
Of mirth and revelry,
The simple joys that Nature yiel's
Are dearer far to me.

---

* Roses. See Note on page 134.—*Ed.*

† Purple Foxglove, *Digitalis Purpurea*, common in ravines and woods on Gleniffer Braes. Stem three or four feet high. Flowers bell-shaped, purple or white in July.—*Ed.*

‡ Common Honeysuckle, *Lonicera Pyriclymenum.* Woods and hedges. Stems several feet, trailing over bushes and twining round boughs of trees. Flowers red outside, yellowish inside; exceeding sweet in the evening.—*Ed.*

§ Common Birch, *Betula Alba.* Woods and ravines. May. A well-known fragrant tree. The wood used for bobbins, machinery, and turnery. It is the universal wood of the Scots Highlanders.—*Ed.*

74.

THE LAD I LO'E SAE DEAR.

THOU cauld gloomy Feberwar,
Oh gin thou wert awa;
I'm wae tae hear thy sughin winds,
I'm wae tae see thy snaw:
For my bonnie brave young Hielander,
The lad I lo'e sae dear,
Has vow'd tae come an see me
In the spring o the year.

. . . . . *

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* *Addition by Patrick Buchan:—*

A silken ban he gaed me
To bin my gouden hair,
A siller brooch and tartan plaid,—
A for his sake to wear;
And oh! my heart was like to break
(For partin sorrow's sair),
As he vowed to come and see me
In the spring o the year.

Aft, aft as gloamin dims the sky,
I wander out alane
Whar buds the bonnie yellow whins
Around the trystin stane:
Twas there he pressed me to his heart,
And kissed away the tear,
As he vowed to come and see me
In the spring o the year.

Ye gentle breezes saftly blaw,
And cleed anew the wuds;
Ye lav'rocks lilt your cheery sangs
Amang the fleecy cluds:
Till Feberwar and a his train
Affrighted disappear,
I'll hail wi you the blythesome change,
The spring time o the year.

75.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O DUNBLANE.*

Set to Music by Mr. R. A. Smith.

THE sun has gane doun o'er the lofty Benlomond,
And left the red clouds to preside o'er the scene,
While lanely I stray in the calm simmer gloaming,
To muse on sweet Jessie, the flower o Dunblane.

* *Note by R. A. Smith.*—"Perhaps the most popular of all his songs was 'Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane.' Many a bonnie lass whose name chanced to be the same with that in the song, has been in her time the supposititious heroine of it, and got the blame of having 'cuist the glamor o'er him,' though with little reason, for I do sincerely believe the poet had no particular fair one in his eye at the time, and that Jessie was quite an imaginary personage. The third stanza of this song was not written till several months after the others were finished, and, in my opinion, it would have been more to the Author's credit had such an addition never been made. The language, I think, falls considerably below that of the two first verses. Surely the Promethean fire must have been burning but *lownly*, when such commonplace ideas could be coolly written, after the song had been so finely wound up with the beautiful apostrophe to the mavis,—

'Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin.'

When I had composed the music, Jessie was introduced to the world with this clog hanging at her foot, much against my inclination and advice; however, I feel confident that every singer of taste will discard it as a useless appendage."

Note by Ramsay.—"'Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane' was first ushered into the world in 1808, and since that time no Scottish song has enjoyed among all classes greater popularity. For this, it is indebted at once to the beauty of the words, and the appropriateness of the music composed for them by the Poet's friend." After quoting the remarks of Smith respecting the *clog*, Ramsay says—"In this opinion, we concur. When viewed in connection with the preceding stanzas, the third does appear to be deficient in that *callida junctura* which it would have manifested had the whole been struck off at a heat." After quoting Smith's remark that Jessie was an imaginary personage, Ramsay says—"The same belief, founded on the best authority (the Poet's own assurance to them), is entertained by his surviving friends and relations; but, notwithstanding, a writer in the *Musical Magazine*

How sweet is the brier wi its saft faulding blossom,
And sweet is the birk, wi its mantle o green ;
Yet sweeter, and fairer, and dear to this bosom,
Is lovely young Jessie, the flower o Dunblane.

---

for May, 1835, gravely assures us that he, having had occasion to visit Dunblane some sixteen or seventeen years previously, was then introduced to an elderly female who was represented to be the heroine of the song, but who formed the exact counterpart of the pure creature of the Poet's imagination ;—and coachmen hesitate not to point out to travellers the very house in Dunblane in which 'Jessie' first saw the light. The truth is that Tannahill never was in Dunblane, and knew no person belonging to it ; and that the words were written to supplant the old doggerel song of the 'Bob o Dunblane,'—hence the title. As for the allusion to the going down of the sun 'o'er the lofty Benlomond,' the poet needed not to go to Dunblane to witness such a spectacle ; in his evening walks on the Braes of Gleniffer it formed the most imposing object of the scene,—'towards heaven's descent sloping its west'ring wheel.' "

On Saturday, 27th June, 1874, a curious coincidence occurred respecting spontaneous communications of information regarding the heroine of this song, "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane," and the heroine of the "Fareweel," No. 77. In the morning of that day, we received a letter from a gentleman in France stating that his grandaunt, Jean Crawford, afterwards married to Andrew Smith, cottonspinner, in the Mill Land, now 56 George Street, Paisley, son of Bailie Andrew Smith at the head of Causeyside, had frequently stated that she was the chief companion of Jenny Tennant, the betrothed of Tannahill ; that the "Fareweel" was Tannahill's version of the breaking of the engagement betwixt them, and the following was that of Jenny Tennant :—Another beau of a weaver had agreed to attend the Annual Dance of the district with which he was connected ; but not having an engaged sweetheart, he asked Jenny Tennant if she would accompany him as his partner to the Ball, and she informed him she would require to ask Bob's (Tannahill's) consent. She did so, and obtained it. As the day approached, Tannahill became uneasy, and he resolved to watch their behaviour on returning from the Dance, and accordingly concealed himself in the end of the passage to Jenny's residence, where he could see and not be seen. The dancers arrived in the passage, exchanged the usual salutations, and the new beau on leaving, fired with the evening's enjoyment, implanted a kiss on the ruby lips of the beautiful Jenny Tennant, and the smack was quickly wafted in the midnight silence to the impatient ears of Tannahill in his hiding-place. The kiss formed no part of the contract of the consenter to the Dance ; the Tannahill pride was touched ; the silver

She's modest as ony, and blythe as she's bonnie,
For guileless simplicity marks her its ain;
And far be the villain, divested o feelin,
Wha'd blight in its bloom the sweet flower o Dunblane.

---

chord of Love was snapped; and the green-eyed demon of Jealousy instantly entered his soul.

The following day Jenny Tennant received from Tannahill the poetical "Fareweel." The last verse of the first stanza, and the first verse of the last stanza, stung her heart to the core, and she gave vent to her distress in weeping:—

"But when I knew *thy plighted lips*
Once to a rival's prest,
Love-smothered independence rose,
And *spurn'd thee* from my breast.

The *fairest flower* in Nature's field
Conceals the *rankling thorn;*
So thou, sweet flower! as *false* as fair,
This once *kind heart hath torn.*"

On her grief subsiding a little, she ran with the epistle to her favourite female companion, Jean Crawford, for counsel; and drowned in tears, and with a sobbing heart, handed it to her, saying—"See what Bob has sent me!" On Miss Crawford reading over the final "Fareweel," she deeply sympathised with the disconsolate Jenny so borne down with grief, and remarked that Bob would be lost to her for ever. Andrew Smith died in 1810; and Jean Crawford (Mrs. Smith) died in 1857, in the 84th year of her age.

In the evening of the same Saturday, we happened to be accidentally in the company of several gentlemen, and the conversation was principally directed about Tannahill and the recent centenary celebration of his birth. One of the gentlemen said he would mention a circumstance not generally known, that Jenny Tennant, his grandmother, was "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane," and that her parents had come from Dunblane, and taken up their residence in Paisley. He stated that the tradition in the family of the rupture between Tannahill and his grandmother arose from the silence of the Poet in their lonely walks; and on his grandfather coming forward for Jenny, she preferred him. He mentioned other corroborative circumstances in support of his statement, and asked if we had heard of Jenny Tennant. We nodded assent, and read over the letter we had received from France that morning, at which he was very much surprised, for he thought no person knew anything of the matter up to the present time except in her own family.

Sing on, thou sweet mavis, thy hymn to the e'enin,
Thou'rt dear to the echoes o Calderwood glen;
Sae dear to this bosom, sae artless and winnin,
Is charming young Jessie, the flower o Dunblane.

Our two spontaneous informants were unknown to each other, and their information was derived from the traditions in two different families,—the latter referring to the "Flower o Dunblane," and the former to the "Fareweel," but both agreeing in the name of the same person. We tested the information given by both parties along with the corroborative circumstances mentioned by each, and found what each stated to be both truthful and reliable.

With the view of satisfactorily completing this very interesting investigation, we wrote to a son and granddaughter of Janet Tennant, resident in Canada, and received a communication from them, which we consider will set the matter at rest. They stated that Jessie Tennant, the name which these Canadians called her, was born in Dunblane in 1770, and afterwards came to Paisley with her maternal parent, taking up her residence in or near John Street; that she became acquainted with Robert Tannahill, and kept company with him for three years, and they frequently danced with each other,—one of the places being the hall of the Masonic Lodge, New Street, Paisley. That Tannahill was of a very quiet retiring disposition, and bashful in the extreme,—in fact, requiring to be instructed in the art of Love; while Jessie, on the other hand, was a blithe hearty maid, a pretty woman with winning manners, and that "bonnie lasses generally flirt a little to bring blate lads to the point." The tradition among Jessie's descendants of the course of true love not running smooth was the failure of the Poet to carry on the conversation in their long lonely walks together, after the sun had gone down over the lofty Benlomond. He, however, could and did write sweet and lovely verses, and they have no doubt whatever that the beautiful and popular song of "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane" referred to Jenny or Jessie Tennant, their parent and grandparent. The feelings of love between the two gradually cooled, and was finally extinguished by the "Fareweel" (No. 77):—

"Accuse me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee," &c.

The rival pressed on his suit, in which he was successful; and they were married in 1798. On the raising of the Volunteers in 1803, the husband of Jessie, the gallant weaver, was appointed bandmaster of Colonel M'Kerrell's Regiment. Several of their children emigrated to Canada, and two of their sons are still living, and several grandchildren. Jessie Tennant died in Orr Square, Paisley, in 1833, aged 63; and was interred in the Lair, No. 552, of the burying-ground of the West Relief Church, Canal Street, Paisley.

How lost were my days till I met wi my Jessie,
The sports o the city seemed foolish and vain;
I ne'er saw a nymph I woud ca my dear lassie,
Till charmed wi sweet Jessie, the flower o Dunblane.

These Canadian families have no doubt whatever that Jessie Tennant, their relation, was the heroine of the "Flower o Dunblane," a sweetheart of Tannahill, and the same person referred to in the "Fareweel." So convinced are they of the truth of these facts that, on each recurring New-Year's-Day, they sing the songs of "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane" and the "Fareweel." They sent us a copy of the "Fareweel," and we observed several words are not the same as in the printed editions; for instance, the word "plighted" is *pledged*. We have tested the statements, and found them substantially correct. We next examined the Lair-Book, and found the Lair, No. 552, belonged to her husband's family; and observing a *deleted jotting*, we asked and received an explanation of it. We then called on one of the individuals referred to,—an octogenarian gentleman,—who happened to be a nephew of Janet Tennant's husband, and he showed us the original certificate of the Lair, No. 552, dated 21st November, 1792, and signed by John Watson, treasurer. We then inquired if there was anything peculiar respecting Janet Tennant, and he, quite offhand, replied that she was Tannahill's lass, which was well known to the family at the time.

We may here state that Tannahill became intimately acquainted with William M'Laren in 1803, and R. A. Smith in the beginning of 1804. M'Laren has related in his biography of the Poet that the only amour Tannahill had was the one in connection with the song, "Accuse me not." Smith has said "the third stanza (of 'Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane') was not written till several months after the others were finished." Perhaps he would have been nearer the truth if he had used the word "years" instead of "months,"—the difference of composition indicating they had been composed in a dissimilar frame of mind. We are of opinion the first and second stanzas were written during his courtship of Jenny Tennant, and suppressed at the publication of the first edition, but not destroyed, from the excellence of composition. The song appeared in the *Scots Magazine* of March, 1808, and Smith composed music for it, which was published by J. Stevens, Wilson Street, Glasgow. The song became very popular from Jack Shaw, a comic singer and an eccentric comedian in the company of Mr. James Moss of the Paisley Theatre singing it there, and also at Braham's Concerts in Glasgow and London. We have given a fuller account of Jack Shaw in the Notes to a letter from Tannahill to Smith, dated 27th August, 1808, enclosing a copy of the song for Mr. Shaw. The reader is accordingly referred to that letter, which seemed at first sight not worth printing, but has ultimately become the most romantic in the whole Correspondence.—*Ed.*

Tho mine were the station o loftiest grandeur,
Amidst its profusion I'd languish in pain,
And reckon as naething the heicht o its splendour,
If wantin sweet Jessie, the flower o Dunblane.

76.

ECHOES O THE WOODS O BOWGREEN.

Set to Music by R. A. Smith.

Ye echoes that ring roun the woods o Bowgreen,*
Say, did ye e'er listen sae meltin a strain,
When lovely young Jessie gaed wand'rin unseen,
An sung o her laddie, the pride o the plain?
Aye she sang, "Willie, my bonnie young Willie!
There's no a sweet flow'r on the mountain or valley,
Mild blue spritl'd crawflow'r, or wild woodland lily,
But tynes a its sweets in my bonnie young swain.
Thou goddess o Love, keep him constant tae me,
Else, with'rin in sorrow, puir Jessie shall dee!"

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* *Bowgreen*,—the common or vulgar name for *Balgreen*. Balgreen is situated in the parish of Lochwinnoch, Renfrewshire, in the north-west of the parish. Balgreen at one time belonged to the Fultons, and lay to the south of the lands of Langcraft. Langcraft belonged to relations of the Poet's mother, and there she had been partly brought up with her uncle, Hugh Brodie. The Poet, in visiting his maternal relations at Langcraft, would hear the "echoes that ring roun the woods o Bowgreen." Calderwood Glen, Balgreen, and Langcraft, are in the neighbourhood of each other.

Her laddie had stray'd through the dark leafy wood,
His thoughts war a fixt on his dear lassie's charms,
He heard her sweet voice, a transported he stood,
Twas the soul o his wishes—he flew tae her arms.
"No, my dear Jessie! my lovely young Jessie!
Thro simmer, thro winter, I'll daut an caress thee,
Thou'rt dearer than life! thou'rt my ae only lassie!
Then, banish thy bosom these needless alarms:
Yon red setting sun sooner changefu shall be,
Ere wav'ring in falsehood I wander frae thee."

77.

THE FAREWEEL.*

Air—"Lord Gregory."

1798.

ACCUSE me not, inconstant fair,
Of being false to thee,
For I was true, would still been so,
Hadst thou been true to me.

---

* William M'Laren, who became intimately acquainted with Tannahill in 1803, continued a chief companion of the Poet's, and was one of the two original biographers of Tannahill. In writing the life of his friend in 1815, he devoted four pages to the Poet's first and *only amour;* but he has neither mentioned the name of the beloved one, nor the time and length of the courtship. From the flowery language with which M'Laren has wreathed this incident, the following may be given as the substance of the matter:—"Another suitor came forward whose addresses were not rejected; and the Vulture of Jealousy fixed her talons in the heart of Tannahill, and he sent the above verses to her as an eternal farewell, and then left Paisley for England." All the other biographers of Tannahill are alike deficient in dates and chronological order,—prior events frequently appearing after

But when I knew thy plighted lips
Once to a rival's prest,
Love-smothered independence rose,
And spurn'd thee from my breast.

---

subsequent occurrences. It has been also stated by several of these life-writers that Tannahill was *never* in love; but the above verses evidently convey the feelings of one who had himself suffered the pangs of slighted love, deep and severe, from his betrothed.

In making our investigation, we heard of six females whose friends had supposed their relation had at one time been loved by Tannahill. Two of them appeared to have had such a slender hold on the Poet that we dismissed them at once without taking down their names. The next three were each sisters of poets,—one of them having come from Dunblane,—and all of them were about ten years younger than the Poet, and his acquaintance with them would occur after his return from England in 1802. The names of two have already appeared in print, and we will take notice of them here. One of these was Jeanie King, sister of John King, weaver and poet, Paisley (referred to in the Notes to Nos. 6 and 73). This amour will be found related in the "Life of Tannahill" contributed in the year 1857 to the *Paisley Literary Wallet*, Vol. II., page 2,—a periodical of considerable merit,—and seems, so far as this matter is concerned, to have been an abridgment of the version given by M'Laren, with the name of Jeanie King filled in. The other was Mary Allan, sister of Robert Allan, weaver and poet, Kilbarchan (to whom the Epistle No. 26 was addressed),—a woman as modest and retiring as Tannahill himself. It was related by Mr. John Shaw, chairman of the Soiree at the celebration of the Centenary of Robert Allan on 5th November, 1874. The chairman stated she was a sweetheart of Tannahill's, and he had written both verses and letters to her. We heard of the story long before the chairman made it public, and intended to make enquiries. On the 25th of January, 1875, we wrote Mrs. Janet Stewart or Allan, relict of Mr. George Allan, druggist, Irwinton, Alabama, United States, son of Robert Allan (with whom Mary Allan resided before her decease twelve years ago), mentioning the Centenaries of Robert Tannahill and Robert Allan, and particularly regarding the statement of the chairman of the Soiree. We asked her to transmit the verses and letters, if they had been preserved, that we might publish them in this volume, and, if destroyed, to write a copy of the verses and the import of the letters; and if she did not remember them, to say whether she ever saw them or heard Miss Allan say she had received them. We have not received an answer; but we saw Mr. William Caldwell, cabinet-maker, Glasgow, who informed us he had written George Allan's eldest daughter to the same effect on the 18th of the same month, and showed us the answer which he had received from her. It stated that she had written

The fairest flow'r in Nature's field,
Conceals the rankling thorn;
So thou, sweet flow'r! as false as fair,
This once kind heart hath torn.
Twas mine to prove the fellest pangs
That slighted love can feel;
Tis thine to weep that one rash act,
Which bids this long fareweel.

---

her mother (the lady to whom we had addressed our letter of enquiry) on the subject, and received a reply from her, as follows:—"To think of timid, modest, retiring Aunty, how would she have shrunk within herself at the thought of her name being mentioned in connection with Tannahill in such a manner! It must have been from dread of such an exposure that not even a line or letter of any description could be found in her collection. Anticipating her decease, she must have destroyed all traces of this romance of her early days. She never mentioned his name but once, and then seemed overcome at recollection of his unhappy fate." We have since seen a nephew of Miss Mary Allan, who stated to us that his Aunt had shown him the verses and letters; but he had no recollection of their contents owing to the length of time that had elapsed. She died in Irwinton about twelve years ago, aged 79. However anxious the friends of these two ladies were to encourage the addresses of Tannahill, we are inclined to believe it never went beyond Platonic love—the same friendship for the sisters that the Poet had for the two brothers. None of these parties acknowledged the "Fareweel" was applicable to them. The sixth and remaining, and we believe the only sweetheart of Tannahill, was Jenny Tennant, to whom we have so fully referred in our Notes to "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane," No. 75. It has been admitted by her descendants that she received the verses of the "Fareweel," and her children and grandchildren sing them every New-Year's-Day. There can be no doubt that is the person to whom M'Laren in his "Life of Tannahill" referred.

Since the above Note was written, we have met with the descendants of three other ladies who all maintained that the song of "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane" was made upon their respective mothers; but neither of them would admit the "Fareweel." The same amount of evidence which either of them possessed as to their ancestors being the real Jessie might be produced by every Jessie that lived in Paisley in the time of Tannahill.—*Ed.*

78.

UNREQUITED LOVE.

LONE in yon dark sequester'd grove,
Poor hapless Lubin* strays;
A prey to ill-requited love,
He spends his joyless days:
Ah! cruel Jessie, couldst thou know
What worthy heart was thine,
Thou ne'er hadst wrong'd poor Lubin so,
Nor left that heart to pine.

. . . . .

79.

O LADDIE, CAN YE LEA ME!

O LADDIE, can ye lea me!
Alas! twill break this constant heart!
There's nocht on earth can grieve me
Like this, that we must pairt.

Think on the tender vow you made
Beneath the secret birken shade,
And can you now deceive me!
Is a your luve but airt?

. . . . .

* *Timid as a Lubin.*—Said of a chicken-hearted person.—*Ed.*

80.

OUR BONNIE SCOTS LADS.*

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross, Organist, Aberdeen.

Our bonnie Scots lads in their green tartan plaids,
Their blue-belted bonnets, an feathers sae braw,
Rankt up on the green war fair tae be seen,
But my bonnie young laddie was fairest o a;

---

* In noticing this song in the "Soldier's Return," page 11, we added a Note referring to the eminent composer of the music; and we now again refer to Mr. Ross with greater pleasure from the following accidental conversation respecting other music of the composer:—On Thursday evening, 4th August, 1875, we met Mr. John Walker, Wellmeadow, a good amateur player on the pianoforte, who, observing a book in our hands, asked the name of the *old* volume; when we told him it was so *new* that it had not reached the length of receiving a name, as it consisted of the printed sheets only of this volume. He then remarked that he had just risen from playing one of the finest pieces of music that had ever passed through his hands,—a perfect treasure,—so precious that he would not lend it to any person in case it would not be returned to him. He mentioned that the words were "An Ode to Charity," and the music—"such excellent music"—was composed by a John Ross. We then stated to Mr. Walker that Mr. Ross had composed the music for several of Tannahill's songs, and opened up page 11, and desired him to read the Note on Mr. Ross. On reading over that brief biography of Mr. Ross, he expressed himself so pleased and gratified that we held the same opinion of that distinguished composer, and remarked that it was no wonder Tannahill's songs were often sung when the music was set by such an exquisite composer. We told him that Ross had published a large folio volume of music, and we had searched the libraries of Glasgow and Edinburgh, and made enquiries in Aberdeen and in the British Museum, and also advertised for a copy, all without success. Mr. Walker kindly lent us the volume, which is entitled—"An Ode to Charity, written by Mr. John Rannie. Set to Music with an accompaniment for the Pianoforte, and respectfully dedicated to Mrs. James Gordon of Craig, by John Ross, Organist of St. Paul's, Aberdeen. Price 5s. London: Printed and Sold by Preston, at his Wholesale Warehouse, 97 Strand." It is an engraved 4to. of 21 pages without date, but seems to have been published in the end of last century from the colour of the paper.—*Ed.*

His cheeks war as red as the sweet heather-bell,
Or the red western clud lookin doun on the snaw;
His lang yellow hair owre his braid shouthers fell,
An the een o the lasses war fix't on him a.

My heart sank wi wae on the wearifu day,
When torn frae my bosom they march'd him awa,
He bade me fareweel, he cried—"Oh, be leel!"
An his red cheeks war wet wi the tears that did fa.
Ah! Harry, my love, tho' thou ne'er shou'dst return,
Till life's latest hour I thy absence will mourn:
An memory shall fade like the leaf on the tree,
E'er my heart spare ae thocht on anither but thee.

81.

LASSIE, WILL YE TAK A MAN?

Air,—"Whistle owre the lave o't."

O LASSIE, will ye tak a man,
Rich in housin, gear, an lan?
Deil tak the cash! that I soud ban,—
Nae mair I'll be the slave o't.

I'll buy you claise tae busk you braw,
A ridin pownie, pad an a;
On fashion's tap we'll drive awa,
Whip, spur, an a the lave o't.

Oh, poortith is a wintry day!
Cheerless, blirtie, caul, an blae,
But baskin under Fortune's ray,
There's joy whate'er ye'd have o't.

Then gie's your han, ye'll be my wife,
I'll mak you happy a your life;
We'll row in luve and siller rife,
Till death win up the lave o't.

82.

MY DEAR HIELAN LADDIE.*

Air,—"Morneen I Gaberland." †

1803.

BLYTHE was the time when he fee'd wi my faither, O,
Happy war the days when we herded thegither, O,
Sweet war the hours when he row'd me in his plaidie, O,
An vowed tae be mine, my dear Hielan laddie, O.

---

* *Note by R. A. Smith in the "Harp of Renfrewshire," page xxxiv.*—"My first introduction to Tannahill was in consequence of hearing his song 'Blythe was the time' sung while it was yet in manuscript. I was so much struck with the beauty and natural simplicity of the language that I found means shortly afterwards of being introduced to its author. The acquaintance thus formed between us gradually ripened into a warm and steady friendship, that was never interrupted in a single instance till his lamented death."

† *Note by Lamb.*—"R. A. Smith, in his *Scottish Minstrel* calls the air to which this song is sung 'Mor nian a Ghibarlan.' The first, second, third, and last verses are those of the Interlude; the fourth verse appeared in the 1815 edition."

But, ah! waes me! wi their sodg'ring sae gaudie, O,
The laird's wyst awa my braw Hielan laddie, O;
Misty are the glens, and the dark hills sae cludie, O,
That aye seemt sae blythe wi my dear Hielan laddie, O.

The blaeberry banks, noo, are lanesome an dreary, O,
Muddy are the streams that gusht doun sae clearly, O,
Silent are the rocks that echoed sae gladly, O,
The wild meltin strains o my dear Hielan laddie, O.

He pu'd me the cranberry, ripe frae the boggy fen,*
He pu'd me the strawberry, red frae the fuggy glen, †
He pu'd me the row'n frae the wild steep sae giddy, O, ‡
Sae lovin an kind was my dear Hielan laddie, O.

The *whole* of this song first appeared in 1805, in Millar's *Paisley Repository*, No. III. See Notes to this song in the "Soldier's Return," page 19, and first Note to No. 16. Both Tannahill and Smith have written the words phonetically from hearing them pronounced. The proper Gaelic orthography is *Mor nighean a Ghiobarlan*, and means Sarah the daughter from Giberland. Tannahill seems to have understood the meaning when he made Jean continue the dialogue—

> "Thro' distant touns I'll stray a hapless stranger,
> In thochts o' him I'll brave pale want and danger,
> An as I go, puir weepin mournfu pou'rer,
> Still some kind heart will cheer the weary wand'rer,"—

by recognising and naming her 'Jean the daughter from Glenfeoch.'—*Ed.*

* Cranberry. *Vaccinium Oxycoccos.* Grows in bogs or marshes on Gleniffer Braes. Stems from 5 to 10 inches high. Leaves evergreen. Flowers drooping of a beautiful flesh colour, singularly elegant. Berries pale red, mottled or purplish, red when ripe.—*Ed.*

† Wood Strawberry. *Fragaria Vesca.* Found in hedges and woods on Gleniffer braes. Leaves usually serrulate. Flowers corymbose. Fruit red, drooping. The berries are fragrant and juicy.—*Ed.*

‡ Row'n tree or mountain ash. *Pyrus Aucuparia.* Abundant in woods and on precipices in Gleniffer braes. A small handsome tree. Flowers white, small with considerable odour. Fruit orange red, size of a pea, acid and austere. Branches used by the credulous to prevent witchcraft.—*Ed.*

Fareweel my ewes! an fareweel my doggie, O,
Fareweel ye knowes! noo sae cheerless an scroggie, O;
Fareweel, Glenfeoch! my mammie an my daddie, O,
I will lea ye a for my dear Hielan laddie, O.

83.

LANGSYNE BESIDE THE WOODLAN BURN.*

Set to Music by R. A. Smith, and also by Mr. John Ross.

LANGSYNE beside the woodlan burn,
Amang the brume sae yellow,
I leant me neath the milk white thorn,
On Nature's mossy pillow;
A roun my seat the flowers were strew'd,
That frae the wild wood I had pu'd,
To weave mysel a simmer snood,
Tae pleasure my dear fellow.

I twin'd the woodbine roun the rose,
Its richer hues tae mellow,
Green sprigs of fragrant birk I chose,
Tae busk the segg' sae yellow.†

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 213, with the title of "The Willow."—*Ed.*

† Compare this verse with the 36th and 37th lines of Burns' Ode for 1805, No. 6.—*Ed.*

The crawflow'r blue, an meadow-pink,
I wove in primrose braided link ;
But little, little did I think
I shoud hae wove the willow. *

My bonnie lad was forc'd away,
Tost on the raging billow ;
Perhaps he's faun in bludie war,
Or wreck't on rocky shallow :
Yet, ay I hope for his return,
As roun our wonted haunts I mourn,
And aften by the woodlan burn,
I pu the weepin willow.

84.

THE DUSKY GLEN. †

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross, Organist, Aberdeen.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Whar the bushes form a cozie den, on yon burn side,
Tho the brumy knowes be green,
Yet, there we may be seen,
But we'll meet—we'll meet at e'en, doun by yon burn side.

I'll lead thee to the birken bow'r, on yon burn side,
Sae sweetly wove wi woodbine flow'r, on yon burn side,
There the busy prying eye,
Ne'er disturbs the lovers' joy,
While in ithers' arms they lie, doun by yon burn side.

---

* The emblem of mourning for an affianced lover. † See Note on page 25.

Awa ye rude unfeeling crew, frae yon burn side,
Those fairy scenes are no for you, by yon burn side,—
There Fancy smooths her theme,
By the sweetly murm'ring stream,
An the rock lodg'd echoes skim, doun by yon burn side.

Noo the plantin taps are ting'd wi goud, on yon burn side.
And gloamin draws her fuggy shroud o'er yon burn side,
Far frae the noisy scene,
I'll thro the fiel's alane, [side.
There we'll meet—My ain dear Jean! doun by yon burn

85.

FROM THE RUDE BUSTLING CAMP.

Air,—"My laddie is gane."

FROM the rude bustling camp to the calm rural plain,
I've come, my dear Jeanie, to bless thee again;
Still burning for honour our warriors may roam,
But the laurel I wished for, I've won it at home:
All the glories of conquest no joy could impart,
When far from the kind little girl of my heart;
Now, safely returned, I will leave thee no more,
But love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

The sweets of retirement, how pleasing to me;
Possessing all worth, my dear Jeanie, in thee!
Our flocks' early bleating will wake us to joy,
And our raptures exceed the warm tints in the sky!

In sweet rural pastimes our days still will glide,
Till Time, looking back, will admire at* his speed,
Still blooming in virtue, tho' youth then be o'er,
I'll love my dear Jeanie till life's latest hour.

86.

KILLOCH BURN,

OR

ALL HAIL! YE DEAR ROMANTIC SCENES.†

Air—Mr. Hamilton of Wishaw's Strathspey.

1803.

All hail! ye dear romantic scenes,
Where oft, as eve stole o'er the sky,
You've found me by the mountain streams,
Where blooming wildflowers charm the eye.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"'Admire at,' that is—'wonder at,' according to a rather antiquated meaning of words."

† In 1803, Tannahill received from his acquaintance, James Scadlock, a small manuscript volume of original Scottish Poems composed by William Livingstone, William Anderson, James Scadlock himself, and John King, which had been collected in that form by Scadlock. Tannahill on returning the volume, wrote an Epistle (No. 19) to him in April, 1803, giving his opinion of the merits of each of these compositions. In reference to Scadlock's poetry, he said—

"Your 'Levern Banks' an '*Killoch Burn*,'
Ye sing them wi sae sweet a turn
Ye gar the heart-strings thrill."

This song first appeared in print in 1806 in the *Glasgow Nightingale*, page

The sun's nôw setting in the west,—
Mild are his beams on hill and plain;
No sound is heard save Killoch burn,*
Deep murm'ring down its woody glen.

Green be thy banks, thou silver stream
That winds the *flowery* braes among,
Where oft I've woo'd the Scottish muse,
And raptur'd wove the rustic sang.

212, with the title "Killochburn." It was probably transmitted to the editor by Tannahill for Scadlock, and, appearing among the contributed pieces of Tannahill, may have been supposed to have been one of his own. In the last verse, the word *Farneze* is printed where the word "flowery" is presently used. R. A. Smith shortly before his death on 3rd January, 1829, presented a letter dated 27th August, 1808, which he had received from Tannahill, to his friend and correspondent, Mr. Alexander Laing, poet, Brechin. In 1833, Laing, who was a great admirer of Tannahill, printed and published in Brechin an 18mo. edition of Tannahill's Songs. The compiler remarked that the reader would find in that volume all the Author's songs formerly published, "with the addition of one of his *latest* compositions 'All Hail ye dear romantic scenes,' which was kindly communicated to the compiler by his lamented friend and correspondent, R. A. Smith." In Ramsay's edition of 1838, this song also appeared without note or comment; and we are of opinion he knew nothing of Laing's edition, and must also have obtained the copy of the song from the same person, R. A. Smith. There can be no doubt this song was composed by James Scadlock, and Tannahill himself has candidly admitted it in his Epistle to James Scadlock, No. 19, page 90. In 1818, the posthumous works of James Scadlock were published, and the above song was printed as one of them.—*Ed.*

* This burn, marked Glenkilloch on the map, is the division between Auchentiber and Killoch farms on Fereneze Braes, and falls into the Levern rivulet opposite Broadley Mill. Near the termination of the burn, there are several beautiful cascades, which may be called the Falls of Clyde in miniature.—*Ed.*

87.

YE DEAR ROMANTIC SHADES.*

Air—"Mrs. Hamilton of Wishaw's Strathspey."

1806.

FAR from the giddy court of mirth,
Where sickening follies reign,
By Levern banks † I wander forth
To hail each sylvan scene.
All hail, ye dear romantic shades!
Ye banks, ye woods, and sunny glades!
Here oft the musing poet treads
In Nature's riches great:

Contrasts the country with the town,
Makes Nature's beauties all his own,
And, borne on fancy's wings, looks down
On empty pride and state.
By dewy dawn, or sultry noon,
Or sober evening gray,
I often quit the dinsome town,
By Levern banks to stray.

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 150. See the first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

† The Levern rivulet has its source in the Long Loch, four miles above the village of Neilston, and after its noisy passage through the parish of that name, enriching the district by its valuable water for driving power, and receiving supplies from tributary streamlets, merges in the River Cart near Crocston Castle.—*Ed.*

Or from the upland's mossy brow
Enjoy the fancy pleasing view
Of streamlets, woods, and fields below,
And sweetly varied scene.
Give riches to the miser's care,
Let folly shine in fashion's glare,
Give me the wealth of peace and health,
With all their happy train.

88.

THE FLOWER O' LEVERN SIDE.*

Ye sunny braes that skirt the Clyde,†
Wi simmer flowers sae braw,
There's ae sweet flower on Levern side,
That's fairer than them a':
Yet aye it droops its head in wae,
Regardless o the sunny ray,
An wastes its sweets frae day to day,
Beside the lanely shaw.

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The Levern (which must not be confounded with the Leven of Smollet's Ode) is a rivulet that falls into the Cart near Crockston Castle."

† "The sunny braes that skirt the Clyde" are seen from the summit of Gleniffer and Fereneze Braes, 580 feet high. Standing there, one of the most magnificent and varied scenes is opened up to view,—the great valley of Strathgryffe, in the highest state of cultivation, dotted over with mansions and plantations, lies at your feet; and in the distance the Kilpatrick Hills from Partick to Dumbarton—the "sunny braes that skirt the Clyde"—where the great luminary, when he shines, always shines with freshness and brilliancy.—*Ed.*

Wi leaves a steep'd in sorrow's dew,
Fause, cruel man, it seems to rue,
Wha aft the sweetest flower will pu,
  Then rend its heart in twa.

Thou bonnie flower on Levern side,
  Oh, gin thou'lt be but mine,
I'll tend thee wi a lover's pride,
  Wi love that ne'er shall tyne.
I'll tak thee to my shelt'ring bower,
An shiel thee frae the beating shower,
Unharmed by aucht thou'lt blume secure
  Frae a the blasts that blaw :
Thy charms surpass the crimson dye
That streaks the glowing western sky ;
But here, unshaded, soon thou'lt die,
  An lane will be thy fa.

89.

CRUIKSTON CASTLE'S LANELY WA'S.*

September, 1808.

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross, Organist, Aberdeen.

THRO Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's
  The wintry wind howls wild and dreary ;
Tho mirk the cheerless e'ening fa's,
  Yet I ha'e vow'd to meet my Mary :

---

* This song first appeared in the September number of the *Scots Magazine* for 1808, and was set to music by Mr. John Ross of Aberdeen. Ramsay, however, says it was "arranged by Smith." We have given a *fac-simile*

Ah ! Mary, tho the wind should rave
Wi jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
The darkest stormy night I'd brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi thee.

---

of the song in the handwriting of the Author in the frontispiece, containing Mr. Ross's name as the composer of the music.—*Ed.*

Note by Ramsay.—"So early as the 12th century, the baronies of Crookston, Darnley, and Neilston, belonged to a family of the name of Croc, from whom it passed by marriage in the following century to a younger brother of the house of Stewart, ancestor of Lord Darnley, husband of Queen Mary. At Crookston Castle, according to a questionable tradition, that princess occasionally resided; and near it she awaited the issue of the Battle of Langside, which was fought in the neighbourhood, and ended in the defeat of her adherents, and in her flight to England. This ancient edifice now belongs to Sir John Maxwell, who takes great care to prevent the further dilapidation of 'the ruins grey.' 'Hard by the Castle' (said Crawfurd, the historian of the County, who wrote in 1710) 'is to be seen that noble monument the Yew Tree, called the 'Tree of Crockston;" of so large a trunk and well spread in its branches that 'tis seen at several miles distance from the ground where it stands.' From its traditional connexion with the history of 'the most unhappy of an unhappy race,' this venerable tree was regarded with great interest. The withered trunk was removed only about twenty years ago. Its memory is preserved in relics, such as *quaighs* and snuff-boxes."

Crocston, Cruxton, Crookston, or Cruikston Castle, the oldest baronial building in the Barony of Renfrew, erected about 1150 by Robert Croc, the Anglo-Norman companion of the first High Steward, both of whose lineal descendants were the unfortunate Henry, Lord Darnley, and the still more unfortunate Queen Marie. The Castle was inhabited by Matthew, 2nd Earl of Lennox, married to Elizabeth Hamilton, sister of James, 1st Earl of Arran, till 1506, when he abandoned the Castle, and removed to the Palace he had erected on the lands of Inchinnan. He was slain at the Battle of Flodden Field on 9th September, 1513. His grandson, Matthew, 4th Earl of Lennox, in March, 1544, fled to England, and was married there in July thereof to Margaret Douglas, aunt uterine of Queen Marie. In 1545, the Earl of Lennox was declared a traitor, and his estates in Renfrewshire forfeited, and conferred on Lord Sempill. After nineteen years' exile, the Earl was restored by Queen Marie, and he returned to Scotland on 23rd September, 1563. Henry Stewart, Lord Darnley, his second son, born in 1546, named after King Henry VIII., arrived in Scotland on 13th February, 1564-5, and was murdered on 9th February, 1566-7; and, therefore, only resided one year and 361 days in Scotland. The tradition that the courtship of Queen Marie and Lord Darnley took place at Crocston under the "Yew

Loud, o'er Cardonald's rocky steep,
Rude Cartha * pours in boundless measure;
But I will ford the whirling deep,
That roars between me an my treasure:

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Tannahill here, and Burns in his song of 'Where Cart rins rowin to the sea,' describes the appearance which this usually sluggish stream presents during 'a spate.' Grahame, the author of 'The Sabbath,' who in childhood lived amongst the

——— rura, qua Liris quieta
Mordet qua, *taciturnis amnis.*

exhibits it in a more pleasing aspect:—

'Forth, from my low-roofed home, I wandered blithe
Down to thy side, *sweet Cart*, where, cross the stream,
A range of stones below a shallow ford
Stood in the place of the now-spanning arch.'
'The Birds of Scotland,' p. 27."

Cardonald lies on the opposite side of the River Cart from Crocston lands. *Cartha* is the Latinised word of the Gaelic name of *Cairt;* Norman name *Kert*, and the modern name *Cart.*—*Ed.*

Tree" is not correct. Their first meeting took place at Weemys Castle, Fifeshire, on 16th February, 1564-5; and the Queen was not at Crocston—not even in the west country—between that date and the marriage on 29th July, 1565. The other doubtful tradition of the Royal pair passing the honeymoon at Crocston is equally incorrect. Who would believe that a King and Queen would retire to spend their happiest days in a castle that had been abandoned for sixty years,—the latter nineteen of which had been passed in exile by Matthew, 4th Earl of Lennox, the forfeited owner, father of Lord Darnley? Signor David Rizzio, the Queen's French Secretary, was murdered on 9th March, 1565-6, which led to the complete estrangement of the Royal couple; so that the period between their first meeting in Scotland and that occurrence was only one year and twenty-one days. Every day and night can be accounted for where the Queen resided during that space, and *she was not at Crocston Castle.* When Darnley came to visit his father, who resided in Glasgow, in December, 1566, he lodged with William Erskine, Parson of Campsey (afterwards Commendator of Paisley), in his manse in the Drygait, and not at the deserted and dilapidated Castle of Crocston. There is no evidence whatever of Queen Marie visiting Crocston, and as little proof of Darnley being there. The tradition of the "Crookston Dollar," with the "Yew Tree," which has also got into print, is without foundation. The Privy Council on 2nd December, 1565, appointed a new coinage, to consist of three sizes,—the largest size to

Yes, Mary, tho the torrent rave
Wi jealous spite to keep me frae thee,
Its deepest floods I'll bauldly brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi thee.

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bear "on the ane side ane palm-tree crownit," and the coin accordingly bears a "Palm Tree" and not a Yew Tree. *Ricinus Communis*, the common palm tree, was introduced into Britain in 1548, and it was that species of the palm which was ordered to be represented on the crownpiece. A yew tree—a large yew tree—no doubt grew at Crocston, but it neither shaded the King and Queen during their courtship or honeymoon, nor was it represented on the coinage. Sir Walter Scott in his romance of the "Abbot," published in 1820, (Abbot Hamilton of Paisley, Archbishop of Saint Andrews,) in addition to making Queen Marie spend her bridal days and hold her first court after her marriage at Crocston Castle, made her view the Battle of Langsyde, and rout of her army, from the "Yew Tree" of Crocston. These romantic visits are downright fictions. The yew tree was in the rear of the enemy—the Regent Moray's warriors; and the Darnley and Crocston tenants—the Lennox men—were commanded by Lord Sempill, their recent martial chief, in the Regent's interest. The great novelist may have borrowed the idea of his fiction of separating the Queen from her own army, and placing her in the awkward position behind her enemy's rear, from the spectral illusions of the peasantry mentioned in John Wilson's poem descriptive of the Clyde, written in 1764, where that Poet, in reference to Crookston Castle, says :—

> "Here, when the moon rides dimly through the sky,
> The peasant sees broad dancing standards fly;
> And one bright Female form with sword and crown,
> Still grieves to view her banners beaten down."

The Queen was a fearless equestrian; and mounted on her charger, standing on a small eminence in the rear of her own army, beheld the confusion and complete disaster of her supporters, when she fled and rode to Dundrennan Abbey, sixty miles from the scene of action. The ruins of Crocston Castle are the most *picturesque* in Renfrewshire, and have always formed a favourite subject for artists. One of the towers, which is still standing, is twenty-one feet square and fifty-four feet high, and, being built on an eminence, commands an extensive view of the country. The late Sir John Maxwell. Bart. of Pollok, the Laird of Crocston, built a new stair to the top of the "Castle's lanely wa's," that real female forms may ascend to the corbels to flaunt their scarfs in the sunshine of day and view the peaceful valley,—leaving the peasant's moonlight phantom of night to grieve over the horrid scene of war—the beaten banners, and the dying and dead of a defeated army. The ruins—the superb ruins of the ancient Castle and Norman towers of Croc—will become more interesting to the antiquary when freed from the fiction of 1565, that this was the scene of the faithless vows of a facile foolish boy who was murdered before his majority.—*Ed.*

The watch-dog's howling loads the blast,
And makes the nightly wand'rer eerie,
But when the lanesome way is past,
I'll to this bosom clasp my Mary.*

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* When we were correcting the proof sheets of this Song and Notes, a Royal event occurred in Paisley,—the arrival of a lineal descendant of Queen Marie. We thought we might be permitted to add a Note to the last stanza recording the occurrence, to prevent mistakes afterwards, that on Tuesday, 21st September, 1875, at five o'clock afternoon, His Royal Highness Prince Leopold George Duncan Albert, youngest son of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, arrived at the Railway Station, County Square, Paisley, *en route* for Blythswood, the seat of Colonel Archibald Campbell, three miles from Paisley, near Renfrew. The Railway Station and County Buildings were decorated with flags. The Prince was received by Colonel Campbell, and introduced to Provost Murray, Colonel Holms, M.P., and Sheriff Cowan. The Prince then entered an open carriage at the station, and proceeded through County Square, Gilmour Street, where we saw the Prince and suite pass our windows. They drove down High Street, Smithhills Street, turned into Lawn Street, and onwards to Blythswood. The streets had become densely crowded in a few minutes, and the Prince was received with great demonstrations of joy and respect, which he frequently acknowledged.

GENEALOGICAL TABLE OF DESCENT FROM QUEEN MARIE.

1542. Queen MARIE, born 1542.
1567. King JAMES VI., born 1566.
Princess Elizabeth, his eldest daughter, Queen of Bohemia, born 1596.
Princess Sophia, her youngest daughter, Duchess of Hanover, born 1630.
1714. King George I., born 1660.
1727. King George II., born 1683.
Frederick, Prince of Wales, born 1706.
1760. King George III., born 1738.
Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, born 1767.
1837. Queen Victoria, born 1819.
Prince Leopold, born 14th April, 1853.

ROYAL VISITS TO PAISLEY.

King James IV. and Queen Margaret visited Paisley on	20th July, 1507.
Queen Marie, in	July, 1563.
Queen Margaret, consort of King James VI.,	July, 1597.
King James VI., on	23rd July, 1617.
Prince Leopold, on	21st Sept., 1875.

On Saturday, 25th September, 1875, the Prince and suite came to Paisley again, and visited the shawl manufacturing establishments of Messrs. Robert Kerr & Son in Seedhills and Thread Street, where the Prince was presented with a beautiful Victoria tartan shawl and a fancy velvet rug.

The Prince also visited the venerable Abbey, of which the Charter of foundation was granted in July, 1163, by his illustrious ancestor, WALTER, High Steward of Scotland.

In passing the artistic bronze statue of Alexander Wilson, Poet and Ornithologist, it was much admired by the Prince and his party. See Note at page 63.

The Prince left Blythswood on Tuesday, 28th September, 1875.—*Ed.*

Yes, Mary, tho stern Winter rave
Wi a his storms to keep me frae thee,
The wildest dreary night I'll brave,
For ae sweet secret moment wi thee.

90.

THE LASS O ARRANTEENIE.*

Air—"I had a Horse."

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross of Aberdeen.

March, 1806.

Far lane amang the Hielan hills,
Midst Nature's wildest grandeur,
By rocky dens, an woody glens,
Wi weary steps I wander.

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* This song first appeared in 1806 in Maver's *Gleaner*, page 136,—"Air, I had a horse." See Note to No. 5. Second in Leslie's *Glasgow Nightingale*, also in 1806, page 85. The first word in the first line is printed "Forlorn." See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Note by M'Laren.—"In the autumn of the same year that this song ('The Harper of Mull') was written, a friend of the Bard's set out with a party of pleasure on an excursion to the interior parts of the Highlands of Scotland. Returning home, chance directed him to lodge for the night at Arranteenie, a respectable inn on the side of Loch Long. He was here introduced to a young lady who resided with the family, whose manners and appearance formed a striking contrast to those of her sex he was accustomed to see in other parts of his journey. On his return home, he was visited by the Bard, who, with friendly curiosity, inquired whether he had seen anything entertaining on his journey. 'O! yes,' he exclaimed, 'I have seen the most divine object in all created nature!' In fact, the lady had so engrossed his soul, that all the grandeur and novelty of Highland scenery were forgot. At the end of eight days, he returned to the inn; but the flame that had burned so fast was exhausted, and he found the angel of his hopes sunk into a frail and erring woman. The mania of his soul was removed; but the Bard had caught the infection of his disease, and, in his

The langsome way, the darksome day,
The mountain mist sae rainy,
Are naucht tae me whan gaun tae thee,
Sweet lass o Arranteenie.

Yon mossy rosebud doun the howe,
Just op'ning fresh and bonny,
Blinks sweetly neath the hazel bough,
An's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie—
Mair fair an gay than rosy May,
The flower o Arranteenie.*

---

absence, wrote 'The Lass o Arranteenie.' This lady has been so beautifully decorated by the verses of the Poet, and the exquisite music of his friend, Mr. Smith, that she must long remain a favourite with the public."

Note by Ramsay.—"Written in honour of a young lady whom a friend of the Poet's, during an excursion to the Highlands, accidentally met at Arranteenie (properly Ardentinny), a romantic and sequestered spot on the banks of Loch Long."

* Hugh Macdonald, block printer at Colinslie, Paisley, author of "Rambles Round Glasgow," "Days at the Coast," and a posthumous volume of Poetical Works, visited Edinburgh in August, 1846; and having had a long and ardent desire to see the author of the "Isle of Palms," &c.,—the far-famed "Christopher North,"—wrote a note to Professor Wilson on Friday evening, the 21st of that month, asking an interview. On Saturday, he received an answer from the Professor, fixing a meeting for that day or the following. They met on Sunday, and had a long conversation, when they came upon Tannahill's "Lass o Arranteenie" and Wordsworth's "Lucy." Macdonald expressed himself favourably for the words of Tannahill. The Professor said he was not aware of the lines, and asked Macdonald to repeat them. Macdonald repeated Wordsworth's first:—

"She dwelt amongst the untrodden ways,
Beside the Springs of Dove:
A maid whom there were few to praise,
And none at all to love.

Now, from the mountain's lofty brow,
I view the distant ocean,
There av'rice guides the bounding prow—
Ambition courts promotion;
Let fortune pour her gouden store,
Her laurel'd favours many,
Gie me but this, my soul's first wish,
The lass o Arranteenie.*

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye;
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky."

The Professor thought the transition from the violet to the star was perhaps too violent or too far-fetched. Tannahill's lines are—

"Far lane amang the Hielan hills,
Midst Nature's wildest grandeur;"

Or rather

"Yon mossy rosebud doun the howe,
Just opening fresh an bonny,
Blinks sweetly neath the hazel bough,
An's scarcely seen by ony:
Sae, sweet amidst her native hills,
Obscurely blooms my Jeanie—
Mair fair an gay than rosy May,
The lass o Arranteenie!"

The Professor at once allowed it was very beautifully expressed, at least equal to Wordsworth's. It will be sung, whereas the other will not.—*Ed.*

* Several credulous persons, who have visited Ardentinny or the surrounding district, have frequently enquired for the lass; and on being shown any staid matron who said she was *Jeanie*, they believed her assertion without further enquiry into the truth of the statement, and afterwards maintained they had seen the "Lass o Arranteenie." In our investigations, we have met many such credulous persons; but they were soon upset with dates and ages.—*Ed.*

91.

THE BRAES O BALQUHITHER.*

Air—"The three carles o Buchanan."

LET us go, lassie, go,
Tae the braes o Balquhither,
Whar the blaeberries grow
Mang the bonnie Hielan heather;
Whar the deer and the rae,
Lichtly bounding taegither,
Sport the lang simmer day
On the braes o Balquhither. †

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* This song appeared twice in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*,—Vol. I., page 49, and Vol. IV., page 89,—and he gives the Air, "The Braes o Balquither." See last Note to "Braes o Gleniffer," No. 60.—*Ed.*

Note by Ramsay.—"Pronounced *Balwhither*,—*quh* expressing the sound *wh* in the Scottish language."

† Listening to this song is among the earliest of our recollections. Mary M'Intyre or Wright, the Highland domestic who took charge of us in the days of infancy, was continually crooning it over. She frequently mentioned that she had been born in the Parish of Balquither, and, when a lassie, had gathered blaeberries on the braes among the Highland heather. She often pridefully remarked that she had assisted her mother in baking bannocks for the army of bonnie Prince Charlie on their march to Culloden. Another theme of hers was the exploits of Rob Roy Macgregor, who lay buried in the churchyard of Balquhither. This faithful domestic servant died in November, 1825, in the 85th year of her age. From the description of vegetation and animals of the mountain mentioned in this song, and the names of "Benvoirlich" and "Fillan Glen" mentioned in the song of "Brave Lewie Roy," in the neighbourhood of the Braes of Balquither, but in the adjoining Parish of Comrie, it may be inferred that Tannahill had visited these places. In other songs, the Poet mentions the names of places he had evidently seen, and where circumstances may have occurred suggesting a subject for his Muse, and then setting the song to an old Air.—*Ed.*

I will twine thee a bow'r,
By the clear siller fountain,
And I'll cover it o'er
Wi the flowers o the mountain;
I will range thro the wilds,
And the deep glens sae dreary,
An return wi their spoils,
Tae the bow'r o my deary.

Whan the rude wintry win
Idly raves roun our dwellin,
And the roar o the linn
On the nicht breeze is swellin;
So merrily we'll sing,
As the storm rattles o'er us,
Till the dear shielin ring
Wi the licht liltin chorus.

Now the simmer is in prime,
Wi the flowers richly bloomin,
Wi the wild mountain thyme
A the moorlan's perfumin;
Tae our dear native scenes
Let us journey taegither,
Whar glad innocence reigns,
Mang the braes o Balquhither.

. . . . . *

* Addition by William Finlayson, Pollokshaws :—

"Now the Sun in the west
Is increasin our shadows,
An the cattle a tae rest
Gather roun in the meadows;

92.

BRAVE LEWIE ROY.*

An old Gaelic Air.

Brave Lewie Roy was the flower of our Highlandmen,
Tall as the oak on the lofty Benvoirlich,†
Fleet as the light-bounding tenants of Fillan-glen,†
Dearer than life to his lovely *neen voiuch.* ‡

Sae, whan life is at a close,
We'll grow fonder o ither,
Till at length we repose
On the Braes o Balquhither."

The above addition was printed in Finlayson's Poems, published in 1815, which we have inserted to show the superiority of the original. See Note to the Epistle to Robert Tannahill by the same William Finlayson in February, 1808, printed at the end of the Songs, and to the Letter in the Correspondence department from Tannahill to Finlayson, dated 5th March, 1808.—*Ed.*

* This song, along with several other fragments, were contributed by R. A. Smith to, and printed in, the *Harp of Renfrewshire* of 1819, as Tannahill's; and it was afterwards printed in Smith's own *Scotish Minstrel*, in 1823, Vol. III., page 102, to the Air of "Brave Lewie Roy,"—Smith there stating that the author was unknown.—*Ed.*

† *Benvoirlich and Fillan Glen.*—The readers are referred to the Note on the "Braes of Balquhither," No. 91. The high mountain of Benvoirlich is 3300 feet above the level of the sea, and is situated in the Parish of Comrie, in the neighbourhood of the Braes of Balquhither. Fillan Glen,—named after one of the saints of the Culdees, Saint Fillan,—is also situated in the Parish of Comrie.—*Ed.*

‡ Beautiful maiden.

Lone was his biding, the cave of his hiding
When forc'd to retire with our gallant Prince Charlie,*
Tho manly and fearless, his bold heart was cheerless
Away from the lady he aye lov'd so dearly.
. . . . . †

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* Charles James Edward Stewart, born 20th December, 1720, called the Prince of Wales, &c., was the eldest son of James Francis Edward, Chevalier de Saint George, Pretender of 1715, calling himself King James VIII. The Prince landed in Scotland on 25th July, 1745; and on 1st August, 1745, a proclamation offering a reward of £30,000 was issued for his apprehension, notwithstanding he set up the Standard of Rebellion on 16th August following. After several skirmishes between the Rebels and the Royalists, the great and memorable Battle of Culloden was fought on Wednesday, 16th April, 1746, when the Royalists were victorious, and the Rebels dispersed. The Prince finally retired from Scotland on 20th September, 1746, and, on the death of his father on 30th December, 1765, he styled himself King Charles III.,—his chequered life was ended at Rome on 31st January, 1788.—*Ed.*

† Addition to this fragment by Alexander Rodger :—

But woe on the bloodthirsty mandates of Cumberland,*
Woe on the bloodthirsty gang that fulfilled them ;
Poor Caledonia ! bleeding and plunder'd land,
Where shall thy children now shelter and shield thee ?
Keen prowl the cravens, like merciless ravens,
Their prey the devoted adherents of Charlie ;
Brave Lewie Roy is tak'n, cowardly hack'd and slain,
Ah ! his *neen vouch* will mourn for him dearly.

* Prince William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, born 15th April, 1721, third son of King George II., commanded the Royalist Army at the Battle of Culloden. He died 31st October, 1788; and his last words to the surgeon were—"It is too late! It is all over."—*Ed.*

93.

YOUNG DONALD AND HIS LAWLAN BRIDE.*

Arranged by Mr. John Ross of Aberdeen.

LAWLAN lassie, wilt thou go
Whar the hills are clad wi snow;
Whar, beneath the icy steep,
The hardy shepherd tends his sheep?
Ill, nor wae, shall thee betide,
Whan row'd within my Hielan plaid.

Sune the voice o cheery spring
Will gar a our plantin's ring;
Sune our bonnie heather braes,
Will put on their simmer claes;
On the mountain's sunny side,
We'll lean us on my Hielan plaid.

Whan the simmer spreads her flow'rs,
Busks the glen in leafy bow'rs,
Then we'll seek the caller shade,
Lean us on the primrose bed;
While the burning hours preside,
I'll screen thee wi my Hielan plaid.

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* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 86, with the title "The Highland Plaid." See the first Note to No. 13.

In perusing the Songs on the present occasion, we were forcibly struck with the subject and beauty of this one. We considered it among the finest of Tannahill's songs, and deserving of a better title than that of "The Highland Plaid," and have accordingly changed it into the best and last line of the song, "Young Donald and his Lawlan Bride."—*Ed.*

Then we'll lea the sheep an goat,
I will launch the bonnie boat,
Skim the loch in cantie glee,
Rest the oars to pleasure thee ;
Whan chilly breezes sweep the tide,
I'll hap thee wi my Hielan plaid.

Lawlan lads may dress mair fine,
Woo in words mair saft than mine ;
Lawlan lads ha'e mair o airt,
A my boast's an honest heart,
Whilk shall ever be my pride :
To row thee in my Hielan plaid !

" Bonnie lad, ye've been sae leel,
My heart woud break at our fareweel ;
Lang your luve has made me fain :
Tak me,—tak me for your ain!"

'Cross the Firth awa they glide,
Young Donald and his Lawlan bride.

94.

LAMENT OF WALLACE AFTER THE BATTLE OF FALKIRK.*

Air—"Maids of Arrochar."

1806.

THOU dark-winding Carron, once pleasing to see,
To me thou canst never give pleasure again;
My brave Caledonians lie low on the lea, [slain.
And thy streams are deep ting'd with the blood of the

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 148. See the first Note to No 13.—*Ed.*

Note by Motherwell.—"The following notice of this song occurs in a letter from Mr. Tannahill to one of his particular friends, for whom it seems he had written other verses to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive air, but which not altogether pleasing himself, he had substituted the above. 'According to promise,' says he, 'I send you two verses for the 'Maids of Arrochar;" perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the subject; however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The Battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief on such a trying reverse of fortune would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell or a Burns.'

"The modest terms in which our amiable Author speaks of his verses quite blunt the edge of criticism, and fully compensate for any lack of that deep and powerful feeling, that vigour and grandeur of conception which the loftiness of his theme required. Be it remembered, that it was no less than the anguish of a fearless and unshaken patriot bewailing the ruins of his native land, and breathing revenge against the insulting and cruel invader, which the poet wished to express—that it was no less than all the noble workings of passion in the bosom of the unsubdued, incorruptible, heroic and godlike Wallace, which the poet attempted to embody in words. It was no common strain he chose, and it required no common power of execution to perform it well. We do not mean to say these are the very best verses which could have been written on such a subject; we only rejoice that they are so excellent as they are, and will have the effect, though it should be in never so partial a degree, of preserving and extending the glory of our national Champion.

Ah! base-hearted treach'ry has doom'd our undoing,
My poor bleeding country, what more can I do?
Ev'n valour looks pale o'er the red field of ruin,
And freedom beholds her best warriors laid low.

"The Battle of Falkirk, in its consequences so fatal to the Scots, was fought on the 22nd of July, 1298. It was obstinately contested for a long time, but the superiority of the English in the number of their cavalry, decided the day. Some historians allege that this defeat happened in consequence of the little piques and jealousies which at that time subsisted amongst the leaders of the Scottish Army; but this is merely conjectural. The English authors are unanimous in their praises of the firmness and courage displayed by their enemies on that occasion. Langtoft gives a curious description of the mode in which the Scottish phalanx sustained the onset:—

Ther formast courey, ther bakkis togidere sette,
Ther speres poynt over poynt, so fare and so thikke,
And fast togidere joynt, to se it was ferlike.
Als a castelle thei stode, that were walled with stone,
Thei wende ne man of blode thorgh theim suld haf gone.

"The life of Wallace is minutely detailed in the metrical work of Henry the Minstrel, better known by the name of Blind Harry, which, with all its chronological inaccuracies and romantic fictions, must still be considered as forming a part of authentic history. A splendid monument we understand, will, within a short time, be raised to the memory of the Knight of Elderslie, at Glasgow. On the 10th of March last (1819), a meeting for this purpose was held in the town hall of that city, and there is every probability that the monument, when it is erected, will not only redound to the honour of the country, but be worthy of the great patriot whom it is intended to commemorate."

Note by Ramsay.—"In these verses, the Author has failed to give suitable expression to the feelings of that 'great patriot hero, ill-requited chief,' whose name and whose deeds are still, at the distance of five hundred years, so freshly and so honourably remembered by the whole Scottish people. Hear our national bard:—

'At Wallace' name, what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By Wallace's side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat-shod,
Or glorious dy'd.'

Tannahill had his own misgivings as to his success in this effort. It seems that he had written other versos to accompany the same beautiful and plaintive

Farewell, ye dear partners of peril! farewell!
Though buried ye lie in one wide bloody grave,
Your deeds shall ennoble the place where ye fell,
And your names be enrolled with the sons of the brave.

But I, a poor outcast, in exile must wander,
Perhaps, like a traitor, ignobly must die!
On thy wrongs, O my country! indignant I ponder;
Ah! woe to the hour when thy Wallace must fly!

---

air, but which, not pleasing himself, he had substituted the above. In a letter to James Barr, 19th July, 1806, he says—'According to promise, I send, &c.' (as before quoted by Motherwell.) In the opinion thus modestly expressed, Tannahill was right. Besides, the utterance even in that dark hour of language so feeble and despondent is not consistent with the stern and unyielding character of the indomitable asserter of our country's independence."

In another letter to James Clark when he was in Edinburgh, dated 2nd February, 1807, the Author wrote—"'The Lament of Wallace,' which you advised me to publish, is already done. Mr. Blackie has engraved and published it in a very elegant style. I will send you a copy first opportunity. Far too little has been said, indeed, among the poets respecting Wallace. I know of no poet belonging to Scotland save Campbell who is half competent to do the subject justice." We have used every exertion to obtain a copy of Blackie's publication to give a description of the elegant style, but have been unsuccessful.

The meeting referred to by Motherwell, in his Note, was got up by himself for the purpose of raising funds to erect a monument to Wallace in the Necropolis of Glasgow; but after one or two meetings, the matter dropped. The subject was revived in 1856, a few preliminary meetings were held, and a public meeting took place at Stirling on 24th June of that year, at which it was resolved to erect a monument on Abbey Craig, near Stirling. On 24th June, 1861, the anniversary day of the Battle of Bannockburn, a National Demonstration took place at Stirling on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of Wallace's Monument with Masonic honours. The building of the monument commenced on Friday, 16th August, 1861; and we happened to have business in Alloa that day, and walked along the ridge of Abbey Craig. The builders allowed us, with hammer and trowel, to place two stones in their positions in the foundation,—a circumstance we have considered worth recording when the proper opportunity hath occurred. That new landmark is upwards of 200 feet high, and we have twice ascended it.—*Ed.*

95.

LOUDON'S BONNIE WOODS AND BRAES.*

Air—"Earl Moira's Visit to Scotland."

17th October, 1807.

LOUDON'S bonnie woods and braes,
I maun lea' them a, lassie;
Wha can thole whan Britain's faes,
Woud gie Britons law, lassie?

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This very popular song was composed in honour of the late Earl Moira (afterwards Marquis of Hastings), and a Scottish Peeress, the Countess of Loudon, on occasion of his Lordship having been called abroad in the service of his country shortly after their nuptials. In a letter to his friend King (Nov. 2, 1807), the Author says—'I own I am somewhat half pleased with the above myself; but that is always the case when a piece is newly finished, and it must lie past some time before we are capable of judging rightly how it may stand.'"

In May, 1803, Napoleon Buonaparte, first Consul of the French Republic, having threatened to invade the sea-girt Isle with a vast army of veteran soldiers, Volunteer Companies were formed, and the Militia embodied to repel the invasion. General the Earl of Moira, who had distinguished himself in the American War, was appointed Commander-in-Chief of the forces in Scotland. People of every grade joined heart and hand, and resolved to give the invaders a warm reception. The coast, where necessary, was guarded by the guns of the Artillery, and the interior bristled with the musketry and bayonets of the Volunteer Infantry, and flashed with the sabres of the Yeomanry Cavalry. Loyal Paisley was among the first of the places which raised two regiments of Volunteers. The Poet's brother, Matthew, and R. A. Smith, joined the Second or *Gentle Corps;* and the regimental dress provided by the members consisted of a cap festooned with two gold-plated chains, scarlet coat and vest, with facings of blue and gold, white breeches, and black gaiters. The First Regiment was commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel William M'Kerrell, younger of Hillhouse, and the Second by Lieutenant-Colonel Robert Fulton of Hartfield. The French, however, did not press their own invitation. On the 12th of July,

Wha wou'd shun the fiel o danger?
Wha frae Fame woud live a stranger?
Now whan Freedom bids avenge her,
  Wha woud shun her ca, lassie?
Loudon's bonnie woods and braes
Hae seen our happy bridal days,
And gentle hope shall soothe thy waes,
  Whan I am far awa, lassie.

1804, Francis Rawdon Hastings, Earl of Moira in Ireland, was married to Flora Mure Campbell, Countess of Loudon in Scotland; and she was given away by the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George the IV. The ceremony was performed by the Bishop of London at Lady Perth's House, London, and the nuptial days were spent at Loudon Castle. The Earl was born in Ireland on 7th December, 1754; and the Countess in Scotland on 2nd September, 1780, and her mother died the same day, and her father on 28th April, 1786.

The whole of the Volunteers in the County of Renfrew, mustering nearly 5000 strong, were reviewed by the gallant Commander, General the Earl of Moira, on Thursday, the 4th day of October, 1804, in the large field on the north-west side of the Barnsford Bridge, near Walkinshaw, two miles from town. This review was among the earliest, if not the very first of Volunteer reviews in Scotland, and occurred on a splendid day for the occasion. Business was suspended, and it became a joyous and grand holiday to all classes of the community. The brilliant appearance of so many thousands of Volunteers in their military uniforms,—the beauty and fashion of the surrounding country,—and the vast assemblage of civilians in holiday attire,—was a sight worth seeing. The review was a complete success; and from the cheerful smiles and merry laughs, it was evident that every confidence and reliance was placed in our Scots Volunteer lads that they would defend their households to the death. In the afternoon, an elegant entertainment was given in the Town Hall to his Excellency and suite, and a number of noblemen and gentlemen belonging to the County, officers of Corps, &c., &c. In the evening, his Lordship and suite returned to Glasgow.

The plantations on Loudon Braes were at that time one of the finest in Scotland; John, 4th Earl of Loudon, having about fifty years previously planted upwards of a million of trees, which he had collected in his military travels abroad, and sent home.

In 1807, the Republican Consul (now elevated to Napoleon I., Emperor of the French), having threatened invasion again, the Earl of Moira was called upon to go into active service abroad. On that occasion, Tannahill composed this song, which was dated "Paisley, 17th October, 1807," and

Hark! the swellin bugle sings,
Yieldin joy tae thee, laddie;
But the dolefu bugle brings
Waefu thochts tae me, laddie.
Lanely I may climb the mountain,
Lanely stray beside the fountain,
Still the weary moments countin,
Far frae love and thee, laddie.
O'er the gory fiels o war,
Whan Vengeance drives her crimson car,
Thou'lt may be fa, frae me afar,
And nane to close thy e'e, laddie.

---

first appeared in the *Scots Magazine* of that year, page 927. It has now become one of the popular melodies of Scotland.

The Earl of Moira was created Marquis of Hastings in 1816, and he died 28th November, 1826. His daughter, Lady Flora Hastings, born at Edinburgh 11th February, 1806, died at Buckingham Palace on 5th July, 1839, of a broken heart from the circulation of a wicked and unfounded *fama*. Her gentle spirit passed away with the tender and endearing words on her lips, "My mother." The whole nation was bathed in tears, and deeply sympathised with her aged widowed parent. The young lady was a poetess; and a volume of her Poems was published in 1841, a specimen of one, also a "Farewell," in blank verse, we will give:—

"FAREWELL, MY HOME.

Farewell, my home!—Oh! in that one brief word
What myriad thoughts are cherished,—what deep love!

. . . . . .

And thou dark Hill * and hoar
That broodest like a genius o'er the strath,
Passionless witness of the lapse of ages—
And monument, by Nature's hand uprear'd,
Of the stern struggles of an ancient time."

The venerable Marchioness also died of a broken heart on 9th January, 1840.—*Ed.*

* "Loudon Hill, a curious rock of volcanic formation in Ayrshire, at the foot of which three battles have been fought,—one in the time of the Romans (of whose camp the traces are still supposed to be visible), the second in 1307, and the third in 1679."

Oh, resume thy wonted smile!
  Oh, suppress thy fears, lassie!
Glorious honour crouns the toil
  That the soldier shares, lassie.
Heaven will shield thy faithfu lover,
Till the vengefu strife is over,
Then we'll meet, nae mair to sever
  Till the day we dee, lassie:
Midst our bonnie woods and braes,
We'll spend our peacefu, happy days,
As blythe's yon lichtsome lamb that plays
  On Loudon's flowery lea, lassie.

96.

THE SOLDIER'S ADIEU.*

Air—"Good night and joy."

September, 1808.

THE weary sun's gane doun the west,
  The birds sit nodding on the tree,
All Nature now inclines for rest,
  But rest allow'd there's nane for me:
The trumpet calls to War's alarms,
  The rattling drum forbids my stay;
Ah! Nancy, bless thy soldier's arms,
  For ere morn I will be far away.

---

* These verses were composed for Alexander Kilpatrick, weaver in Paisley, who resided in the house next to Tannahill's residence in Queen Street, a soldier in the 22nd or Renfrewshire Militia Regiment, on his leaving Paisley for Ireland; and were put into his hands by the Author when he was bidding adieu. Kilpatrick preserved the verses for many years as a memento of the Lyric Poet. He died on 7th September, 1872, at the

I grieve to leave my comrades dear,
I mourn to leave my native shore,
To leave my aged parents here,
And the bonnie lass whom I adore.
But tender thoughts must now be hushed,
When duty calls, I must obey;
Fate wills it so that part we must,
And the morn I will be far away.

Adieu! dear Scotland's sea-beat coast!
Ye misty vales and mountains blue!
When on the heaving ocean tost,
I'll cast a wishful look to you.
And now, dear Nancy, fare-thee-weel!
May Providence thy guardian be!
And in the camp, or in the fiel,
My constant thoughts shall turn to thee.

---

patriarchial age of ninety years. The whole of this beautiful song appeared for the first time in a Glasgow newspaper in September, 1808, with the initials "R. T.," and the Air. We saw a copy of it which had been cut out of the newspaper. Mr. Ramsay, in his edition of 1838, gave the first stanza only as a fragment without any remark. In 1843, Alexander Whitelaw, in his "Book of Scottish Song," page 15, published the whole verses with a little verbal variation and this chorus—

"Good night and joy, good night and joy,
Good night and joy be wi you a;
For since it's so that I must go,
Good night and joy be wi you a!"

and stated, in a Note, that "so far as known to him it was printed for the first time; and that he had been favoured with it by the Poet's brother, Mr. Matthew Tannahill, of Paisley, who said it was composed when the Author was about sixteen or seventeen years of age" (1791). We called on the widow of Alexander Kilpatrick to make enquiries, but her daughter-in-law said Mrs. Kilpatrick had lost her memory, and was in her dotage. We insisted in putting one question; and on asking her if she knew "The Soldier's Adieu," she instantly answered "It was about *my man;* but I'm not Nancy." This is an expression of common people in Paisley, meaning *my husband.* Nancy was a former flame. The daughter-in-law was much surprised at the correct answer.—*Ed.*

97.

WEEP NOT, MY LOVE.*

Tune—"Maids of Arrochar."

May, 1806.

O WEEP not, my love, though I go to the war,
For soon I'll return rich with honours to thee;
The soul rousing pibroch is sounding afar,
And the clans are assembling in Morar-craiglee;
Our flocks are all plunder'd, our herdsmen are murder'd,
And, fir'd with oppression, aveng'd we shall be;
To-morrow we'll vanquish these ravaging English,
And then I'll return to thy baby and thee.

Slow rose the morn on Dunscarron's dark brow,
Firm rose our youths in their fighting array,
Powerful as Morven they rush'd on the foe,
And the din of the battlefield deafened the day;
The conflict was glorious, our clans were victorious,
Yet sad was the Bard the dark herald to be,—
Ah! poor weeping Flora, thy dear promised Morar
Will never return to thy baby and thee.

---

* The whole of this song was contained in a letter written by the Author to his friend James Barr, on 1st May, 1806; and the name Morar-*craiglee* was written Morar-*Glenlee*, but we could not discover either of these names in history. The whole of the song appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 208. See the first Note to No. 13. The first stanza was not printed in any of the editions till Ramsay's of 1838, and then as a fragment without any comment.—*Ed.*

98.

COMPANION OF MY YOUTHFUL SPORTS.*

Air—"Gilderoy."

1809.

COMPANION of my youthful sports,
From love and friendship torn,
A victim to the pride of courts,
Thy early death I mourn.
Unshrouded on a foreign shore,
Thou'rt mould'ring in the clay,
While here thy weeping friends deplore
Corunna's fatal day. †

How glows the youthful warrior's mind
With thoughts of laurels won,
But ruthless Ruin lurks behind,
"And marks him for her own." ‡

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Written on the death of a friend who fell at the Battle of Corunna."

This song of lamentation first appeared in No. 10 of John Millar's *Paisley Repository*, and bore the title "Lament." See first Note to No. 16.—*Ed.*

† "Corunna's fatal day" is a memorable event in British history. The Battle of Corunna, in Spain, between the French and British, was fought on Monday, 16th January, 1809. The British were victorious. The distinguished commander, General Sir John Moore, a native of Glasgow, and the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Napier, of Blackston, near Paisley (aged 35), of the 92nd Highlanders, both fell that day, and were buried at Corunna. Odes were written to the memories of each of them, and Tannahill did not forget a companion of his youth, who fell on the same bloody field.—*Ed.*

‡ "Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy *marked him for his own.*"

118th and 119th lines of Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard.—Ed.

How soon the meteor ray is shed,
"That lures him to his doom," *
And dark Oblivion veils his head
In everlasting gloom!

99.

THE SOLDIER'S WIDOW. †

1806.

THE cold wind blows,
O'er the drifted snows;
Loud howls the rain-lashed naked wood;
Weary I stray
On my lonesome way,
And my heart is faint for want of food.
Pity a wretch left all forlorn,
On life's wide wintry waste to mourn;
The gloom of night fast veils the sky,
And pleads for your humanity.

---

* "Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithful phantom flies,
To lure thee to thy doom."
3rd Verse of Goldsmith's "Hermit."

We are of opinion that many of the quotations made by Tannahill have been done from memory, and not from notes; and hence some of them are not altogether correctly quoted.—*Ed.*

† This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 73. See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

On valour's bed
My Henry died,
In the cheerless desert is his tomb:
Now lost to joy,
With my little boy,
In woe and want I wander home.
Oh! never, never will you miss
The boon bestow'd on deep distress,
For dear to Heav'n is the glist'ning eye,
That beams benign humanity.

100.

THE DEFEAT OF THE FRENCH.*

Tune—"Enrolled in our bright annals, lives."

From hill to hill the bugles sound
The soul-arousing strain,
The war-bred coursers paw the ground,
And foaming, champ the rein.
Their steel-clad riders bound on high,
A bold defensive host;
With valour fired, away they fly,
Like lightning, to the coast.

And now they view the widespread lines
Of the invading foe;
Now skill with British bravery joins,
To strike one final blow,

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 151. See the first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Now on they rush with giant stroke,
Ten thousand victims bleed :
They trample on the iron yoke
Which France for us decreed.*

Now view the trembling vanquish'd crew
Kneel o'er their prostrate arms,
Implore respite of vengeance, due
For all these dire alarms.
Now, while Humanity's warm glow,
Half weeps the guilty slain,
Let conquest gladden every brow,
And godlike mercy reign.

Thus fancy paints that awful day,
Yes, dreadful, should it come ;
But Britain's sons, in stern array,
Shall brave its darkest gloom.
Who fights, his native rights to save,
His worth shall have its claim ;
The Bard will consecrate his grave,
And give his name to fame.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Written at the time of the threatened invasion by France in the beginning of this century."

101.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

Air—"Holden's Dead March."

1805.

Now let the procession move solemn and slow,
While the soft mournful music accords with our woe,
While friendship's warm tears round his ashes are shed,
And soul melting memory weeps for the dead.
Kind, good hearted fellow as ever was known!
So kind and so good every heart was his own;
Now, alas! low in death are his virtues all o'er;
How painful the thought, we will see him no more!

In camp or in quarters he still was the same,
Each countenance brighten'd wherever he came;
When the wars of his country compell'd him to roam,
He cheerful, would say, all the world was his home.
And when the fierce conflict of armies began,
He fought like a lion, yet felt as a man;*
For when British brav'ry had vanquish'd the foe,
He'd weep o'er the dead by his valour laid low.

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"They bore as heroes, but they felt as man."
Pope's "Homer."

"He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man."
Beattie's "Hermit."

Note by Ramsay.—"This song appeared in the only edition which was published in the Author's lifetime; but has hitherto been omitted in the posthumous editions, probably from oversight."

It first appeared in 1805 in Millar's *Paisley Repository*, No. 1. See first Note to No. 16. It next appeared in Leslie's *Glasgow Nightingale*, page 19, in 1806. See first Note to No. 13. It also appeared in each of the editions of the Author's works published in 1822 and 1825.—*Ed.*

Ye time fretted mansions! ye mould'ring piles!
Loud echo his praise through your long vaulted aisles;
If haply his shade nightly glide through your gloom,
O tell him our hearts lie with him in the tomb!
And say, though he's gone, long his worth shall remain,
Remember'd, belov'd, by the whole of the men.—
Whoe'er acts like him, with a warm feeling heart,
Friendship's tears drop applause at the close of his part.

102.

THE WORN SOLDIER.*

November, 1807.

The Queensferry boatie † rows light,
And light is the heart that it bears,
For it brings the poor soldier safe back to his home,
From many long toilsome years.

How sweet are his green native hills,
As they smile to the beams of the west,
But sweeter by far is the sunshine of hope
That gladdens the soldier's breast!

* This song first appeared in the March number of the *Scots Magazine* for 1808.—*Ed.*

† The Paisley Bard probably founded this song on the incident of having been ferried across the Firth of Forth from the one Queensferry to the other, and seen an old soldier on the occasion taking the same mode of conveyance.

I can well mark the tears of his joy,
As the wave beaten pier he ascends,
For already, in fancy, he enters his home,
Midst the greetings of tender friends.

But fled are his visions of bliss,
All his transports but rose to deceive,
He found the dear cottage a tenantless waste,
And his kindred all sunk in the grave.

Lend a sigh to the soldier's grief,
For now he is helpless and poor,
And, forced to solicit a slender relief,
He wanders from door to door.

To him let your answers be mild,
And, oh! to the suff'rer be kind!
For the look of indiff'rence, the frown of disdain,
Bears hard on a generous mind.

103.

RETURN O GALLANT SONS.

Now, Marion, dry your tearfu e'e,
Gae break ye're rock in twa,
For sune ye're gallant sons ye'll see,
Return'd in sefety a.
O wow, gudeman, my heart is fain!
An shall I see my bairns again,
A seated roun our ain hearth-stane,
Nae mair tae gang awa?

104.

DISABLED SEAMAN.

Arranged by Mr. R. A. Smith.

MONGST Life's many cares there is none so provoking,
As when a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold;
Poor Tom, once so high on the list of deserving,
By captain and crew none so dearly was prized,
At home now laid up, worn with many years' serving,
Poor Tom takes his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Yet, Care thrown a-lee, see old Tom in his glory,
Placed snug with a shipmate, whose life once he saved,
Recounting the feats of some bold naval story,
The battles they fought, and the storms they had braved·
In his country's defence he has dared every danger,
His valorous deeds he might boast undisguised;
Yet home-hearted landsmen hold Tom as a stranger,
Poor Tom loves his sup, and poor Tom is despised.

Myself, too, am old, rather rusty for duty,
Yet still I'll prefer the wide ocean to roam;
I'd join some bold corsair, and live upon booty,
Before I'd be gibed by these sucklings at home.
Poor Tom, fare-thee-well! for, by heaven, tis provoking,
When thus a brave seaman, disabled and old,
Must crouch to the worthless, and stand the rude mocking
Of those who have nought they can boast but their gold.

105.

THE WANDERING BARD.

Chill the wintry winds were blowing,
Foul the mirky night was snowing,
Through the storm, the minstrel, bowing,
Sought the inn on yonder moor.
All within was warm and cheery,
All without was cold and dreary,
There the wand'rer, old and weary,
Thought to pass the night secure.

Softly rose his mournful ditty,
Suiting to his tale of pity;
But the master, scoffing, witty,
Checked his strain with scornful jeer:
"Hoary vagrant, frequent comer,
Canst thou guide thy gains of summer?
No, thou old intruding thrummer,
Thou canst have no lodging here."

Slow the bard departed, sighing,
Wounded worth forbade replying;
One last feeble effort trying,
Faint, he sunk no more to rise.
Through his harp, the breeze sharp ringing,
Wild his dying dirge was singing,
While his soul, from insult springing,
Sought its mansion in the skies.

Now, though wintry winds be blowing,
Night be foul with raining, snowing,
Still the trav'ller, that way going,
Shuns the inn upon the moor.

Though within 'tis warm and cheery,
Though without 'tis cold and dreary,
Still he minds the minstrel weary,
Spurn'd from that unfriendly door.

106.

THE BARD OF GLENULLIN.*

Air—"There'll never be peace till King Jamie come hame."

1807.

THO my eyes are grown dim, and my locks are turn'd gray,
I feel not the storms of life's bleak wintry day,
For my cot is well thatch'd, and my barns are full stor'd,
And cheerful Content still presides at my board:
Warm-hearted Benevolence stands at my door,
Dispensing her gifts to the wandering poor,
The glow of the heart does my bounty repay,
And lightens the cares of life's bleak wintry day.

---

* We made a search to discover the place called Glenullin; but were unsuccessful. In the end of last, and beginning of the present century, several copies of the edition of Ossian's Poems and Songs, published in 1796, came to Paisley; and Tannahill was a great admirer of the Gaelic Bard. We have now arrived at the conclusion that the name referred to Ullin, one of the Bards or sons of song of Fingal, and that he is noticed in that character in several of Ossian's Poems. Ossian, in the poems of "Fingal," Book I., relates that "Fingal, after mourning over his grandson, "Oscar, ordered Ullin, the chief of the bards, to carry his body to Morven "to be there interred." Immediately after our making the above enquiry, a query appeared in the London *Notes and Queries* of 10th September, 1874, but from whom we did not know:—"GLENULLIN.—In 'Lochiel's Warning,' "is this the title of a real Highland chieftain? if so, where was his territory?" and the answer elicited on 12th December following was—"I have looked "into several works, and cannot find such a place. With such numbers of "well-sounding names around him, it is a great pity that the poet Campbell

From the summit of years I look down on the vale,
Where age pines in sorrow, neglected and pale;
There the sunshine of fortune scarce deigns to bestow
One heart-cheering smile to the wand'rers below.
From the sad dreary prospect this lesson I drew,
That those who are helpless are friended by few;
So, with vigorous industry, I smooth'd the rough way
That leads through the vale of life's bleak wintry day.

Then, my son, let the Bard of Glenullin advise
(For years can give counsel, experience makes wise);
Midst thy wand'rings let honour for aye be thy guide,
O'er thy actions let honesty ever preside.
Then, though hardships assail thee, in virtue thou'lt smile,
For light is the heart that's untainted with guile;
And, if fortune attend thee, my counsels obey,
Prepare for the storms of life's bleak wintry day.

"did not embody a real name in the rich setting of his verses.—(Signed) "THOMAS STRATTON." "Lochiel's Warning," by Thomas Campbell, a tale of 1745, appeared in Maver's *Selector*, in October, 1805, Vol. II., page 267, with the name *Glen-Ullin* in it; and Tannahill sent a copy of his song to John Macfarlane, Neilston, on 20th August, 1807, and which he entitled "The *Sage* of Glenullin." It is rather a strange circumstance that both poets use a name that had no existence; at least, cannot be found. In Macfarlane's copy, the air as now printed for the first time in this edition was given. The song appeared in the 1815 edition of Tannahill's Works with the word *bard* substituted for the word *sage.—Ed.*

107.

THE HARPER O MULL.

*Written on reading the "Harper of Mull," a Highland story.**

Set to Music by Mr. R. A. Smith.

1806.

When Rosie was faithfu, how happy was I,
Still gladsome as simmer the time glided by;
I play'd my harp cheery, while fondly I sang
O the charms o my Rosie the winter nichts lang.
But now I'm as waefu as waefu can be,
Come simmer, come winter, tis a ane tae me:
For th' dark gloom o falsehood sae clouds my sad soul,
That cheerless for aye is the Harper o Mull.

---

* *William M'Laren* in his Life of Tannahill, 1815, mentions that, at a convivial meeting, a dispute arose between the Poet and another person present regarding the chastity of the fair sex and fidelity after marriage. The opponent referred to several cases of unfaithfulness, and particularly the infidelity of Rosie and the sorrows of the Harper of Mull. The Bard, in a few days, presented his friends with the beautiful song known by that name. The original story occupied many pages of an Edinburgh periodical called the *Bee;* and so far as the Biographer could recollect of reading it in his boyish days, it is briefly thus:—In the island of Mull lived a harper, conspicuous for nothing so much as his exquisite performance on that instrument, and his attachment to a lovely rosy-cheeked nymph, who was esteemed by the inhabitants of the island as the sweetest object ever formed by the hand of nature. As the harper was universally esteemed and admired for his sprightly appearance, and the affectionate simplicity of his manners, he soon gained the heart of his Rosie, and in a few weeks after he made her his bride. Soon after the nuptial ceremony was performed, he set out on a visit to some low country friends, accompanied by Rosie and his harp, which had been a companion to him in all his journies for many years. Overtaken by the shades of night, in a solitary part of the country, a cold and shivering faintness fell upon Rosie, and she sank almost lifeless into the harper's arms. His tartan plaid he unbound from his arm, and

I wander the glens an the wild woods alane,
In their deepest recesses I mak my sad mane;
My harp's mournfu melody joins in the strain,
While sadly I sing o the days that are gane.
Tho Rosie is faithless, she's no the less fair,
An the thocht o her beauty but feeds my despair;
Wi painfu remembrance my bosom is full,
An weary o life is the Harper o Mull.

---

hastily wrapped it round her shivering frame, but the cold sweat still gathered on her cheek. Distracted and alarmed, he hurried from place to place, in search of fuel to revive the dying ember of life. None could be found. His harp lay carelessly on the grass. Its neglected strings vibrated to the blast. The harper loved it dear as his own life, but he loved his Rosie better than either. His nervous arms were applied to its sides, and in a few minutes it lay crackling on the heath. Rosie soon revived, and resumed her journey as soon as morning began to purple the east. Stepping down the sloping side of a hill, they were met by a hunter on horseback, who addressed Rosie in the style of an old and familiar friend. The harper, innocent himself, and unsuspicious of others, paced slowly down the hill. Wondering at his Rosie's delay, he turned round and saw the faithless fair seated on the hunter's steed. The horse flew swift as the wind. The harper, transfixed in astonishment, gazed at them. Then pacing heavily home, he, sighing, exclaimed—"Fool that I was to burn my harp for her."

Note by Ramsay.—"The story on which these verses are founded, may be thus abridged. In the island of Mull, &c." He only took out a few words from M'Laren's narrative, and finished with the contraction *Ed.*

Tannahill said the song was written on his reading "The Harper of Mull," a Highland story. M'Laren stated that allusion had been made to the story in a discussion, which he gave as near as he could from his own recollection of the circumstances. Ramsay comes next, commencing his Note with "In the island of Mull, &c.,"—taking out a few words of M'Laren's narrative, and passing off the remainder as a Note composed by himself. They all seem to have been making a "mull" of the harper. We are, however, inclined to believe the statement of Tannahill himself, for he had a copy of the *Bee* in his library. It was a small Edinburgh periodical, edited by James Anderson, LL.D., and was commenced on 22nd December, 1790. "'The Harper of Mull,' a tale written in the year 1780, never before printed," will be found in Vol. III., page 233, June 15, 1791. The story was related by a native to Dr. Garnet, Professor in the Andersonian Institution of Glasgow, when in the island of Mull, and he inserted it in his

As slumb'ring I lay by the dark mountain stream,
My lovely young Rosie appear'd in my dream ;
I thocht her still kind, an I ne'er was sae blest,
As in fancy I clasp'd the dear nymph tae my breast.
Thou fause fleetin vision, too sune thou wert o'er !
Thou wak'dst me tae tortures unequall'd before ;
But death's silent slumbers my griefs sune shall lull,
An the green grass wave o'er the Harper o Mull.

"Tour to the Hebrides in 1800." Hector Macneil, a popular poet, born in 1746, published his poem "The Harp," containing fifty-six stanzas, on 15th April, 1789, relating the foregoing tale in verse, with a little variation of the traditions. In his preface, he stated that Mr. Ramsay of Auchtertyre while on a tour in the Hebrides heard the tale. Macneil, in his poem, changed the scene to Saint Kilda ; and he called the harper "Coll," and his wife "Mora." In 1807, an "Historical enquiry respecting the performance on the Harp in the Highlands of Scotland till 1734, drawn up by John Gunn, F.S.A.," was published ; and the tale of the "Harper of Mull" was introduced thus :—"The summit of a steep hill near Moy Castle, the seat of the Macleans of Lochbay, in the Island of Mull, is called *Madhm na Tiompan,* or the Harper's Pass ; and was so named from a remarkable incident that happened on that summit, which the natives relate to the following purpose." The abridged narrative of M'Laren relates the purport so well that we will not require to repeat it. Mr. Gunn, in a Note in his book, says—"Mr. Macneil has told me that he now regrets his having departed so much in his poem from the traditional story."—*Ed.*

108.

BAROCHAN JEAN.*

Air—"Johnnie M'Gill."

1809.

'Tis haena ye heard, man, o Barochan Jean?
An haena ye heard, man, o Barochan Jean?
How death an starvation cam o'er the haill nation,
She wrocht sic mischief wi her twa pawkie een.
The lads an the lasses were deein in dizzens,
The tane killed wi luve, an the tither wi spleen;
The ploughin, the sawin, the shearin, the mawin—
A wark was forgotten for Barochan Jean.

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* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The concluding stanza, which will not be found in former editions, is taken from a letter to King, 9th May, 1809. Of the origin of this amusing extravaganza, we find the following account in a letter to Barr, 24th December, 1809,—'You will no doubt have frequently observed how much old people are given to magnify the occurrences of their young days. 'Barochan Jean' was written on hearing an old grannie in Lochwinnoch Parish relate a story something similar to the subject of the song; perhaps I have heightened her colouring a little.'"

The "old grannie" referred to in the foregoing Note was said to be the wife of Andrew Brydie or Brodie, farmer, Langcraft, Lochwinnoch. These lands belonged equally to Andrew Brodie, Hugh Brodie, and Bailie Robert Fulton of Paisley. Hugh Brodie had married Elizabeth, daughter of Andrew Brodie, and, in 1762, he acquired the other two shares of Langcraft belonging to Andrew Brodie, his father-in-law, and Bailie Fulton; and the conveyances were taken to himself and his wife in liferent, and Andrew Brodie, their eldest son, in fee. In 1763, Janet Pollock, who was residing with her uncle Hugh Brodie, was married to James Tannahill, weaver in Paisley. James Tannahill and his wife named their son Hugh after Hugh Brodie, and their son Andrew after Mrs. Brodie's father, Andrew Brodie. Hugh Brodie was an enterprising agriculturist, and made a vast improvement on his small estate of thirty acres. He was also a poet, and wrote several pieces,—his chief production being a poetical address on "Husbandry," delivered at a meeting of the Kilbarchan Farmers' Society, on Friday, 6th January, 1769, and of which society he

Frae the south an the north, o'er the Tweed an the Forth,
Sic comin an gangin there never was seen;
The comers were cheerie, the gangers were blearie,
Despairin or hopin for Barochan Jean.
The carlins at hame were a girnin and granin,
The bairns were a greetin frae mornin till e'en;
They gat naethin for crowdie but runts boiled tae sowdie,
For naethin gat growin for Barochan Jean.

---

had been chosen President for that year. That address, containing sixty stanzas, has been printed in William Semple's History of Renfrewshire, 1782, page 116, of which we give the 5th and 6th verses to show the abilities of Tannahill's granduncle as a poet :—

"So, if to me you'll lend your lug,
I'll tell you of a barren bug,
(Excepting short heath an fug)
It yielded nocht;
Till ance you'll hear how I it dug,
And how it wrocht.

First wi a cast I draint it dry,
Which made the nat'ral springs tae die,
Likewise the rain sent from on hie
It did receive:
Then I such manure did apply
As it did crave.

Mrs. Tannahill and her children were in the habit of visiting their friends at Langcraft; and Robert Tannahill, the Poet, would thus become acquainted with the "old grannie" there. Alexander Wilson, Paisley, poet and American Ornithologist, during his residence in Lochwinnoch, in 1786, wrote a descriptive poem of that parish, containing 320 lines, twenty-six being devoted to Hugh Brodie, six lines of which we will quote :—

. . . . . .

"'Midst clustering trees and sweet surrounding dells,
In rural cot, a rustic poet dwells."

. . . . . .

"Cheerful he sits, and, gazing o'er the plain,
In native language pours his jocund strain."

. . . . . .

"How the deep bog or watery marsh to drain,
And bid bare hillocks groan with bending grain."

. . . . . —*Ed.*

The doctors declared it was past their descrivin,
The ministers said 'twas a judgment for sin;
But they lookit sae blae, an their hearts were sae wae,
I was sure they were deein for Barochan Jean.
The burns on roadsides were a dry wi their drinkin,
Yet a wadna sloken the drouth in their skin;
A roun the peatstacks, an alangst the dyke backs,
E'en the win's were a sighin, "Sweet Barochan Jean."

The timmer ran dune wi the makin o coffins,
Kirkyairds o their swaird were a howkit fu clean;
Deid lovers were packit like herrin in barrels,
Sic thousan's were deein for Barochan Jean.
But mony braw thanks tae the laird o Glenbrodie,
The grass owre their graffs is now bonnie an green:
He staw the proud heart o our wanton young leddie,
An spoilt a the charms o her twa pawkie een.

109.

KEBBUCKSTON WEDDIN.*

Written to an ancient Highland Air.

AULD Wattie † o Kebbuckston brae,
Wi lear an readin o beuks auld-farren,
What think ye! the bodie cam owre the day,
An tauld us he's gaun tae be married tae Mirren. ‡
We a gat a biddin
Tae gang tae the weddin,
Baith Johnnie an Sannie, an Nellie an Nannie;
An Tam o the Knows,
He swears an he vows,
At the dancin he'll face tae the bride wi his grannie.

* We are exceedingly sorry we cannot communicate much information concerning this humourous song. In our investigations, we discovered that Tannahill, at the time he wrote it, sent a copy, with a letter on the subject, to his friend Mr. James Barr, Kilbarchan. These were in existence after Barr's death on 24th February, 1860. His eldest daughter, Miss Janet Barr, distributed a number of Tannahill's letters and pieces among her father's acquaintances, and several of these appear in the Correspondence department of this volume. A bundle was sent to her nephew in Australia, who afterwards died; and these are now supposed to be irretrievably lost. We observed from a memorandum in Miss Barr's handwriting (see Note to No. 20) she had retained six pieces in her own possession; and, among these, were "Kebbuckston Weddin" and letter on the subject. She died on 25th December, 1873, aged 68. And at the present time, we applied to her surviving sister, Mrs. Bannerman, Liverpool, and Miss Barr's friends in Kilbarchan; but they all declared they had not seen them since Miss Barr's decease. We may now infer that the authentic information concerning the subject of this song is lost for ever.

We will now refer to the printed unauthenticated evidence. John

† Wattie, the hero of this song, is involved in mystery; and we have not found a single person that could give any information, or even make a conjecture on the subject of that "auld-farren" bodie.—*Ed.*

‡ *Note by Ramsay.*—"*Mirren*, the local pronunciation of the name *Marion*."

A the lads hae trystet their joes;
Slee Wullie cam up, an ca'd on Nellie;
Altho she was hecht tae Geordie Bowse,*
She's gien him the gunk, an she's gaun wi Wullie.
Wee collier Johnnie †
Has yokit his pownie,
An's aff tae the toun for a ladin o nappy,
Wi fouth o gude meat
Tae ser us tae eat;
Sae wi fuddlin an feastin we'll a be fu happy.

Mitchell, poet, in a Note to his preface to "'A Night on the Banks of Doon,' and other poems; 1838," said—"Tannahill's 'Kibbuckstane' and 'Whinny Knowe,' both on the estate of Ferguslie, have been adorned by Mr. Barr,—the only compliment yet paid to his memory." (See Note to John Mitchell's "Ode to the Memory of Tannahill" in Appendix.) Robert Skimming, another poet, said, in "Strains I used to Sing," printed in 1852, in a Note to one of his poems, that "Kebbuckston is situated near Bridge of Weir." (See Note to "I'll lay me on the wintry lee," No. 135.) James J. Lamb, in his biographical sketch of Tannahill, 1873, said—"To the northward, a short walk through rural Ferguslie, brings you to Kebbuckstone Brae, the scene of Auld Watty's memorable wedding." Mitchell and Lamb are both dead, and we wrote Mr. Skimming asking his authority for placing Kebbuckston near Bridge of Weir. He replied that there was no place in Ferguslie estate called Kebbuckston in the days of Tannahill, nor for many years after his death; that his informant was James Paterson, weaver in Maxwelton Street, Paisley, an acquaintance of Tannahill's, who had died twenty years ago, aged 80; that the scene was Kibleston Farm, and the characters mostly belonged to Kilbarchan, and the Poet had changed the name of the farm; that John Parkhill, author of a small history of Paisley, was of the same opinion; and that both Paterson and Parkhill knew that Mitchell had fixed the scene on Ferguslie estate to please Mr. Barr. Neither Mitchell nor Skimming have attempted to describe a single character.—*Ed.*

* George Bowse died 13th July, 1836, aged 74.—*Ed.*

† We think this referred to one of the Author's cousin's family, James Stevenson, at the Thorn.—*Ed.*

Wee Patie Brydie * tae say the grace—
The bodie's aye ready at dredgies an weddin's ;
An Flunkie M'Fee, o the Skiverton place,
Is chosen tae scuttle the pies and the puddin's.
For there'll be plenty
O ilka thing dainty,
Baith lang-kail an haggis, an ilka thing fittin ;
Wi luggies o beer,
Our wizzens tae clear,
Sae the deil fill his kyte wha gaes clung frae the meetin.

Lowrie has caft Gibbie Cameron's gun, [Charlie;
That his auld gutcher bore whan he fallowed Prince
The barrel was rustit as black as the grun,
But he's taen't to the smiddy, an's fettled it rarely.
Wi wallets o pouther,
His musket he'll shouther,
An ride at our heid, tae the bride's a-paradin ;
At ilka farm toun,
He'll fire them three roun,
Till the haill kintra ring wi the Kebbuckston weddin.

Jamie an Johnnie maun ride the broose, †
For few like them can sit in the saidle ;

* We have already explained in the Memoir of the Tannahills that the true name of this person was Robert Brodie, son of Hugh Brodie, farmer, Langcraft, Lochwinnoch ; consequently, a cousin of Mrs. Tannahill, the mother of the Author. He was a very exemplary gifted person, and frequently attended funerals and weddings to act as chaplain. Brydie is an old surname in Lochwinnoch Parish, and, in modern times, the orthography had been changed to Brodie.—*Ed.*

† "*To ride the broose,*—to run a race on horseback at a wedding. A Scots custom, still preserved in the country. Those who are at a wedding, especially the younger part of the company, who are conducting the bride from her own house to the bridegroom's, often set off at full speed for the latter. This is called *riding the broose.* He who first reaches the house is said to *win the broose.*"—*Jamieson.*

An Willie Cobreath,* the best o bows,
Is trysted to jig in the barn wi his fiddle.
Wi whiskin an fliskin,
An reelin an wheelin,
The young anes are like to loup out o the bodie,
An Neilie M'Nairn,
Tho sair forfairn,
He vows that he'll wallop twa sets wi the howdie.

Sannie M'Nab,† wi his tartan trews,
Has hecht tae come doun in the midst o the caper,
An gie us three wallops o merry shantrews,
Wi the true Hielan fling o Macrimmon the piper,‡
Sic hippin an skippin,
An springin an flingin,
I'se wad that there's nane in the Lawlans can waff it!
Feth! Willie maun fiddle,
An jirgum an diddle,
An screed till the sweat fa in beads frae his haffet.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"William Galbreath, whose services as a violin player were put in requisition on festive occasions all the country round. He lived during the greater part of his days in Kilbarchan, where he, after an interval of two centuries, worthily filled the situation of its renowned piper, Habbie Simpson. William had a buirdly personal figure; but unhappily, was blind from infancy. Tannahill listened with great pleasure to his strains; and Smith had a good opinion of his abilities, and named a tune after him. Latterly, he resided in Johnstone, where he died on 13th May, 1835, aged 63."

† Alexander M'Nab, a weaver at Lonend or Dykebar, a good dancer, who wore tartan trousers.—*Ed.*

‡ Mac-Rimmon was the name of the hereditary pipers of the clan M'Leod; and Donald Dubh Mac-Rimmon, the last of these pipers and dancers, born in 1731, died in 1822, aged 91.—*Ed.*

Then gie me your han, my trusty guid frien,
An gie me yer word, my worthy auld kimmer,
Ye'll baith cam owre on Friday bedeen,
An join us in rantin an toomin the timmer.
Wi fouth o guid liquor,
We'll haud at the bicker,
And lang may the mailin o Kebbuckston flourish;
For Wattie's sae free,
Between you an me,
I'se warrant he's bidden the hauf o the parish.*

110.

RAB RORYSON'S BONNET. †

Air—"The auld wife o the glen."

YE'LL a hae heard tell o Rab Roryson's bonnet,
Ye'll a hae heard tell o Rab Roryson's bonnet;
Twas nae for itsel, twas the heid that was in it,
Gart a bodies talk o Rab Roryson's bonnet.

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The humour and spirit of this production are so appropriate that it is to be regretted the Author did not write more in the same vein. The bill of fare, and the description of the guests, will bring Francis Sempill's song of 'The Blithesome Bridal' to the recollection of those readers who are acquainted with Scottish poetry of the seventeenth century."

† The model of this song has been said by some persons to have been the bonnet and head of kind Will MacNeil; and others, again, assert it was the bonnet and head of John Riddle, labourer, Lochwinnoch. We have already given a description of the large head of MacNeil in the Notes to No. 62; and the great size of Riddle's head may be guessed from the following obituary notice in the *Scots Magazine* for July, 1816:—"At Lochwinnoch, on 9th April, 1816, John Riddle, labourer. He knew nothing of his age but

This bonnet, that theekit his won'erfu heid,
Was his shelter in winter, in simmer his shade ;
An at kirk, or at market, or bridals, I ween,
A braw gawcier bonnet there never was seen.

Wi a roun rosie tap, like a muckle blackbide,
It was slouch'd just a kennin on either han side ;
Some maintained it was black, some maintained it was blue,
It had something o baith, as a bodie may trew.

But, in sooth, I assure you, for ocht that I saw,
Still his bonnet had naething uncommon ava ;
Tho the haill pairish talk'd o Rab Roryson's bonnet,
'Twas a for the marvellous heid that was in it.

That heid, let it rest, it is noo in the mools,
Tho in life a the warld beside it war fools ;
Yet o what kind o wisdom his heid was possess't,
Nane e'er kent but himsel, sae there's nane that will miss't.

* There are some still in life wha eternally blame,
Wha on *buts* an on *ifs* rear their fabric o fame ;
Unto such I inscribe this most elegant sonnet,
Sae let them be crooned wi Rab Roryson's bonnet !

---

that he was nine nights old at the Windy Saturday. In his earlier years he was a man of extraordinary bodily strength, and performed many rustic feats of wrestling and pugilism worthy of more classic times. He wore a bonnet of unparalleled magnitude, the elevated or slouching attitude of which was thought by the youth of the neighbourhood to prognosticate good or bad weather." The Windy Saturday, so named in consequence of the great hurricane which occurred on 13th January, 1739, after an eclipse of the Moon. John Riddle having been born nine nights before that event, his birth would consequently happen on 4th January, 1739, and was, therefore, in the 78th year of his age at his death.—*Ed.*

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The concluding stanza, which will not be found in former editions, is taken from a letter to King, 9th May, 1809."

111.

FAITHFUL ELLEN MORE.*

Air,—"Mary's Dream."

THE sun had kissed green Erin's waves,
The dark blue mountains tower'd between,
Mild evening's dews refresh'd the leaves,
The moon unclouded rose serene;
When Ellen wandered forth, unseen,
All lone her sorrows to deplore;
False was her lover, false her friend,
And false was hope to Ellen More.

Young Henry was fair Ellen's love,
Young Emma to her heart was dear;
Nor weal nor woe did Ellen prove,
But Emma ever seemed to share.
Yet envious still, she spread the wile,
That sullied Ellen's virtues o'er;
Her faithless Henry spurn'd the while,
His fair, his faithful Ellen More.

She wander'd down Loch Mary side,
Where oft at ev'ning hour she stole,
To meet her love with secret pride;
Now deepest anguish wrung her soul.

* The scene of this dirge is in the Parish of Yarrow, Selkirkshire, where many a mournful event has occurred, and been preserved in border minstrelsy. Loch Mary, or Saint Mary's Loch, is a well-known lake, and the River Yarrow is also equally well known. Saint Mary's Chapel was situated on the north-west side of Saint Mary's Loch.

O'ercome with grief, she sought the steep
Where Yarrow falls with sullen roar;
Oh, pity! veil thine eyes and weep!
A bleeding corpse lies Ellen More.

The sun may shine on Yarrow Braes,
And woo the mountain flow'rs to bloom,
But never can his golden rays
Awake the flow'r in yonder tomb.
There oft young Henry strays forlorn,
When moonlight gilds the abbey tower;
There oft from eve till breezy morn,
He weeps his faithful Ellen More.

112.

THE SNOWSTORM.

Air,—"Fingal's Lamentation."

"Wild drives the bitter northern blast,
Fierce whirling wide the crispy snaw,
Young lassie, turn your wand'ring steps,
For e'ening's gloom begins to fa:
I'll tak you to my faither's ha,
An shiel you frae the wintry air,
For, wand'rin thro the driftin snaw,
I fear ye'll sink to rise nae mair."

"Ah! gentle lady, airt my way
Across this langsome, lanely moor,
For he wha's dearest to my heart,
Now waits me on the western shore;

Wi morn he spreads his outward sail—
This nicht I vow'd to meet him there,
To tak ae secret, fond fareweel,
We maybe pairt to meet nae mair."

"Dear lassie, turn—twill be your deid!
The dreary waste lies far an wide;
Abide till morn, an then ye'll hae
My faither's herdboy for your guide."
"Na, lady,—na! I maunna turn,
Impatient love now chides my stay,
Yon rising moon, wi kindly beam,
Will licht me on my weary way."

. . . . .

Ah! Donald, wherefore bounds thy heart?
Why beams wi joy thy wistfu e'e?
Yon's but thy true love's fleeting form,
Thy true love mair thou'lt never see;
Deep in the hollow glen she lies,
Amang the snaw, beneath the tree,
She soundly sleeps in Death's caul arms,
A victim to her love for thee.

113.

WRECK ON GLOOMY ISLE OF MAY.*

Air,—"Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came."

Wi waefu heart and sorrowing e'e
I saw my Jamie sail awa;
Oh! twas a fatal day to me,
That day he pass'd the Berwick Law; †
How joyless now seem'd a behind!
I ling'rin, stray'd alang the shore;
Dark boding fears hung on my mind
That I micht never see him more.

The nicht came on wi heavy rain,
Loud, fierce, and wild the tempest blew;
In mountains roll'd the awful main:
Ah, hapless maid! my fears how true!
The landsmen heard their drownin cries,
The wreck was seen with dawnin day;
My love was found, an now he lies
Low in the isle o gloomy May.

---

* This song appeared in the *Nightingale*, 1806, page 35, and the *Caledonian Musical Repository*, 1806, page 180,—a selection of 118 esteemed Scottish Songs, issued by B. Crosby & Co., stationers, Paternoster Row. It was also inserted in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, Vol. I., page 16; Air,—"The waefu heart."—*Ed.*

† Berwick Law is a hill in the County of Berwick, on the shore of the German Ocean; the Isle of May is on the opposite shore, near the mouth of the Forth, and is in the Parish of Crail, Fifeshire.

O boatman, kindly waft me o'er!
The cavern'd rock shall be my home;
Twill ease my burdened heart, to pour
Its sorrows o'er his grassy tomb;
With sweetest flowers I'll deck his grave,
An tend them thro the langsome year;
I'll water them, ilk morn and eve,
Wi deepest sorrow's warmest tear.

114.

LONE SILENT GRAVE.*

Air,—"My time, O ye Muses."

Responsive, ye woods, wing your echoes along,
Till Nature, all sad, weeping, listen my song,
Till flocks cease their bleating, and herds cease to low,
And the clear winding rivulet scarce seems to flow.
For, fair was the flower that once gladden'd our plains,
Sweet rosebud of virtue, adored by our swains;
But Fate, like a blast from the chill wintry wave,
Has laid my sweet flower in yon cold silent grave.

Her warm feeling breast did with sympathy glow,
In innocence pure as the new mountain snow;
Her face was more fair than the mild apple bloom,
Her voice sweet as Hope, whisp'ring pleasures to come.

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 68, with the title "Dirge." See the first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Oh, Mary, my love! wilt thou never return!
Tis thy William who calls! burst the bands of thy urn!
Together we'll wander—poor wretch, how I rave!
My Mary lies low in the lone silent grave.

Yon tall leafy planes throw a deep solemn shade
O'er the dear holy spot where my Mary is laid,
Lest the light wanton sunbeams obtrude on the gloom,
That lorn love and friendship have wove round her tomb.
Still there let the mild tears of nature remain,
Till calm dewy ev'ning weep o'er her again;
There oft I will wander—no boon now I crave,
But to weep life away o'er the dark silent grave.

115.

A GEM OF PEARLY DEW.*

August, 1807.

I MARK'D a gem of pearly dew,
While wand'ring near yon misty mountain,
Which bore the tender blade so low,
It dropp'd off into the fountain.
So thou hast wrung this gentle heart,
Which in its core was proud to wear thee,
Till, drooping sick beneath thy art,
It sighing found it could not bear thee.

* Tannahill sent a copy of this song to his friend, Mr. John Macfarlan, weaver, Neilston, for his opinion, on 20th August, 1807.—*Ed.*

Adieu, thou faithless fair! unkind!
  Thy falsehood dooms that we must sever;
Thy vows were as the passing wind,
  That fans the flow'r, then dies for ever.
And think not that this gentle heart,
  Though in its core twas proud to wear thee,
Shall longer droop beneath thy art;
  No, cruel fair! it cannot bear thee! *

116.

O ARE YE SLEEPIN, MAGGIE.†

Air,—"Sleepin Maggie."

1806.

CHOR.—"O are ye sleepin, Maggie,
  O are ye sleepin, Maggie!
  Let me in, for loud the linn
  Is roarin o'er the warlock craigie."

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Tannahill and Smith once went on a fishing excursion with some acquaintances. The two friends being but tyros soon grew weary of lashing the water to no purpose, and separated for a little, each to amuse himself in his own fashion. When Smith rejoined the Poet, he was shown this song written with a pencil. Tannahill had been occupied observing a blade of grass bending under the weight of a dewdrop, and this trifling object had suggested to him the simile embodied in the song."

† This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 70. See the first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

MIRK an rainy is the nicht,
No a starn in a the carry, *
Lightnin's gleam athwart the lift,
An win's drive wi Winter's fury.

O are ye sleepin, Maggie,
O are ye sleepin, Maggie!
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin o'er the warlock craigie.

Fearfu soughs the boortree bank,
The rifted wood roars wild an drearie,
Loud the iron yett does clank,
An cry o howlets mak's me eerie.

O are ye sleepin, Maggie,
O are ye sleepin, Maggie!
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin o'er the warlock craigie.

Abune my breath I daurna speak,
For fear I rouse your waukrif daddie.
Caul's the blast upon my cheek,
O rise, rise my bonnie laddie!

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"The 'carry' means in Scotland the direction in which clouds are *carried* by the wind. In the above passage, the Author, by a poetical license, uses it to denote the firmament or sky."

The heroine of this song was Margaret Pollock, a cousin of the Author by the mother's side. She was the eldest daughter of Matthew Pollock (3rd) of Boghall, by his second marriage (mentioned in the Memoir of the Tannahills); and it is very probable the Poet beheld such an evening as he had described, in walking from Paisley over the high road to his uncle's farm steading in Beith Parish. Margaret Pollock afterwards lived in family with William Lochhead, Ryveraes, and she and Mrs. Lochhead frequently sang that song together. Miss Pollock died unmarried.—*Ed.*

O are ye sleepin, Maggie,
O are ye sleepin, Maggie!
Let me in, for loud the linn
Is roarin o'er the warlock craigie.

She op'd the door, she let me in,
I cuist aside my dreepin plaidie:
Blaw your warst, ye rain an win,
Since, Maggie, now I'm in aside ye.

Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
Now since ye're wauken, Maggie,
What care I for howlet's cry,
For boortree bank, or warlock craigie?

117.

MARY IS A BONNIE LASS.*

Air,—"Invercauld's Reel."

1806.

My Mary is a bonnie lass,
Sweet as the dewy morn,
Whan fancy tunes her rural reed
Beside the upland thorn. †
She lives ahint yon sunny knowe,
Whar flow'rs in wild profusion grow,
Whar spreading birds and hazels‡ throw
Their shadows o'er the burn.

Tis not the streamlet-skirted wood,
Wi a its leafy bow'rs,
That gars me wade in solitude
Amang the wild sprung flow'rs;

---

* This song appeared both in the *Nightingale* and the *Caledonian Musical Repository*,—both of 1806. As to the former, see No. 13; and the latter, No. 113.—*Ed.*

† Blackthorn or Sloe,—*Prunus Spinosa.* Abundant on Gleniffer Braes. April and May. Branches thorny. A well-known bush. One of the most powerful acerb fruits, and an excellent astringent. Its dried leaves are frequently mixed with tea, and the juice of them enters largely into the British manufacture of port wine.—*Ed.*

‡ Hazel,—*Cerylus Avellana.* Common in woods and on Gleniffer Braes. March and April. It flowers the first of our trees. Hazel nuts are well known, and much better on the night of 31st October—Halloween.—*Ed.*

But aft I cast a langin e'e,
Doun frae the bank, out owre the lea,
There, haply, I my lass may see,
As through the brume she scours.

Yestreen I met my bonnie lass,
Coming frae the toun,
We raptur'd sank in ither's arms,
An prest the breckans doun.
The pairtrick sung his e'ening note,
The ryecraik * rispt his clam'rous throat,
Whilk there the heavenly vow I got, †
That erl'd her my own.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"We suspect that Tannahill wrote 'rye-craik' for 'corn-craik,' and thereby misled Dr. Jamieson, who, in his supplement, gives the former as 'a provincial designation for the land-rail, Renfrewshire;' and quotes the above passage, and it alone, as the authority. We cannot discover that the name 'rye-craik' is known either in Renfrewshire or elsewhere in Scotland. James Grahame, who was a native of the neighbouring city of Glasgow, and a contemporary of Tannahill, and who spent part of his childhood on the banks of the Cart, calls it the 'corn-craik' in 'The Birds of Scotland,' p. 68:—

'Poor bird, though harsh thy note, I love it well;
It tells of Summer eves.'"

Rye is a coarse cereal grown in olden times in Scotland. The Poet's mother was brought up in the Parish of Lochwinnoch, where old names, old manners, the old style, and old everything, were long retained, and the names "ryecraik" may have been the ancient name of corncraik or land rail. He may have heard his mother call the bird, with the harsh note, the "ryecraik." "Coming through the Rye" was an old tune to which Burns adapted a song of the same name; and Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, another to the same tune of "Coming through the Rye."—*Ed.*

† In both publications of 1806, this line was printed—

"While mony a soul-warm kiss I got."—*Ed.*

118.

BONNIE WINSOME MARY.*

Written to a Gaelic Air.

Fortune, frowning most severe,
Forced me frae my native dwellin,
Parting wi my friens so dear,
Cost me many a bitter tear;
But, like the clouds of early day,
Soon my sorrows fled away,
Whan, blooming sweet and smiling gay,
I met my winsome Mary.

Wha can sit wi gloomy brow,
Blest wi sic a charming lassie?
Native scenes, I think on you,
Yet the change I canna rue;
Wand'ring many a weary mile,
Fortune seem'd to low'r the while,
But now she's gien me, for the toil,
My bonnie winsome Mary.

Tho our riches are but few,
Faithfu love is aye a treasure;
Ever cheery, kind, an true,
Nane but her I e'er can loe.

---

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 150. See the first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Hear me, a ye powers above,
Powers of sacred truth and love!
While I live I'll constant prove
To my dear winsome Mary.

119.

MINE AIN DEAR SOMEBODY.*

Air,—"Were I obliged to beg."

1805.

WHAN gloamin treads the heels o day,
An birds sit courin on the spray,
Alang the flow'ry hedge I stray
Tae meet mine ain dear somebody.

The scented brier, the fragrant bean,
The clover bloom, the dewy green,
A charm me, as I rove at e'en,
Tae meet mine ain dear somebody.

Let warriors prize the hero's name,
Let mad ambition tow'r for fame,
I'm happier in my lowly hame,
Obscurely blest wi somebody.

---

* This song first appeared in 1805 in Maver's *Selector*, Vol. I., page 194,—the first with the signature "MODESTUS." See Note, No. 5. Second in the *Nightingale* in 1806, page 209. See Notes, No. 13.—*Ed.*

120.

FAIR-HAIRED NANNIE.

FULL auchteen simmers up life's brae,
I speeded on fu cannie, O,
Till sleeky Love threw in my way
Young, bonnie, fair-haired Nannie, O.

I woo'd her sune, I wan her syne,
Our vows o luve war mony, O,
An, O what happy days war mine,
Wi bonnie fair-haired Nannie, O.

. . . . .

121.

SING ON, THOU SWEET WARBLER.

SING on, thou sweet warbler, thy glad ev'ning song,
And charm the lone echoes the green woods among;
As dear unto thee is the sun's setting beam,
So dear unto me is the soul's melting dream:
The dark winter frowning, all pleasure disowning,
Shall strip thy green woods and be deaf to thy moaning;
But dark stormy winter is yet far away,
Then let us be glad, when all Nature is gay.

122.

THE SHEELIN HILL.

Air,—"Gillie Callum."

I'LL hie me tae the sheelin hill,*
And bide amang the braes, Callum;
Ere I gang tae Crochan mill, †
I'll live on hips an slaes, Callum.
Wealthy pride but ill can hide
Your runkl't measl't shins, Callum;
Lyart pow, as white's the tow,
An beard as rough's the whins, Callum.

Wily woman aft deceives,
Sae ye'll think, I ween, Callum;
Trees may keep their withered leaves,
Till ance they get the green, Callum.

---

* The eminence near a mill where the chaff is winnowed from the grain.

† This song first appeared in No. 2 of the 1815 editions; and the Editor may have made a mistake in the name *Crochan*. We never heard of such a place; but there may be still such a mill struggling for existence in an obscure district, or it may have sunk into oblivion since the time when Tannahill composed this song on Highland girlish pride, seventy years ago. We could not discover the locality of Crochan-Mill, and concluded it was a misprint for *Barochan* Mill,—*Ba* having been mistaken for a *C*. We found the first and third lines rhyming with each other, and the first line to contain eight syllables and the third line only seven syllables:—

"I'll hie me tae the Sheelin-hill,
And bide amang the braes, Callum;
Ere I gang tae Barochan mill
I'll live on hips an slaes, Callum."—*Ed.*

Blythe young Donald's won my heart,
Has my willing vow, Callum;
Now, for a your couthy airt,
I winna marry you, Callum.

123.

HOW TAE WIN A BONNIE LASSIE.*

Air,—"Callum Brogach."

1810.

Ye wooer lads wha greet an grane,
Wha preach an fleech, an mak a mane,
An pine yoursel's tae skin and bane,
Come a tae Callum Brogach.
I'll learn you here the only airt
Tae win a bonnie lassie's heart—
Just tip wi goud Love's siller dart
Like dainty Callum Brogach.

I ca'd her aye my sonsie doo,
The fairest flow'r that e'er I knew;
Yet, like a souple spankie grew,
She fled frae Callum Brogach.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Copied from a letter written by the Author to Mr. John Crawford, Largs, on March 17, 1810."

But sune's she heard the guinea ring,
She turn'd as I had been a king,
Wi—"Tak my han or ony thing,
Dear, dainty Callum Brogach!"

It's goud can mak the blin to see,
Can bring respec whar nane wad be.
An Cupid ne'er shall want his fee,
Frae dainty Callum Brogach.
Nae mair wi greetin blin your een,
Nae mair wi sichin warm the win,
But hire the gettlin for your frien,
Like dainty Callum Brogach.

124.

OCH, HEY! JOHNNIE, LAD.*

Air,—"The lassies o the ferry."

Och, hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye soud hae been;
Och, hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye didna keep your tryst yestreen:

* This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 74. See first Note to No. 13. The subject of the song was John Howie, weaver in Paisley (an acquaintance of the Poet), and his sweetheart, Agnes Smith, residing in the Brig o Johnstone district; and was written on the occasion of their having been mistaken in the trysting-place of one of their engagements,—the *beau* supposing it was the "Thorn," and the *belle* the "Wood."

I waited lang beside the wud,
Sae wae an wearie, a my lane;
Och, hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye soud hae been.

I lookit by the whinnie knowe,
I lookit by the firs sae green,
I lookit owre the spunkie howe,*
An aye I thocht ye woud hae been.

That occurrence happened eighty years ago, and several places around Paisley answering the description of the "whinnie knowe," "the firs sae green," and "the spunkie howe," have now been obliterated by agricultural improvements. Some persons think the scene of the song was Craigielee, on the estate of "Sweet Ferguslie;" and others maintain it was at the Gum Hill, or the Thorn, on the road between Paisley and Johnstone,—the lovers having divided the distance between their residences for the place of meeting. We incline to the latter, from the residence of the lady. In the hollow at the Gum Hill, or Burnbrae road, leading down from the Johnstone road, we have seen the little glow-worm lighting up his "e'ening spunkie," or phosphorescent lamp, to entice the unwary into his swampy den; and it was probably near this spot where Agnes waited. The lad would not stop the following evening at the Thorn, but proceed direct to Agnes' house, tirl at the window, and the two, after mutual explanations of the mishap yestreen, go to Craigton Shaw, behind Johnstone Castle,—a place then famous for making lovers' vows,—

"Whan the silken tow is twisting
Roun this artless heart o mine;"

and, shortly thereafter, John Howie and Agnes Smith were married—in December, 1796. Tannahill's acquaintances generally belonged to the poetical or musical class of society, and John Howie loved the martial music of the drum,—an instrument much in use at that time for recruiting in Paisley. A Sailor's Parade occurred in Greenock about the end of last century, and both Howie and Tannahill attended as musicians—the former drumming, and the latter fifing. John Howie died in 1851, aged 75; and Agnes Smith (Mrs. Howie) in 1853, aged 79.—*Ed.*

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Dr. Jamieson, in the Supplement to his Scottish Dictionary, has stated as one of the meanings of the adjective 'spunkie' that it is an 'epithet applied to a place supposed to be haunted, from the frequent appearance of the *ignis fatuus*;' in support of which, he quotes

The ne'er a supper crost my craig,
The ne'er a sleep hae clos'd my een;
Och, hey! Johnnie, lad,
Ye're no sae kind's ye soud hae been.

Gin ye war waitin by the wud,
Then I was waitin by the Thorn,
I thocht it was the place we set,
An waited maist till dawnin morn;
Sae be na vext, my bonnie lassie,
Let my waitin stan for thine,
We'll awa to Craigton shaw,
And seek the joys we tint yestreen.*

---

the above passage as his only authority. But with great deference, the venerable lexicographer has misapprehended the meaning of the Poet, who plainly used 'spunkie howe' as a compound noun to denote the 'howe of the spunkie,'—in other words, the 'Will o the Wisp hollow.'"

* R. A. Smith in his *Scotish Minstrelsy*, 1823, Vol. III., page 108, gave a song "Hey, Hou! Johnny, lad," author unknown, Air of the same name; and Alexander Whitelaw, in his "Book of Scottish Song," 1843, page 525, gives a song with the same title, and the following Note:—"This song is partly preserved by Herd in his collection, 1776; but is here given with some slight additions by Allan Cunningham. It is sung to a reel tune, originally called 'The Lasses o the Ferry.' Tannahill wrote a song with the same burthen and to the same tune, which is also given in this work at page 428."—*Ed.*

125.

CONTENTMENT.

Air,—"Her sheep had in clusters."

1806.

WHERE primroses spring on the green tufted brae,
And the riv'let runs murm'ring below,
Oh, Fortune! at morning, or noon, let me stray,
And thy wealth on thy vot'ries bestow.
For, oh! how enraptured my bosom does glow
As calmly I wander alone,
Where wild woods, and bushes, and primroses grow,
And a streamlet enlivens the scene.

Though humble my lot, not ignoble's my state,
Let me still be contented, though poor;
What destiny brings, be resigned to my fate,
Though misfortune should knock at my door.
I care not for honour, preferment, nor wealth,
Nor the titles that affluence yields,
While blythely I roam, in the heyday of health,
'Midst the charms of my dear native fields.

126.

MY DAYS HAE FLOWN WI GLEESOME SPEED.

My days hae flown wi gleesome speed,
  Grief ne'er sat heavy on my mind,
Sae happy wi my rural reed,
  I liltet every care behind;
I've been vext and sair perplext
  When friens prov'd false, or beauty shy;
But, like gude John o Badenyon,*
  I croon'd my lilt and car'd na by.

. . . . .

---

* "John o Badenyon" was the name of a song written by the Rev. John Skinner, a popular song-writer and ecclesiastical historian. He was born in the Parish of Birse, Aberdeenshire; Episcopal clergyman at Longside, Peterhead, sixty-five years; and died 16th June, 1807. He was one of two Bishops of Aberdeen. Tannahill seemed to be acquainted with the current literature of the day, particularly of a poetical description. The ruins of Badenyon or Badniaun House, alluded to in the song of "John o Badenyon," are situated in the Parish of Glenbucket, Aberdeenshire.—*Ed.*

127.

LASSIE TAK THE LAD YE LIKE.

Air,—"Clean pea strae."

WHAN John an me war married,
Our haudin was but sma,
For my minnie, cankert carlin,
Woud gie us nocht ava;
I wair't my fee wi canny care,
As far as it woud gae,
But, weel-I-wat, our bridal bed
Was clean pea strae

Wi workin late an early,
We've come to what ye see,
For fortune thrave aneath our hans,
Sae eident ay war we;
The lowe o luve made labour licht,
I'm sure ye'll find it sae,
Whan kind ye cuddle doun at e'en,
Mang clean pea strae.

The rose blooms gay on cairny brae,
As weel's in birken shaw,
An love will lowe in cottage low,
As weel's in lofty ha:*

* "Love's as warm amang cottars as courtiers."—*Allan Ramsay's "Scots Proverbs."*

Sae, lassie, tak the lad ye like,
  Whate'er your minnie say,
Tho ye shoud mak your bridal bed
  O clean pea strae.

128.

AN WAR YE AT DUNTOCHER BURN? *

An war ye at Duntocher burn? †
  An did ye see them a, man ?
An how's my wifie an the bairns?
  I hae been lang awa, man.
This hedger ‡ wark's a weary trade,
  It doesna suit ava man ;
Wi lanely house an lanely bed
  My comforts are but sma, man.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This is one of the pieces of which only the first stanza was understood to have been preserved. The remainder of the above, however, has fortunately been recovered from a letter to King, 9th May, 1809, in which the Author says—'The above is written on a real occurrence, which fell under my observation, but I doubt the subject is not well suited for a song; therefore I am the more anxious to have your mind on it,—not in that loose, vague way, which goes for little or nothing, but in ———. I have shown you a pattern in my last.'"

† Is situated in Old or West Kilpatrick Parish, Dumbartonshire. Flax and cotton spinning was commenced in Duntocher in the year 1807, and shortly thereafter Mr. William Dunn purchased the Duntocher Mill, about 1808. Water was the driving power of machinery in those days, and streams with waterfalls were coveted sites for the erection of mills for the spinning of wool and cotton.—*Ed.*

‡ The first stanza or fragment of this song, printed in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, in 1819, contained the words "This hedger wark's," and in Ramsay's edition, in 1838, it is printed—"That cotton wark's." There is no

An how's wee Sandy, Pate, an Tam?
Sit doun an tak your blaw, man;
Fey, lassie, rin, fetch in a dram,
Tae treat my frien, John Lamon;
For ilka plack ye've gien tae mine,
Your callans shall get twa, man;
O were my heels as licht's my heart,
I sune wad see them a, man.

My blessing on her kindly heart,
She likes tae see me braw, man;
She's darnt my hose, an bleacht my sarks
As white's the driven snaw, man.
An ere the win's o Martinmas
Sough thro the scroggie shaw, man,
I'll lift my weel hain't penny fee,
An gang an see them a, man.

---

way of testing which of the two is correct; but we think it must have been hedger work. At the time this song was printed, the north side of the Towing-path of the Glasgow, Paisley, and Johnstone Canal, was in the course of planting, with a thorn hedge; and several estates around Paisley were being planted with similar hedges. Tannahill has said the song is founded on fact, but to discover "John Lamon" from Duntocher burn will be a very difficult matter. It would seem John Lamon's friend, whether he had been a hedger or cotton-spinner, had been under the necessity of leaving Duntocher burn for work in another place, and had left his wife and children at Duntocher burn, for whom he was making affectionate enquiries at John Lamon.—*Ed.*

129.

FICKLE FRIEN'SHIP AND CAUL MISFORTUNE.

Air,—"The rosy brier."

My heart is sair wi heavy care,
Tae think on Frien'ship's fickle smile;
It blinks a wee wi kindly e'e,
Whan warld's thrift rins weel the while;
But let Misfortune's tempests low'r,
It sune turns caul, it sune turns sour;
It leuks sae hie and scornfully,
It winna ken a puir man's door.

I ance had siller in my purse,
I dealt it out richt frank and free,
And hop'd, shoud Fortune change her course,
That they woud dae the same for me:
But, weak in wit, I little thocht
That Frien'ship's smiles were sold and bocht,
Till ance I saw, like April snaw,
They waned awa when I had nocht.

It's no tae see my threadbare coat,
It's no tae see my coggie toom,
It's no tae ware my hinmost groat,
That gars me fret an gars me gloom;
But tis tae see the scornfu pride
That honest poortith aft maun bide
Frae selfish slaves, and sordid knaves,
Wha strut with fortune on their side.

But let it gang; wha deil care I!
Wi eident thrift I'll toil for mair;
I'll hauf my mite wi misery,
But fient a ane o them shall share:
Wi soul unbent I'll stan the stour,
And while they're flutt'ring past my door,
I'll sing wi glee, and let them see
An honest heart can ne'er be poor.

130.

DESPAIRING MARY.

Set to Music by Mr. R. A. Smith.

"MARY, why thus waste thy youthtime in sorrow?
See a aroun you the flowers sweetly blaw;
Blythe sets the sun o'er the wild cliffs o Jura,*
Blythe sings the mavis in ilka green shaw!"
"How can this heart ever mair think o pleasure,

---

* *Jura.*—This is the island and parish of that name. It presents to the eye a rough and rugged appearance, and the wild cliffs mentioned by the Author are the conical mountains, called the "Paps of Jura,"—the picturesque landmarks that are seen at a great distance. The sun in setting, referred to by the Poet, when sinking down behind the cliffs into the bosom of his ocean love, is a romantic scene, and was probably seen by the Poet in one of the excursions to the Highlands with kind Will MacNeil, mentioned at page 177.—*Ed.*

Note by R. A. Smith.—"The music published with this song was originally composed for other words; but Tannahill took a fancy to the air, and

Simmer may smile, but delight I hae nane;
Caul in the grave lies my heart's only treasure,
Nature seems deid since my Jamie is gane.

"This kerchief he gave me, a true lover's token,
Dear, dear tae me was the gift for his sake!
I wear't near my heart, but this puir heart is broken,
Hope dee't wi Jamie, an left it tae break.
Sighin for him I lie doun in the e'enin,
Sighin for him I awake in the morn;
Spent are my days a in secret repinin,
Peace tae this bosom can never return.

"Aft hae we wander'd in sweetest retirement,
Tellin our loves neath the mune's silent beam;
Sweet war our meetin's o tender endearment,
But fled are these joys like a fleet passin dream.
Cruel Remembrance, ah! why wilt thou wreck me?
Broodin o'er joys that for ever are flown;
Cruel Remembrance, in pity forsake me,
Flee tae some bosom whar grief is unknown!

---

immediately wrote 'Despairing Mary' for it, which, being the better song, was adopted. The opening of the melody is too like the first part of 'The flowers of the forest' to lay claim to great originality, but after it was composed I never could please myself with any alteration I attempted to make, so it remains as it was first sketched."

131.

THE WITLESS WISH.

Arranged by Mr. R. A. Smith.

Oh, sair I rue the witless wish,
That gart me gang wi you at e'en;
An sair I rue the birken bush,
That screent us wi its leaves sae green:
An tho ye vow'd ye wad be mine,
The tear o grief aye dims my e'e;
For, oh! I'm fear'd that I may tyne
The luve that ye hae promis'd me!

While ithers seek their e'ening sports,
I wander, dowie, a my lane,
For whan I join their glad resorts,
Their daffin gies me meikle pain.
Alas, it wasna sae shortsyne,
Whan a my nichts war spent wi glee;
But, oh! I'm fear't that I may tyne
The luve that ye hae promis'd me!

Dear lassie, keep thy heart aboon,
For I hae wairt my winter's fee;
I've caft a bonnie silken goun,
Tae be a bridal gift for thee.
An sooner shall the hills fa doun,
An mountain hie shall stan the sea,
Ere I'd accept a gouden croun,
Tae change that luve I bear for thee.

132.

THE DESERT ISLE.*

Air,—"Rory Fraser's Winsome Lassie."

Fly we tae some desert isle,
  There we'll pass our days thegither,
Shun the world's derisive smile,
  Wand'ring tenants o the heather;
Shelter'd in some lanely glen,
Far removed frae mortal ken,
Forget the selfish ways o men,
  Nor feel a wish beyond each ither.

Tho my frien's deride me still,
  Jamie, I'll disown thee never;
Let them scorn me as they will,
  I'll be thine, and thine for ever.
What are a my kin tae me,
A their pride o pedigree!
What war life, if wantin thee,
  An what war death, if we maun sever!

---

* Gilbert Burns, Esq., Knockmaroon Lodge, Chapelizod, Dublin,—a nephew of the Scots National Poet,—has in his possession the manuscript of this song in the handwriting of Tannahill. It is entitled "A Scottish Song," written to the Air—"Rory Fraser's Winsome Lassie." He is also in possession of a letter dated 1st March, 1810, written by Tannahill to Mr. Thomas Stewart, bookseller, Greenock, when the Poet was proposing to publish a second edition of his Works. Mr. Burns kindly sent us copies of the song and letter.—*Ed.*

133.

HEY, DONALD! HOW, DONALD!

THO simmer smiles on bank an brae,
An Nature bids the heart be gay,
Yet a the joys o flowery May
  Wi pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey, Donald! how, Donald!
Think upon your vow, Donald;
Mind the heathery knowe, Donald,
  Whar ye vowed tae loe me.
. . . . *

---

* Addition to the above fragment by William Motherwell:—

"The buddin rose and scentit brier,
The siller fountain skinklin clear,
The merry lav'rock whistlin near,
  Wi pleasure ne'er can move me.
Hey, Donald! how, Donald!
Think upon your vow, Donald!
Mind the heathery knowe, Donald,
  Whar ye vowed tae loe me.

I douna luik on bank or brae,
I douna greet whar a are gay,
But oh! my heart will break wi wae,
  Gin Donald cease tae loe me.
Hey, Donald! how, Donald!
Think upon your vow, Donald!
Mind the heathery knowe, Donald,
  Whar ye vowed tae loe me."

Note by Ramsay.—"These two supplemental stanzas were written by Motherwell about the year 1820, at the request of Smith, who was fond of the air, which he took down from the voice of a country girl in Arran. Smith afterwards inserted the whole song, as now given, in the second volume of his *Scotish Minstrel.*"

In examining the *Scotish Minstrel*, Vol. II., page 78, we find Mr. R. A. Smith has stated that the Author was unknown.—*Ed.*

134.

HOW CAN YOU GANG, LASSIE.

Air.—"*The Bonniest Lass in a the Warl.*"

O how can you gang, lassie, how can you gang,
O how can you gang sae tae grieve me!
Wi your beauty, and your airt, ye hae broken my heart,
For I never, never dreamt ye wad lea me.

. . . . . .*

---

* This song appeared in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, Vol. III., page 98, with the word *thought* instead of *dreamt*.—*Ed.*

Addition to this fragment by Alexander Rodger:—

"Ah, wha wad hae thocht that sae bonnie a face
Coud e'er wear a smile tae deceive me?
Or that guile in that fair bosom coud e'er find a place,
An that you wad break your vow thus, an lea me?

Oh, hae you not mind whan our names you entwined
In a wreath roun the purse you did weave me?
Or hae you now forgot the ance dear trysting-spot,
Whar sae aft you pledged your faith ne'er tae lea me?

But, changin as the win is your licht, fickle mind,
Your smiles, tokens, vows, a deceive me;
Nae mair, then, I'll trust to such frail painted dust,
But bewail my fate till kind death relieve me.

Then gang, fickle fair, tae your new-fangled jo,
Yes, gang, and in wretchedness lea me;
But alas! shoud you be doomed tae a wedlock o woe,
Ah, how would your unhappiness grieve me!

For, Mary! a faithless an false as thou art,
Thy spell-bindin glances, believe me,
Sae closely are entwined roun this fond foolish heart,
That the grave alane o them can bereave me."

135.

I'LL LAY ME ON THE WINTRY LEA.

Air—"*Waly, waly,—old Set.*"

I'LL lay me on the wintry lea,
An sleep amidst the wind an weet,
An ere anither's bride I be,
O bring tae me my windin sheet!
What can a hapless lassie dae,
Whan ilka frien wad prove her fae,
Wad gar her break her dearest vow,
Tae wed wi ane she canna loe?

. . . . . *

---

* Addition to this fragment by Robert Skimming:—

"Sax simmers noo hae owre me flown,
Sin Willie's heart was knit to mine;
An whan our pledges I disown,
Oh! a my senses may I tine.

For, love and truth in him combine
Ilk frien and fae maun a allow:
Shoud a the fates against me join,
I'll wed wi him—for him I loe.

Noo, Jamie, he's a rakish loon,
Our laird's ae son altho he be:
An whan my frien's gie him their haun,
He thinks he has the heart o me.

But I will let the stripling see
That love tae wealth shall never bow,
For frien's shall ne'er mak me agree
Tae wed wi nane but him I loe."

Robert Skimming composed these additional verses at the request of a friend of Tannahill in 1843, who published the whole song in the *Renfrewshire Advertiser*. Robert Skimming was born in Stewarton on 28th April, 1812; and on his arriving at ten years of age, he was put to the trade of his father—a weaver. He removed with his father to Paisley in 1826, and commenced rhyming in 1828. In 1840, he published "Lays of Leisure Hours;" and, in 1852, "Strains I used to Sing." Tannahill's fragment, with the four additional verses, appeared among the "Strains." Robert Skimming, after forty-one years' trials in Paisley, removed to Rothesay in 1867, where he was appointed Janitor to the Working Men's Institute. He attended the Centenary of Tannahill on 3rd June, 1874, and was on the platform at the Tannahill Festival without being recognised. He returned to Rothesay with a feeling of sadness at the changes which time had made.—*Ed.*

136.

THE POOR MANIAC'S SONG.

*Set to Music by Mr. R. A. Smith.**

1806.

HARK! tis the poor Maniac's song:
She sits on yon wild craggy steep,
And while the winds mournfully whistle along,
She wistfully looks o'er the deep:
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
To hush the rude billows asleep.

She looks to yon rock far at sea,
And thinks it her lover's white sail;
The warm tear of joy glads her wild glist'ning eye,
As she beckons his vessel to hail;
And aye she sings, "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
And frets at the boisterous gale.

Poor Susan was gentle and fair,
Till the seas robbed her heart of its joy;
Then her reason was lost in the gloom of despair,
And her charms then did wither and die;
And now her sad "Lullaby, lullaby, lullaby!"
Oft wakes the lone passenger's sigh.

* This song first appeared in 1806 in Millar's *Paisley Repository*, No. IV. See Note to No. 16. Second, in the *Nightingale*, page 214. See Note to No. 13. R. A. Smith sung the above song in character at his Concert on 3rd May, 1808, and his name was put down in the Concert handbill as the composer of the music. A copy of the handbill will be found among the Correspondence. Tannahill was present, and he said Mr. Smith "had a very numerous and respectable audience, and they seemed to be all highly pleased with the performance."—*Ed.*

137.

THE NEGRO GIRL.*

Set to Music by Mr. John Ross of Aberdeen.

1805.

Yon poor negro girl, an exotic plant,
  Was torn from her dear native soil ;
Reluctantly borne o'er the raging Atlant,
  Then brought to Britannia's isle.
Though Fatima's mistress be loving and kind,
  Poor Fatima still must deplore;
She thinks on her parents, left weeping behind,
  And sighs for her dear native shore.

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* This song first appeared in 1805 in Maver's periodical, the *Selector*, Vol. I., page 266,—the fourth of the seven pieces bearing the signature "Modestus." See Note to No. 5. And second, in the *Nightingale*, 1806, another Glasgow publication, page 55. See Note to No. 13.

"As the auld cock craws, the young cock learns," says Allan Ramsay in his "Scottish Proverbs." We have much pleasure in noticing that Maver's youngest son, Mr. Robert Maver, music publisher, 11 Renfield Street, Glasgow, has followed the footsteps of his worthy sire in publishing a "Selection of Genuine Scottish Melodies arranged for the Pianoforte or Harmonium in keys suitable for the voice, with 488 tunes, with Words; edited by George Alexander, Esq." Threescore and ten years have now passed away since old Mr. Maver first printed the above song, one of a series of seventeen pieces of Tannahill's in his serials—the *Selector* and *Gleaner;* and now Mr. Maver, junior, has burst forth in 1875 with another magnificent edition of his National Collection of Airs, revised by the editor, Mr. Alexander, containing fifteen of the most popular songs of Tannahill. In alluding to that valuable Repository, we seize the opportunity of congratulating Mr. Alexander, the editor, an enthusiast in old Scottish Airs, upon the care and attention, and scholarly editorship, he has bestowed upon that valuable addition to the song and musical literature of Scotland.—*Ed.*

She thinks on her Zadi, the youth of her heart,
Who from childhood was loving and true;
How he cried on the beach, when the ship did depart!
Twas a sad everlasting adieu.
The shell-woven gift which he bound round her arm,
The rude seamen unfeelingly tore,
Nor left one sad relic her sorrows to charm,
When far from her dear native shore.

And now, all dejected, she wanders apart,
No friend, save retirement, she seeks;
The sigh of despondency bursts from her heart,
And tears dew her thin sable cheeks.
Poor hard-fated girl, long, long she may mourn!
Life's pleasures to her are all o'er;
Far fled ev'ry hope that she e'er shall return
To revisit her dear native shore.

138.

THE LASSIE O MERRY AUCHTEEN.

My faither wad hae me tae marry the miller,
My mither wad hae me tae marry the laird,
But brawly I ken it's the luve o the siller,
That brichtens their fancy tae ony regaird.

The miller is cruikit, the miller is crabbit,
The laird, tho he's wealthy, he's lyart an lean ;
He's auld, an he's caul, an he's blin, an he's baul,
An he's no for a lassie o merry auchteen.

. . . . . *

139.

DAVIE TULLOCH'S BONNIE KATIE.

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katie,
Davie's bonnie blythesome Katie,
Tam the laird cam doun yestreen,
He socht her love, but gat her pity.

Wi tremblin grip he squeez'd her han,
While his auld heart gaed pitty patty ;
Aye he thocht his gear an lan
Wad win the love o bonnie Katie.

* Addition to the above by Alexander Rodger :—

" But oh, there's a laddie wha tells me he loes me,
An him I loe dearly, ay, dearly as life ;
Though faither and mither shoud scold and abuse me,
Nae ither shall ever get me for a wife.
Altho he can boast na o lan nor yet siller,
He's worthy tae match wi a duchess or queen ;
For his heart is sae warm, and sae stately his form,
And then, like mysel, he's just merry auchteen."

Davie Tulloch's bonnie Katie,
Davie's bonnie blythesome Katie,
Aye she smil'd as Tammie wil'd,
Her smile was scorn, yet mixt wi pity.

. . . . . .

140.

MEG O THE GLEN.

Air—"*When she cam ben she bobbit.*"

Meg o the Glen set aff tae the fair,
Wi ruffles, an ribbons, an meikle prepare;
Her heart it was heavy, her heid it was licht,
For a the lang way for a wooer she sicht.
She spak tae the lads, but the lads slippet by,
She spak tae the lassies, the lassies war shy;
She thocht she micht dae, but she didna weel ken,
For nane seem'd tae care for puir Meg o the Glen.

. . . . . .*

---

* Addition to the above fragment by Alexander Rodger :—

"But wat ye what was't made the lads a gae by?
An wat ye what was't made the lasses sae shy?
Puir Meg o the Glen had nae tocher ava,
An, therefore, coud neither be bonnie nor braw;
But an uncle wha lang in the Indies had been,
Foreseeing death coming tae close his auld een,
Made his will, left her heiress o thousand punds ten,—
Now, wha is mair thocht o than Meg o the Glen."

141.

KISS'T YESTREEN, KISS'T YESTREEN.

Air—"Kiss't yestreen."

The lassies a leuch, an the carlin flate,
But Maggie was sittin fu ourie an blate,
The auld silly gawkie, she couldna contain,
How brawlie she was kiss't yestreen;
Kiss't yestreen, kiss't yestreen,
How brawlie she was kiss't yestreen;
She blether'd it roun tae her fae an her frein,
How brawlie she was kiss't yestreen.

. . . . . .*

---

* Additional verses.

"She loosed the white napkin frae bout her dun neck,
An cried—'The big sorrow tak lang Geordie Fleck;
D'ye see what a scart I gat frae a preen,
By his touslin and kissin at me yestreen;
At me yestreen, at me yestreen,
By his touslin and kissin at me yestreen:
I canna conceive what the fallow coud mean
By kissin sae meikle at me yestreen.'

Then she pu'd up her sleeve, and shawed a blae mark,
Quoth she—'I gat that frae young Davie, our clark;
But the creature had surely forgat himsel clean
Whan he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
Whan he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen:
I wonder what keepit my nails frae his een,
Whan he nipt me sae hard for a kiss yestreen.'

142.

MARJORIE MILLER.*

LOUDER than the trump of fame
Is the voice of Marjorie Miller;
Time, the wildest beast can tame,
She's eternally the same:
Loud the mill's incessant clack,
Loud the clink of Vulcan's hammer,
Loud the deep-mouth'd cataract,
But louder far her dinsome clamour!
Nought on earth can equal be
To the noise of Marjorie.

Then she held up her cheek, an cried—'Foul fa the laird,
Just leuk what I gat wi his black birsie beard!
The vile filthy bodie! was e'er the like seen?
Tae rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
For a kiss yestreen, for a kiss yestreen,
Tae rub me sae sair for a kiss yestreen;
I'm sure that nae woman o judgment need green,
To be rubbit, like me, for a kiss yestreen.'

Syne she tald what gran offers she aften had had,
But, wad she tak a man? na, she wasna sae mad:
For the hail o the sex she car'd nae a preen,
An she hatit the way she was kisst yestreen;
Kissit yestreen, kissit yestreen,
She hatit the way she was kisst yestreen;
Twas a mercy that naething mair serious had been,
For it's dangerous, whiles, tae be kisst at e'en."

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"This song appeared in the only edition which was published in the Author's lifetime; but has hitherto been omitted in the posthumous editions, probably from oversight."

This song first appeared in the *Glasgow Nightingale* of 1806, page 72. See first Note to No. 13. It also appeared in the editions of 1822 and 1825; but Mr. Ramsay seemed not to have been aware of these editions.—*Ed.*

Calm succeeds the tempest's roar,
Peace does follow war's confusion,
Dogs do bark and soon give o'er,
But she barks for evermore.
Loud's the sounding bleachfield horn,
But her voice is ten times louder!
Red's the sun on winter morn,
But her face is ten times redder!
She delights in endless strife,
Lord! preserve's from such a wife!

143.

THE BANKS OF SPEY.

Air—"Banks of Spey."

Scenes of my childhood, your wanderer hails you,
Wing'd with rude storm, though the winter assails you,
Bleak and dreary as ye are, ye yet have charms to cheer me,
For here, amidst my native hills, my bonnie lassie's near me;
Tis sad to see the wither'd lea, the drumly flooded fountain,
The angry storm in awful form, that sweeps the moor and mountain;
But from the surly swelling blast, dear lassie, I'll defend her,
And from the bonnie banks of Spey I never more shall wander.

. . . . . .

144.

THE FIVE FRIEN'S.*

A FAMOUS SCOTTISH SONG.

Air,—"We're a' noddin'.

WEEL, wha's in the bouroch, † an what is your cheer?
The best that ye'll fin in a thousan a year.
An we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

---

* *Note by R. A. Smith.*—"The little bacchanalian rant you are so anxious to know the history of was written in commemoration of a very happy evening spent by the Poet with four of his musical friends. At that meeting he was in high spirits, and his conversation became more than usually animated; many songs were sung, and we had some glee singing, but neither *fiddle* nor *flute* made its appearance in company, nor were any of us 'nid, nid, noddin.' We were 'unco happy,' and had just such a 'drappie in our e'e' as enabled us to bid defiance to Care for the time being; but the Poet thought proper to embellish his song with the old chorus, 'We're a noddin,' and rather than throw aside a lucky thought he chose to depict his ain bardship 'as blin as an owl,' but I assure you this was not the case,—his bardship had all his faculties 'sitting lightly on him.' As the merry rhymes in question were never intended for the public eye, I hope you will not give a copy to any person."—*Harp of Renfrewshire, p. xxxvii.*

Note by Motherwell.—"We have ventured to disagree on this point with Mr. Smith, inasmuch as the courteous reader will find the song alluded to printed at full length in the Appendix to the *Harp.*"

Note by Ramsay.—"The 'Five Frien's' were—James Clark (the Poet's correspondent), who now resides at Campbelton, Argyleshire; William Stuart, now at Anderston, Glasgow; James Barr, who lived at Kilbarchan ('Barchan's toun'), but went abroad some years ago (see Note to No. 68); Smith; and Tannahill himself. To Mr. Stuart, we are indebted for some interesting information concerning Smith and the Poet."

† The cozie room in Allan Stewart's Sun Tavern, 12 High Street, used by the social club with which three of the "Five Frien's" were connected.—*Ed.*

There's our ain Jamie Clark,* frae the Ha o Argyle,
Wi his leal Scottish heart, an his kind open smile.
An we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

There is Will † the guid fallow, wha kills a our care
Wi his sang an his joke, an a mutchkin mair.
An we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

There is blythe Jamie Barr ‡ frae "Sanct Barchan's" toun,
Whan wit gets a kingdom, he's sure o the croun.
An we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

---

* James Clark was born in Paisley in 1781; and he and William Stuart, 'the guid fallow,' were schoolfellows. He was brought up to the trade of a weaver; and in 1798, when he was eighteen years of age, he volunteered into the Argyleshire Militia. Shortly thereafter, he married Betty Miller in Kilbarchan. From his good conduct, he was early raised to the rank of sergeant, and, from his qualifications in instrumental music, he was transferred into the Band. His talents fitted him for a leader; and he was elevated to the rank of Bandmaster. The Band of the Argyleshire Militia then became one of the best in Scotland. His fine open countenance, genial disposition, and kind heart, won the affections of his companions-in-arms; and his dress, height, proportionable personal appearance, and majestic step with the leaders' staff, attracted the attention and approbation of the inhabitants wherever the regiment was quartered. James Clark was an early and constant acquaintance and correspondent of the Poet, and when the former visited Paisley or Kilbarchan, the two were always sure to meet each other. The last occasion the two were together was in the end of March, 1810, when the Poet said it was a pity that he had not called two days earlier, and he would have seen the "Ettrick Shepherd." When the regiment was disembodied in 1816, James Clark was appointed one of the staff, and resided in Campbeltown; and, on being disbanded in 1826, he was rewarded with a pension of one shilling per day. He became a teacher of instrumental music in that town, where he was very much respected. William Stuart and his son, James Stewart, frequently visited James Clark; and they had long cracks about their old lamented acquaintance, Bob Tannahill. James Clark died in 1859, aged 78.—*Ed.*

† William Stuart. See the Note to No. 20, page 68.—*Ed.*

‡ James Barr. See the Notes to Nos. 20, and 68. "*Sanct Barchan's* toun,"

There is Rab, * frae the south, wi his fiddle an his flute;
I coud list tae his strains till the starns fa out.
An we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

Apollo, † for our comfort, has furnish'd the bowl,
An here is my bardship, ‡ as blin as an owl.
For we're a noddin, nid nid noddin,
We're a noddin fu at e'en.

—Kilbarchan. The first time the words "Sanct Barchan's" can be found in print, is in the popular elegy of "The Life and Death of the Piper of Kilbarchan, or the Epitaph on Habbie Simpson," written by Robert Sempill of Beltrees about 1640. See Note to No. 26, page 128. These words, "Sanct Barchan's," had been properly adopted by Tannahill from the seventh stanza of the elegy :—

"Sae kyndlie tae his nychbours, neist
At Beltane an Sanct Barchan's feist
He blew, an then hald up his breist
As he war weid;
But now we neid not him arreist,
For Habbie's deid."

In forty-four years afterwards, the learned Professor Cosmo Innes, the greatest antiquarian authority of the age, also adopted the same words from the elegy. The professor in his valuable work on "The Origin of Parishes in Scotland," published in 1851, said in reference to Kilbarchan :—"The ancient church was situated in the village or Kirk-toun. It is only from the name we learn its dedication to Saint Barchan, bishop and confessor; but his feast seems formerly to have been celebrated in the village, and was probably the day of the 'Annual Fair.'" He cites Semple of Beltrees as his authority for using the name "Saint Barchan" in the two sentences before quoted. The Professor died on 31st July, 1874, aged 75.—*Ed.*

* R. A. Smith, who came from England. See Note at page 20.—*Ed.*

† Apollo, the god of the Muses.—*Ed.*

‡ The Author himself.

145.

WHY UNITE TO BANISH CARE?*

Air,—"Let us taste the sparkling wine."

1810.

WHY unite to banish Care?
Let him come our joys to share;
Doubly blest our cup shall flow,
When it soothes a brother's woe;
Twas for this the powers divine
Crown'd our board with generous wine.

Far be hence the sordid elf
Who'd claim enjoyment for himself;

---

* *R. A. Smith*, in one of several letters to Motherwell, editor of the "*Harp of Renfrewshire*," page xl. (First Series), says:—"Two days before his death Tannahill showed me several poetical pieces of a most strange texture; and in the afternoon of the same day he called on me again, requesting me to return him a song that had been left for my perusal. I had laid it past in a music book, and was unable to find it at the time. It was his last production, and he seemed to be much disappointed when, after a long search, I could not procure it for him. This was the last time I saw him. The anxiety he showed to get back the manuscript appears to have proceeded from a determination to destroy every scrap of his poetry that he could possibly collect."

According to Mr. Smith's statement, this meeting with the Poet must have taken place either on Monday, the 14th, or Tuesday, the 15th day of May, 1810. M'Laren relates the strange conduct of the Bard at his "initiation into the sacred order of Masonry," which likely took place on either of these two days, 14th and 15th May. But it seems far stranger to us that neither Smith nor M'Laren, his bosom friends, in referring to poetical pieces of a most *strange texture*, or *strange conduct*, never hint that Tannahill was then insane, and should have been looked after. If such is friendship, well may we exclaim, "Save us from our friends!"—*Ed.*

Come, the hardy seaman, lame,
The gallant soldier, robb'd of fame;
Welcome all who bear the woes
Of various kind that merit knows. *

" Patriot heroes, doomed to sigh,
Idle neath corruption's eye;
Honest tradesmen, credit worn,
Pining under Fortune's scorn;
Wanting wealth, or lacking fame,
Welcome all that worth can claim.

" Come, the hoary headed sage,
Suffering more from want than age;
Come, the proud, though needy bard,
Starving midst a world's regard:
Welcome, welcome, one and all
That feel on this unfeeling ball." †

---

* The first and second stanzas were printed in the 1815 and 1817 editions.—*Ed.*

† *Note by Motherwell.*—" The last two stanzas are for the first time added."

Note by Ramsay.—" Many an expedient has been resorted to by the poets for the disposal of so gloomy a personage as Care. Burns gained the admiration of all jolly topers by making him

" Mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown himsel amang the nappy."

Our good-natured Bard, by inviting him to participate in the festivities, surely evinced a more hospitable disposition. A melancholy interest is attached to this little effusion; it was Tannahill's last production. This we state on the authority of Smith,—*Harp.* The two last stanzas have not appeared in any former edition. They are taken from a manuscript copy furnished by the Author to his friends."

146.

THE HIGHLANDER'S INVITATION.

Air,—" Will ye come to the bower?"

Will ye come to the board I've prepared for you?
Your drink shall be good, of the true Highland blue.
Will ye, Donald, will ye, Callum, come to the board?
There each shall be great as her own native lord.

There'll be plenty of pipe, and a glorious supply
Of the good sneesh-te-bacht, and the fine cut-an-dry.
Will ye, Donald, will ye, Callum, come then at e'en?
There be some for the stranger, but more for the frien.

There we'll drink foggy Care to his gloomy abodes,
And we'll smoke till we sit in the clouds like the gods.
Will ye, Donald, will ye, Callum, won't you do so?
Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago.

And we'll drink to the Cameron, we'll drink to Lochiel,
And for Charlie, we'll drink all the French to the deil.
Will ye, Donald, will ye, Callum, drink there until
There be heads lie like peats if hersel had her will!

There be groats on the land, there be fish in the sea,
And there's fouth in the coggie for friendship and me.
Come then, Donald, come then, Callum, come then to-night,
Sure the Highlander be first in the fuddle and the fight.

147.

THE COGGIE.*

Air,—"Cauld kail in Aberdeen."

1804.

When poortith caul, an sour disdain,
Hang owre life's vale sae foggie,
The sun that brichtens up the scene,
Is frien'ship's kindly coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The frien'ly, social coggie!
It gars the wheels o life run licht,
Tho e'er sae doilt an cloggie.

Let pride in Fortune's chariot fly,
Sae empty, vain, an voggie;
The source o wit, the spring o joy,
Lies in the social coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The independent coggie!
An never snool beneath the frown
O ony selfish roggie.

Puir modest worth, wi cheerless e'e,
Sits hurklin in the boggie,
Till she asserts her dignity,
By virtue o the coggie!

---

* This song first appeared in Maver's Glasgow periodical, the *Selector*, Vol. IV., page 264, in 1806. See Note to No. 5. It also appeared the same year in Leslie's *Glasgow Nightingale*, page 210. See first Note to No. 13.—*Ed.*

Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
The puir man's patron coggie,
It warsels care, it fechts life's fauchts,
An lifts him frae the boggie.

Gie feckless Spain her weak snail broo,
Gie France her weel spic't froggie,
Gie brither John his luncheon too,
But gie to us our coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our soul-warm kindred coggie;
Hearts doubly knit in social tie,
When just a wee thocht groggie.

In days o yore our sturdy sires,
Upon their hills sae scroggie,
Glow'd with true Freedom's warmest fires,
An faucht to save their coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our brave forefathers' coggie;
It rous'd them up to douchty deeds,
O'er whilk we'll lang be voggie.

Then, here's—May Scotland ne'er fa doun,
A cringin, coward doggie,
But bauldly stan an bang the loon,
Wha'd reave her o her coggie!
Then, oh! revere the coggie, sirs!
Our guid auld mither's coggie!
Nor let her luggie e'er be drain'd
By ony foreign roggie.

148.

COGGIE, THOU HEALS ME.

Dorothy sits i the caul ingle neuk,
Her red rosy neb's like a labster tae,
Wi girnin, her mou's like the gab o the fleuk,
Wi smokin, her teeth's like the jet o the slae.
An aye she sings "Weel's me," aye she sings "Weel's me,
Coggie, thou heals me! coggie, thou heals me!
Aye my best frien whan there's onything ails me,
Ne'er shall we pairt till the day that I dee."

Dorothy ance was a weel-tocher'd lass,
Had charms like her neebours, and lovers enou,
But she spited them sae, wi her pride an her sauce,
They left her for thretty lang simmers to rue.
Then aye she sang "Wae's me!" aye she sang "Wae's me!
Oh, I'll turn crazy, oh, I'll turn crazy!
Naething in a the wide warl can ease me,
Deil tak the wooers,—Oh, what shall I dae?"

Dorothy, dozen't wi leevin her lane,
Pu'd at her rock, wi the tear in her ee;
She thocht on the braw merry days that war gane,
And caft a wee coggie for companie.
Now aye she sings "Weel's me!" aye she sings "Weel's me!
Coggie, thou heals me! coggie, thou heals me!
Aye my best frien whan there's onything ails me,
Ne'er shall we pairt till the day that I dee."

149.

FILL, FILL, THE MERRY BOWL.

FILL, fill, the merry bowl,
Drown corrosive care and sorrow,
Why, why clog the soul,
By caring for to-morrow?
Fill your glasses, toast your lasses,
Blythe Anacreon bids you live;
Love with friendship far surpasses
All the pleasures life can give.

Chorus.

Ring, ring th' enlivening bell,
The merry dirge of care and sorrow,
Why leave them life to tell
Their heavy tales to-morrow?

Come, join the social glee,
Give the reins to festive pleasure;
While fancy, light and free,
Dances to the measure.
Love and wit, with all the graces,
Revel round in fairy ring.
Smiling joy adorns our faces,
While with jocund hearts we sing.

Chorus.

Now, since our cares are drowned,
Spite of what the sages tell us,
Hoary Time, in all his round,
Ne'er saw such happy fellows.*

150.

AWAY, GLOOMY CARE.

AWAY, gloomy care, there's no place for thee here,
Where so many good fellows are met;
Thou wouldst dun the poor bard ev'ry day in the year,
Yet I'm sure I am none in thy debt.
Go, soak thy old skin in the miser's small beer,
And keep watch in his cell all the night;
And if in the morning thou dar'st to appear,
By Jove, I shall drown thee outright.

. . . . . .

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"Smith says in a manuscript note now before us,—'Tannahill wrote the above at my particular desire for a favourite air I gave him, which I thought would make a good bacchanalian.'"

Although the above admission of Smith is the only one that has come to the surface, it is probable he suggested more of these songs; and we are inclined to think that some of the other companions of Tannahill may have directed the attention of the Poet to such subjects.—*Ed.*

151.

COME HAME TO YOUR LINGELS.

Air,—"Whistle an I'll come tae you, my lad."

Come hame tae your lingels, ye ne'er-do-weel loon,
You're the king o the dyvours, the tauk o the toun ;
Sae soon as the Munonday mornin comes in,
Your wearifu daidlin again maun begin.
Guidwife, ye're a skillet, your tongues jist a bell,
Tae the peace o guid fallows it rings the death knell ;
But clack till ye deafen auld Barnaby's mill,
The souter shall aye hae his Munonday's yill.

. . . . . *

---

* Addition to the above fragment by Alexander Rodger :—

"Come hame tae your lapstane, come hame tae your last,
It's a bonnie affair that your family maun fast,
While you an your crew here a-drinkin maun sit,
Ye dazed, drucken, guid-for-nocht hęir o the pit ;
Just look, how I'm gaun without stockin or shae,
Your bairns a in tatters, and faitherless tae,
And yet, quite content, like a sot, ye'll sit still,
Till your kyte's like tae crack, wi your Munonday's yill.

I tell you, guidwife, gin ye haudna your clack,
I'll lend you a reistle wi this, owre your back ;
Maun we be abused and affrontet by you,
Wi siccan foul names as *loon*, *dyvour*, an *crew?*
Come hame tae your lingels, this instant come hame,
Or I'll redden your face, gin ye've yet ony shame,
For I'll bring a the bairns, and we'll just hae our fill,
As weel as yoursel, o your Munonday's yill.

152.

KITTY O'CARROL.

Ye may boast of your charms, and be proud, to be sure,
As if there was never such beauty before;
But ere I got wedded to old Thady More,
I had dozens of wooers each night at my door,
With their "Och dear! O will you marry me,
Kitty O'Carrol, the joy of my soul!"

. . . . . .

153.

KATHLEEN OWNS SHE LOVES ME.*

Air,—"Gamby Ora."

Ye friendly stars that rule the night,
And hail my glad returning,
Ye never shone so sweetly bright,
Since gay St. Patrick's morning.

Gin that be the gait o't, sirs, come let us stir,
What need we sit here tae be pestered by her?
For she'll plague an affront us as far as she can:
Did ever a woman sae bother a man?
Frae yillhouse tae yillhouse she'll after us rin,
An raise the hail toun wi her yelpin an din;
Come! ca the guidwife, bid her bring in the bill:
I see I maun quat takin Munonday's yill."

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"*Gamby ora*, literally *Gabhaidh mi oran*, means—'I will sing."

My life hung heavy on my mind,
Despair sat brooding o'er me ;
Now all my cares are far behind,
And joy is full before me.
Gamby ora, gamby ora,
How my heart approves me ;
Gamby ora, gamby ora,
Kathleen owns she loves me.

Were all the flow'ry pastures mine,
That deck fair Limerick county,
That wealth, dear Kathleen, should be thine,
And all should share our bounty.
But fortune's gifts I value not,
Nor grandeur's highest station ;
I would not change my happy lot
For all the Irish nation.
Gamby ora, gamby ora, &c.

154.

KITTY TYRELL.

Irish Air.

The breeze of the night fans the dark mountain's breast,
And the light bounding deer have all sunk to their rest ;
The big sullen waves lash the loch's rocky shore,
And the lone drowsy fisherman nods o'er his oar.

Tho pathless the moor, and tho starless the skies,
The star of my heart is my Kitty's bright eyes ;
And joyful I hie over glen, brake, and fell,
In secret to meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah ! long have we loved in her father's despite,
And oft we have met at the dead hour of night,
When hard-hearted vigilance, sunk in repose,
Gave love one sweet hour its fond tale to disclose.
These moments of transport, to me, oh, how dear !
And the fate that would part us, alas, how severe !
Although the rude storm rise with merciless swell,
This night I shall meet my sweet Kitty Tyrell.

Ah ! turn, hapless youth ! see the dark cloud of death,
Comes rolling in gloom o'er the wild haunted heath ;
Deep groans the scathed oak on the glen's cliffy brow,
And the sound of the torrent seems heavy with woe.
Away, foolish seer, with thy fancies so wild,
Go, tell thy weak dreams to some credulous child ;
Love guides my light steps through the lone dreary dell,
And I fly to the arms of sweet Kitty Tyrell.*

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* *Note by Ramsay.*—"As it is fashionable to furnish various readings, we will here subjoin one taken from a copy of this song in the Author's handwriting, by which it appears that he at first gave it a melancholy termination in the following lines, which were afterwards supplanted by the last four above printed :—

'O fearless he goes,—see ! he fords the deep burn,
He goes—but alas ! he shall never return ;
The ruthless assassin unseen marks him well,
And he falls for his love to sweet Kitty Tyrell.'"

155.

SWEET KITTY MORE.

Air,—"The Lass that wears Green."

One night in my youth as I rov'd with my merry pipe,
List'ning the echoes that rang to the tune,
I met Kitty More, with her two lips so cherry ripe;
"Phelim," says she, "give us 'Elleen Aroon!'"
Dear Kitty, says I, thou'rt so charmingly free!
Now, if thou wilt deign thy sweet voice to the measure,
Twill make all the echoes run giddy with pleasure,
For none in fair Erin can sing it like thee.

My chanter I plied, with my heart beating gaily,
I pip'd up the strain, while so sweetly she sang;
The soft melting melody fill'd all the valley,
The green woods around us in harmony rang.
Methought that she verily charmed up the moon!
And now, as I wander in village or city,
When good people call for some favourite ditty,
I give them sweet Kitty, and Elleen Aroon.

156.

EVELEEN, OR GREEN INISMORE.

Air,—"The Leitrim County."

How light is my heart as I journey along,
Now my perilous service is o'er,
I think on sweet home, and I carol a song,
In remembrance of her I adore;
How sad was the hour when I bade her adieu!
Her tears spoke her grief, though her words were but few;
She hung on my bosom, and sighed, Oh, be true,
When you're far from the Green Inismore!

Ah, Eveleen, my love, hadst thou seen this fond breast,
How, at parting, it bled to its core,
Thou hadst there seen thine image so deeply impress't,
That thou ne'er couldst have doubted me more.
For my king and my country undaunted I fought,
And braved all the hardships of war as I ought,
But the day never rose saw thee strange to my thought
Since I left thee in Green Inismore.

Ye dear native mountains that tower on my view,
What joys to my mind ye restore!
The past happy scenes of my life ye renew,
And ye ne'er seemed so charming before.
In the rapture of fancy, already I spy
My kindred and friends crowding round me with joy,
But my Eveleen, sweet girl, there's a far dearer tie
Binds this heart to the Green Inismore.

157.

THE IRISH FARMER.

Air,—"Sir John Scott's Favourite."

July, 1809.

Dear Judy, when first we got married,
Our fortune indeed was but small,
For save the light hearts that we carried,
Our riches were nothing at all:
I sung while I reared up the cabin,
Ye powers give me vigour and health!
And a truce to all sighing and sobbing,
For love is Pat Mulligan's wealth.

Through summer and winter so dreary,
I cheerily toiled on the farm,
Nor ever once dreamed growing weary,
For love gave my labour its charm.
And now, though tis weak to be vaunty,
Yet here let us gratefully own,
We live amidst pleasure and plenty,
As happy's the king on the throne.

We've Murdoch, and Patrick, and Connor,
As fine little lads as you'll see,
And Kitty, sweet girl, pon my honour,
She's just the dear picture of thee.

Though some folks may still underrate us,
Ah, why should we mind them a fig?
We've a large swinging field of potatoes,
A good drimindu* and a pig.

158.

IRISH TEACHING.

July, 1809.

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† Dear Judy, I've taken a-thinking,
The children their letters must learn,
And we'll send for old Father O'Jenkin,
To teach them three months in the barn:
For learning's the way to promotion,
Tis culture brings food from the sod,
And books give a fellow a notion
How matters are doing abroad.

---

* *Note by Ramsay.*—*Drimindu,* or more properly *drimindubh* (black back), a name for the cow."

† *Note by Ramsay.*—"In former editions, this and the following stanzas were printed as a separate song under the title of 'Dear Judy,' contrary to the intention of the Author, as appears from his manuscript now before us."

No. 157, "The Irish Farmer," and No. 158, "Dear Judy," had only appeared in the 1817 and 1833 editions, and were there separate,—the latter of which we have now titled "Irish Teaching," and still kept them separate: but they can be read either separately, or connected, as the reader prefers.—*Ed.*

Though father neglected my reading,
Kind soul, sure his spirit's in rest!
For the very first part of his breeding,
Was still to relieve the distressed.
And, late, when the trav'ller benighted,
Besought hospitality's claim,
He lodged him till morning, delighted,
Because twas a lesson to them.

The man that won't feel for another,
Is just like a colt on the moor,
He lives without knowing a brother,
To frighten bad luck from his door.
But he that's kind-hearted and steady,
Though wintry misfortune should come,
He'll still find some friend who is ready
To scare the old witch from his home.

Success to Ould Ireland for ever!
Tis just the dear land to my mind,
Her lads are warm-hearted and clever,
Her girls are all handsome and kind.
And he that her name would bespatter,
By wishing the French safely o'er,
May the de'il blow him over the water,
And make him cook frogs for the core.*

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"In a letter to Mr. G. Thomson concerning this song 3rd July, 1809, the Author says—'The Air designed for it is unquestionably Irish; and I believe some publisher on this side the water has given it the name of 'Sir John Scott's Favourite.''"

159.

LAMENT FOR POOR DRIMINDO.*

How gay rose this morning, how cheerful was I,
No care on my mind, and no cloud on the sky;
I dreamt not ere night that my sorrows should flow,
Bewailing the fate of my poor *drimindo*.

. . . . . .

160.

MOLLY, MY DEAR.

Air,—"Miss Molly."

The harvest is o'er, and the lads are so funny,
Their hearts lined with love, and their pockets with money,
From morning till night tis "My jewel, my honey,
Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!"

Young Dermot holds on with his sweet botheration,
And swears there is only one flower in the nation;
"Thou rose of the Shannon, thou pink of creation,
Och, go to the north with me, Molly, my dear!

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"*Drimindu*,—a name for a cow."

"The sun courts thy smiles as he sinks in the ocean,
The moon to thy charms veils her face in devotion,
And I, my poor self, och! so rich is my notion,
Would pay down the world for sweet Molly, my dear."

Though Thady can match all the lads with his blarney,
And sings me love-songs of the lakes of Killarney,
In worth from my Dermot he's twenty miles' journey,
My heart bids me tell him I'll ne'er be his dear.

161.

SHEELAH, MY DARLING.

Air,—"Nancy Vernon."

Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
The golden image of my heart;
How cheerless seems this morning,
It brings the hour when we must part.
Though doomed to cross the ocean,
And face the proud insulting foe,
Thou hast my soul's devotion,
My heart is thine where'er I go!
Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go!

When tossed upon the billow,
And angry tempests round me blow,
Let not the gloomy willow
O'ershade thy lovely lily brow;

But mind the seaman's story,
Sweet William and his charming Sue ;
I'll soon return with glory,
And, like sweet William, wed thee too.
Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
My heart is thine where'er I go.

Think on our days of pleasure,
When wand'ring by the Shannon side,
When summer days gave leisure
To stray amidst their flow'ry pride ;
And while thy faithful lover
Is far upon the stormy main,
Think, when the wars are over,
These golden days shall come again.
Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
These golden days shall come again !

Farewell, ye lofty mountains,
Your flow'ry wilds we wont to rove ;
Ye woody glens and fountains,
The dear retreats of mutual love.
Alas, we now must sever.
Oh, Sheelah, to thy vows be true,
My heart is thine for ever ;
One fond embrace, and then adieu !
Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling,
One fond embrace, and then adieu !

162.

PEGGY O'RAFFERTY.*

Air,—"Paddy O'Rafferty."

Oh, could I fly like the green-coated fairy,
I'd skip o'er the ocean to dear Tipperary,
Where all the young fellows are blythesome and merry,
While here I lament my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
How could I bear in my bosom to leave her,
In absence I think her more lovely than ever;
With thoughts of her beauty I'm all in a fever,
Since others may woo my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

Scotland, thy lasses are modest and bonny,
But here every Jenny has got her own Johnny,
And though I might call them my jewel and honey,
My heart is at home with sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Wistful I think on my dear native mountains,
Their green shady glens and their crystalline fountains,
And ceaseless I heave the deep sigh of repentance,
That ever I left my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"In a letter to Mr. George Thomson with this song and the two preceding (Nos. 153 and 155), dated 3rd July, 1809, Tannahill says—'I have gleaned the three preceding airs for you. You may depend on their being genuine Hibernians. I had them taken down from the voice. The songs usually sung to them were as low stuff as can be. I am firmly of opinion that the very popular air of 'Peggy O'Rafferty' is worthy of being adopted into the singing class, provided a good song can be had for it. I shall be glad to know your mind of it, and how my verses please you. 'The Lass that wears Green' is surely a fine little air. My song to it and the one following are just warm from the Parnassian mint. I cannot as yet guess how they stand.'"

Fortune, twas thine all the light foolish notion,
That led me to rove o'er the wide rolling ocean,
But what now to me all my hopes of promotion,
Since I am so far from sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.
Grant me as many thirteens as will carry me
Down through the country and over the ferry,
I'll hie me straight home into dear Tipperary,
And never more leave my sweet Peggy O'Rafferty.

163.

AWAKE, MY HARP, THE CHEERFUL STRAIN.

Awake, my harp, the cheerful strain!
Shall I, the first of Erin's warrior band,
In wasting sorrow still complain?
The first to dare stern danger's bloody field,
Shall I to silly, changeful woman yield?
No,—raise, my harp, the cheerful strain,
What is a rosy cheek, or lily hand!
Since thus she scorns, I'll scorn again.

. . . . .

164.

ADIEU, SWEET ERIN.

Air,—"The green woods of Treugh."

Adieu, ye cheerful native plains,
Dungeon glooms receive me,
Nought, alas, for me remains,
Of all the joys ye gave me—
All are flown!
Banished from thy shores, sweet Erin,
I, through life, must toil, despairing,
Lost and unknown.

Howl, ye winds! around my cell,
Nothing now can wound me;
Mingling with your dreary swell,
Prison groans surround me:
Bodings wild!
Treachery, thy ruthless doing,
Long I'll mourn in hopeless ruin,
Lost and exiled!

165.

THE DIRGE OF CAROLAN.*

Air,—"Ballymoney."

"Ye maids of green Erin, why sigh ye so sad,
The summer is smiling, all nature is glad."
The summer may smile, and the shamrock may bloom,
But the pride of green Erin lies cold in the tomb;
And his merits demand all the tears that we shed,
Though they ne'er can awaken the slumbering dead;
Yet still they shall flow—for dear Carolan we mourn,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

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* *Note by Muir.*—"Note from 'The Wild Irish Girl' by Miss Owenson:—'Carolan is the most celebrated of all the modern Irish bards. He was born in the village of Nobber, County of Westmeath, 1670, and died in 1739. He never regretted the loss of his sight, but used gaily to say—'My eyes are only transported into my ears.' It has been said of his music by O'Connor, the celebrated historian, who knew him intimately, that so happy, so elevated was he in some of his compositions, he attained the approbation of that great master Geminiani, who never saw him. His execution, too, on the harp, was rapid and impressive,—far beyond that of all the professional competitors of the age in which he lived. The charms of woman, the pleasures of conviviality, and the power of poetry and music, were at once his theme and inspiration; and his life was an illustration of his theory, for, until his last ardour was chilled by death, he loved, drank, and sang. While in the fervour of composition, he was constantly heard to pass sentence on his own effusions as they rose on his harp or breathed from his lips,—blaming and praising, with equal vehemence, the unsuccessful effort and felicitous attempt. He was the welcome guest of every house, from the peasant to the prince, but in the true wandering spirit of his profession he never stayed to exhaust that welcome. He lived and died poor.'"

Ramsay, in his edition, transposed the first line to the end of the Note, and said—"This note is taken from 'The Wild Irish Girl' by Miss Owenson

Ye bards of our isle, join our grief with your songs,
For the deepest regret to our memory belongs;
In our cabins and fields, on our mountains and plains,
How oft have we sung to his heart-melting strains.
Ah! these strains shall survive, long as time they shall last,
Yet they now but remind us of joys that are past;
And our days, crowned with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in his urn.

Yes, thou pride of green Erin! thy honours thou'lt have,
Seven days, seven nights, we shall weep round thy grave;
And thy harp that so oft to our ditties has rung,
To the lorn-sighing breeze o'er thy grave shall be hung;
And the song shall ascend thy bright worth to proclaim,
That the shade may rejoice in the voice of thy fame;
But our days, crowned with pleasure, can never return,
For the soul of sweet music now sleeps in thine urn.

(now LADY MORGAN);" and added the contraction *Ed.*, although only a copy of Muir's Note.

Oliver Goldsmith, in his Essay XX., says—"The Irish bards are still held in great veneration, and of all the bards that country ever produced, "The last and greatest was CAROLAN, THE BLIND. He was at once a poet, a musician, a composer, and sung his own verses to his harp. Being once at the house of an Irish nobleman, where there was a musician present who was eminent in his profession, Carolan immediately challenged him to a trial of skill. To carry the jest forward, his Lordship persuaded the musician to accept the challenge, and he accordingly played over on his fiddle the fifth concerto of Viraldi. Carolan immediately taking his harp, played over the whole piece after him without missing a note, though he never had heard it before, which produced some surprise." Goldsmith has very well described Turlough O'Carolan, the Irish Bard.

Miss Sydney Owenson, Irish novelist, was born in Dublin on 25th December, 1783, and "The Wild Irish Girl," (originally the "Princess of Inismore,") was published in 1806, when she was twenty-two years of age. She married Sir Thomas Charles Morgan in 1811. In 1850, an edition of "The Wild Irish Girl" by Sidney Owenson, edited by Lady Morgan, was published. A prefatory explanatory address and many notes were added by the Editress (Lady Morgan) of Miss Owenson's popular works. Sir Thomas died in 1843, and Lady Morgan on 13th April, 1859, in the 76th year of her age.—*Ed.*

UNEDITED & UNPUBLISHED PIECES.

In this Section, our labours have been successful in recovering and collecting several outlying and scattered Poems and Songs of the Poet, and placing them together for the first time. The first stanzas of "The Soldier's Return" and "Weep not, my Love," (Nos. 96 and 97,) were first printed by Ramsay as fragments. We have now recovered the second and third stanzas of the former, and the second stanza of the latter. The song, "Caller Herrin," No. 169, and the other pieces—Nos. 166, 167, 168, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, and 176—are all here printed in a collected form for the first time. "Caller Herrin" was taken from manuscript, No. 176 from memory, and the remainder from periodicals which were procured with considerable difficulty.—*Ed.*

UNEDITED & UNPUBLISHED PIECES.

166.

MY AIN KIND DEARIE, O.*

Tune,—"The Lea Rig."

WHAN I the dreary mountains pass'd,
My ain kind dearie, O,
I thought on thee, my bonnie lass,
Although I wasna near thee, O.
My heart within me was richt sad,
Whan ithers they were cheerie, O;
They little kent I thought on thee,
My ain kind dearie, O.

* This is the second of the two original songs communicated to Alexander Whitelaw, editor of the "Book of Scottish Song," published in 1843. The editor remarked that "the following songs by Robert Tannahill are, so far as is known to us, here printed for the first time. We were favoured with them by the Poet's brother, Mr. Matthew Tannahill of Paisley, who says they were composed when their Author was about sixteen or seventeen years of age. In introducing this second song, Mr. Matthew Tannahill said, in the communication with which we are favoured, 'My brother had a strong wish to see Alloway's auld haunted kirk, and he and two or three of his young acquaintances set out to pay it a visit. After seeing the kirk, they visited some of the surrounding scenery. I remember he was well pleased with the jaunt; and when he returned, he gave me a copy of two verses of a song which he said he wrote in his bedroom the first time he was in the town of Ayr. I know he did not think much of them himself, and I believe he never wrote another copy. I give you them, however, such as they are.'"

Alloway's "auld haunted kirk" was brought into prominent notice by the publication of "Tam o Shanter." The tale first appeared in the expensive

But now an I hae won till Ayr,
Although I'm gae an wearie, O,
I'll tak a glass into my han,
An drink tae you, my dearie, O.
Cheer up your heart, my bonnie lass,
An see you dinna wearie, O;
In twice three ooks, 'gin I be spared,
I'se come again an see thee, O,

An row thee up, an row thee down,
An row till I wearie, O,
An row thee o'er the lea rig,
My ain kind dearie, O!

167.

WEEL O'ER THE BRAES O YARROW.*

THE sun, just glancin thro the trees,
Gave light and joy to ilka grove,

work of Captain Francis Grose, "The Antiquities of Scotland," a posthumous publication,—he having died on 12th May, 1791. It next appeared in the edition of Burns' Works published in 1793. In 1794, it was scattered broadcast over Scotland in the popular form of a chapbook, and, in that manner, entered almost every home in the kingdom,—causing many pilgrimages like that of Tannahill and his companions to the auld haunted kirk and the Land of Burns. The other original song referred to is "The Soldier's Adieu," No. 96.—*Ed.*

* This song appeared in a volume called "The Goldfinch; or, New Modern Songster of the Most Admired and Favourite Scots and English Songs," page 196, published by J. & M. Robertson, Saltmarket, Glasgow,—without date. From the paper and printing, we infer it belonged to the period of 1806.—*Ed.*

An pleasure in each southern breeze
Awakened hope and slumbering love,
Whan Jenny sung wi hearty glee,
Tae charm her winsome marrow,—
"My bonnie laddie gang wi me,
Weel o'er the braes o Yarrow."

Young Sandy was the blythest swain
That ever pip'd on brumy brae,
Nae lass coud ken him free frae pain,
Sae gracefu, kind, sae fair an gay;
Whan Jenny sung wi hearty glee,
Tae charm her winsome marrow,—
"My bonnie laddie gang wi me,
Weel o'er the braes o Yarrow."

He kisst and lov'd the bonnie maid,
Her sparklin een had won his heart;
Nae lass the youth had e'er betrayed,
Nae fear had she, the lad nae art.
An Jenny sung wi hearty glee,
Tae charm her winsome marrow,—
"My bonnie laddie gang wi me,
Weel o'er the braes o Yarrow." *

---

* *Mr. James Lamb*, in his biographical sketch of the Author, said :—"One evening, at an Anniversary Meeting of the Paisley Burns' Club, held in a relation of the writer of this sketch sat next the Poet. The conversation turned on Scottish song and music, and Tannahill (a very exceptional thing with him under such circumstances) waxed earnest and eloquent, and made his remarks so energetically right and left that the chairman of the club called the little coterie quietly to order."

The meeting of the club referred to by Mr. Lamb was very probably the one held in Mr. Hector's Saracen's Head Inn on 29th January, 1806, at

168.

AMANG THE LOMOND BRAES.*

Air,—"Gang tae the Lomond wi me."

"Oh! lassie, wilt thou gang
Tae the Lomond wi me,
The wild thyme's in bloom,
An the flower's on the lea?
Wilt thou gang, my dearest love?
I will ever constant prove;
I'll range each hill an grove
On the Lomond wi thee."

"Oh! young men are fickle,
Nor trusted to be,
An many a native gem
Shines fair on the lea:
Thou may see some lovely flower
Of a more attractive power,
An may tak her tae thy bower,
On the Lomond wi thee."

---

which William Gemmill presided. A copy of the above song in the handwriting of Tannahill, and a letter without date, also in the handwriting of the Poet, addressed to "Mr. James Lamb, Paisley," was received by the biographer's father, in which Tannahill said—"Looking over a collection of "songs the other day, I fell in with the above. It is one of the *Anglo-Scottish* "kind, as Burns calls them. Recollecting that you once wanted it, I have "scrawled it down for you.—I am, Sir, yours, R. TANNAHILL." There is a pencil jotting on it:—"Feby., 1806." The manuscript song and letter are now in possession of Ex-Provost Brown, Paisley.—*Ed.*

* This beautiful lyric, engraved in 1822 in the *Scotish Minstrel*, Vol. II., page 29, must have been kept up by Smith to adorn the pages of that book or any other book of melodies he might publish. Like the subsequent Jacobite song of "The Bonnie Hielan Laddie," No. 173, this is the first time this song has appeared in an edition of the Author's Works. See last Note to "The Braes o Gleniffer," No. 69.—*Ed.*

"The hynd shall forsake,
On the mountain, the doe;
The stream o the fountain
Shall cease for tae flow;
Benlomond shall bend
His high brow tae the sea,
Ere I tak tae my bower
Any flower, love, but thee."

She's taken her mantle;
He's taken his plaid;
He's caft her a ring,
An he's made her his bride:
They're far o'er the hills
Tae spend their happy days,
An range the woody glens
Amang the Lomond braes.

169.

CALLER HERRIN.*

Air,—"The Cameronian Rant."

"Ah, feechanie! they're no for me!
Guidwife, your herrin's stinkin;
O sic a smell! just fin yoursel,
I weel coud ken them winkin."

---

* This humorous song was contained in a letter from Tannahill to James Barr, dated 3rd December, 1808. "Blythe Jamie" gave it to his friend, David Anderson, damask weaver, Glasgow, after 1821,—having previously

"The deevil dance your lady gab!
Gae doun the close, ye dirty drab!
They're caller fish, as ane can wish;
She needna miss a dainty dish,—
But, barmy jade! she's winkin!"

"How daur you trow that I am fou,
Ye flounder-gabbit gipsy!
Set doun your creel, I'll gar you feel
I'm neither fou nor tipsy."
"Gude trouth! if I my creel set doun,
I'll wad my life tae hauf-a-croun
I'll gar ye yelp, like ony whelp,
An cry for help, wi skelp on skelp,—
I'll gie her hipsey-dixey!"

" . . . .
. . . .
Tae fyle my han's wi sic as ye,—
Gude feth! I'll ne'er bemean me."
"Weel, honest fouks, a this ye hear?
It's mair than flesh an blude can bear.
I'll tell you what, ye birsie cat!
Tak that, an that, for a your chat;
Now, *tell* what I hae gien ye!"

---

made a copy of the letter and song. A mouse had eaten part of the copy at one of the folds; and on opening it up, it was found the vermin had regaled on the first, second, and third lines of the last stanza; but being rather fastidious, like the customer about the freshness of the "Caller Herrin," had left the remainder as printed above. Several letters which had been left of the third line enabled us to complete the whole of the line. See Notes to the above letter in the Correspondence.—*Ed.*

170.

THE RECRUITING SERVICE DRUM.

1805.

I HATE that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round;
To thoughtless youth it pleasure yields,
And lures from cities and from fields,
To sell their liberty for charms
Of tawdry lace, and glitt'ring arms,
And, when Ambition's voice commands,
March, fight, and fall in foreign lands.

I hate that drum's discordant sound,
Parading round and round and round;
To me it talks of ravag'd plains
And burning towns, and ruin'd swains,
And mangled limbs, and dying groans,
And widows' tears, and orphans' moans,
And all that Mis'ry's hand bestows
To swell the list of human woes.*

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"These verses were written on hearing a drum beat for the recruiting service."

The above verses appeared in No. I. of the *Paisley Repository*, 1805, along with and between the two pieces titled "The Old Beggar," No. 171, and "The Soldier's Funeral," No. 101. The three seem to have been a set furnished by Tannahill to the new periodical, all on a similar subject. This, like "The Old Beggar" and "The Soldier's Funeral," very probably was one of "the pieces" sent along with them by Tannahill to Mr. John Crawford, Largs, and referred to in his answer of 8th May, 1805,—although not specially named. See Notes to that letter.—*Ed.*

171.

THE OLD BEGGAR.*

1805.

Do you see the old beggar who sits at the gate,
With his beard silver'd over like snow?
Tho he smiles, as he meets the keen arrows of Fate,
Still his bosom is wearied with woe.

Many years has he sat at the foot of the hill;
Many days seen the Summer sun rise;
And, at ev'ning, the passenger passes him still
While the shadows steal over the skies.

In the bleak blasts of Winter, he hobbles along
O'er the heath at the dawning of day;
And the dewdrops that freeze the rude thistles among,
Are the stars that illumine his way.

---

* This poem appeared in No. I. of the *Paisley Repository* along with "The Soldier's Funeral" (No. 101). Tannahill had previously asked his friend Mr. John Crawford, Largs, what he thought of these two pieces; and Mr. Crawford, in returning an answer on 8th May, 1805 (which will be found among the Correspondence), said—"You were right when you were sure the beautiful poem of 'The Old Beggar' would please me. 'The Soldier's Funeral' I also like." This piece has never appeared in any of the editions of the Poet's Works. From the circumstance of these twin pieces having been mentioned together in the letter of Mr. Crawford,—their appearance together in the same number of the *Paisley Repository*,—their kindred subjects and similarity of composition, have convinced us that the poem of "The Old Beggar" (an old soldier who served his country—a suppliant for alms) is an effusion of Tannahill, and it is accordingly placed here.—*Ed.*

The time was when this Beggar, in martial trim dight,
Was as bold as the chief of his throng,
When he march'd thro the storms of the day or the night,
And still smiled as he journeyed along.

Then, his form was athletic,—his eye's vivid glance
Spoke the lustre of Youth's glowing day;
And the village all mark'd, in the combat and dance,
The brave youngster—still valiant as gay.

When the prize was propos'd, how his footsteps would bound
While the maid of his heart led the throng;
While the ribbons that circled the Maypole around
Wav'd the trophies of garlands among.

See him now; white with age, and with sorrow oppress'd,
He the gate opens slowly, and sighs.
See him drop the big tears on the woe-wither'd breast—
The big tears that fall fast from his eyes.

See, his habit all tatter'd, his shrivell'd cheek pale!
See, his locks waving thin in the air!
See, his lip is half froze with the sharp-cutting gale,
And his head, o'er the temples, all bare!

Now, the eyebeam no longer in lustre displays
The warm sunshine that visits his breast;
For deep sunk in its orbit, and darken'd its rays,
And he sighs for the grave's silent rest!

And his voice is grown feeble, his accent is slow,
And he sees not the distant hill-side;
And he hears not the breezes of morn as they blow,
Nor the streams that soft murmuring glide.

To him, all is silent and mournful and dim,
Ev'n the Seasons pass dreary and slow,—
For Affliction has plac'd its cold fetters on him,
And his soul is enamour'd of woe.

See the tear which—imploring—is fearful to roll,
Tho in silence he bows, as you stray.
Tis the eloquent silence that speaks to the soul;
Tis the star of his slow-setting day!

Perchance, ere the May blossoms cheerfully wave,—
Ere the zephyrs of Summer soft sigh,—
The sunbeams shall dance o'er the grass on his grave,
And his journey be marked—to the sky.

172.

WILL YE GANG TAE SHERRAMUIR?*

WILL ye gang tae Sherramuir,
Baul John o Innisture,
There tae see the noble Mar
An his Hielan laddies?

---

* James Hogg, the "Ettrick Shepherd," printed the above two stanzas in his "Jacobite Relics" of 1819, along with the following two stanzas, apparently written by a different person :—

"There, you'll see the noble Whigs,
A the heroes o the brigs,
Raw hides and withered wigs,
Riding in array, man.
Riven hose and raggit hools,
Sour milk and girnin gools,
Psalm-beuks and cutty stools,
We'll see never mair, man.

Will ye go tae Sheriffmuir,
Baul John o Innisture?
Sic a day, and sic an hour,
Ne'er was in the north, man
Siccan sights will there be seen!
An gin some be nae mista'en,
Fragrant gales will come bedeen
Frae the water o Forth, man."

A the true men o the north,
Angus, Huntly, and Seaforth,
Scouring on tae cross the Forth
Wi their white cockadies!

There, you'll see the banners flare;
There, you'll hear the bagpipes rair,
An the trumpet's deadly blare,
Wi the cannon's rattle!

To which, Hogg added the following Note:—"For this truly original song, I am indebted to my valuable correspondent, Mr. John Graham. It has never before been published; but the Air has long been popular, and I have often heard the first verse of the song sung, perhaps the first two,—I am not certain. Had I only rescued six such pieces as this from oblivion, I conceive posterity should be obliged to me; not on account of the intrinsic merit of the songs, but for the specimens left them of the music and poetry of the age so ingeniously adapted to one another. I have no conception who 'baul John o Innisture" was. The other four noblemen mentioned in the first verse were among the principal leaders of the Highland army. It is likely, from the second stanza (where only three of the clans are mentioned), that some verses have been lost. These registers of names in which the north country songs abound are apt to be left out by a Lowlander singer; and if the song be preserved only traditionally, as this appears to have been, they can scarcely be retained with any degree of precision."

This Jacobite song of the Rebellion of 1715, and the following Jacobite song (No. 173) of the Rebellion of 1745, appeared in 1821 in R. A. Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, Vol. I., pp. 18 and 108; and the previous song, "Amang the Lomond Braes" (No. 168), published in 1823 in Vol. II., p. 29, under the title of "The Lomond," and without note or comment,—except the Author's name, "Tannahill," in the index. In the preface, Smith has made the following general remarks:—"Many hitherto unpublished will be found in this collection;" and "some beautiful verses from Leyden, Fergusson, Tannahill, Gall, and the 'Ettrick Shepherd,' &c., will be found in these volumes, which were never before united to music." Smith was nearly half-editor of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, and contributed the whole eighteen fragments of Tannahill printed in the appendix to that book in 1819, or, at least, some of them, yet he never alluded to the above three songs. Ramsay,—the biographer of Smith, and editor of Tannahill's Works in 1838,—although he devoted a page to the *Scotish Minstrel*, and quoted from his preface, yet he did not print these three songs in his edition of the Poet's Works. The above song was next printed in the 1846

There, you'll see the baul M'Craws,
Cameron's and Clanronald's raws;
An a the clans, wi loud huzzas,
Rushing tae the battle.

173.

BONNIE HIELAN LADDIE.*

WILL ye gang tae Inverness,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie?
There ye'll see the Hielan dress,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

---

edition. The Air given by Smith was "Will you go to Sherramuir?" and the tune in the 1846 edition "We'll awa to Sherramuir, and haud the Whigs in order." See last Note to No. 69.

These statements being so conflicting, we applied to David Laing, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh,—the learned umpire in all questions of disputed Scottish poetry. He wrote in answer he could not give any information respecting the Jacobite songs of Tannahill; but the one, "*Will ye gang to Sherramuir?*" was very like the style of James Hogg. He mentioned he had the greatest respect for poor Smith, and advised us to publish the song in this Appendix as *doubtful*. We have taken his advice, and ascribe the two stanzas in the text to Tannahill, and attribute the two stanzas in this Note to Hogg, who may have received the stanzas in the text either from Tannahill or Smith.—*Ed.*

* This Jacobite song of the '45 first appeared in 1822 in Smith's *Scotish Minstrel*, page 108. This is the first time it has appeared in any edition of the Author's Works. See Note to preceding song, No. 172.—*Ed.*

Philabeg and bonnet blue,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie,
For the lad that wears the trew,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

Geordie sits in Charlie's chair,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie;
Had I my will he'd no sit there,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

Ne'er reflect on sorrows past,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie,
Charlie will be king at last,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

An, tho now our sky may lower,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie,
It's only like an April shower,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

Time an tide come roun tae a,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie,
An upstart pride will get a fa,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

Keep up your heart for Charlie's fight,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie;
An come what may, ye've done what's right,
Bonnie laddie, Hielan laddie.

174.

A RIDDLE.*

My colour's brown, my shape's uncouth,
On ilka side I hae a mouth,
And, strange to tell, I will devour
My bulk of meat in half-an-hour.

175.

EPIGRAM.

1804.

Ha! Doctor, your powders and potions give o'er,
Nor boast of your knowledge in healing;

* This riddle first appeared in Chambers's *Biographical Dictionary*, published in 1835, Vol. IV., page 337, under the Notice of Tannahill written by Mr. Alexander Whitelaw, mentioned in the Note to No. 96. Mr. Whitelaw stated that—"After school hours, it was customary for the boys to put "riddles to each other, or, as they call it, to 'speir guesses.' Robert usually "gave his in rhyme; and a schoolfellow, to whom we are indebted for some "of the particulars of this Memoir, remembers one of them to this day. "This riddle, on being solved, turned out to allude to the big, brown, un-"shapely nose of a well-known character, who took large quantities of "snuff."

The above riddle, with the same remarks, appears in a sketch of Tannahill in Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, 11th November, 1837, Vol. IV., page 332.

In the Memoir of the 1846 edition, not only the above riddle and remarks, but the whole paragraph appeared without acknowledgment. It again appeared in the Memoir written by Mr. Lamb in the edition of 1873.—*Ed.*

For plainly we see all your skill is a fee,
Since you'll lame any man for a *shilling*.*

With a long life, obtained I this freedom. †

176.

THE PLUNKIN WEDDIN. ‡

PLUNKIN § kens a queer auld cock they ca Rab,
Wha has hoardet his hugger in coppers;
Hauf his house is filled up wi his wab,
While the ither hauf leuks like a broker's.

---

* Persons drawn for the Militia were anxious to get quit of the service; and on applying to Mr. Clelland, surgeon, Paisley, for a certificate of their unfitness, the cause he generally assigned was lameness,—the *honorarium* being one shilling.—*Ed.*

† The Author here refers to his own lameness from his birth, which freed him from service.—*Ed.*

‡ The original manuscript of this piece could not be found. It is taken down from memory.—*Ed.*

§ *Plunkin*,—the vulgar name of Orchard Street in the days of Tannahill, and is understood to have arisen from the many pools of water in the street, which made a "plunking" sound when persons stepped or fell into them. "Plunk," says Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, "is a sound made by a heavy body falling into water." The name *Plunkin* is associated with the following anecdote of the wife of a weaver in Gordon's Lone, whose husband subsequently became a successful manufacturer in "Plunkin," wore gold buttons on his clothes, and ultimately owner of Mountblow, near Kilpatrick. She was shrewd and active; but her education had been neglected. In relating or listening to gossip, she invented a new mode of grammatical comparison. At the commencement of the

Auld Rab had seen bonnie Ann Auchencloss
Washin claes at the Marshall's Lane dippin,*
Sae, he reckonit the profit an loss
If his house tae a wife he shoud lippin.

Syne he trystet a blue coat at the Cross,—
It was Symington's † best, wi brass buttons;
Wi Wright's wig, that his grandfaither Rab Ross
Had bequeatht, wi shae buckles an stockin's.
Rab took up the *want*,‡ dressed, in the mirk,
Creepin near Ann's backdoor in a hover,—
"Leuk," quoth the faither, "What ails that daft stirk?"
Quo the mither, "Come in for a bother."

---

story, she used the exclamation or *positive* degree—"Gordon's Lone!" on becoming more excited, the *comparative* degree of—"Gordon's Lone and Prussia Street!!" and, on arriving at the sensational part, the *superlative* degree of—"Gordon's Lone and Prussia Street, and Plunkin at the end o't!!!" These places are near each other, and these exclamations of comparison used by that plain guidwife of the weaver, manufacturer, and landed proprietor, have been retained to the present day. "Plunkin at the end o't" was made into a spacious square in 1866.—*Ed.*

* Along the banks of Cart, there were several stairs down to the river for the burgesses' wives and daughters to draw water and rinse clothes, which were designated "dippings." The march of improvement swept these dippings away. In 1860, it was resolved to erect an iron railing on the river walk or terrace for protection of the lieges, when several churlish residents threatened opposition to the removal of the "Marshall's Lane dippin;" but on the morning of 3rd October that year, some kind fairy bore it away, and the oppositionists, thinking there was something supernatural in the event, quietly acquiesced.—*Ed.*

† A cloth merchant at the "Plain stanes" or public promenade at the Cross, in the end of the last century and beginning of the present.—*Ed.*

‡ *Want.*—The opening or passage on the east side of "Plunkin" leading down to Cart.—*Ed.*

But she guessed by the sheen o his e'e,
An the queer way Rab aye glintet at her;
Sae, "Gudeman, wheesht, lea this wooin wi me,
An I'll fixt in a five minent's clatter,"—
For she weel kent, Rabbie's gear wasna sma.
Puir Ann gloomt; says her mam, "What's the matter?"
"Mither, in this warl I'll ne'er wed ava,
If my choice is confin'd tae that creature."

But Rabbie wheetlit her out in the dark,
Wi his beard he was ne'er owre particular,
Et'lin, if Ann gaed him a squeeze or a smirk,
The jags o his bristles woud tickle her.
They brocht hame braws for the bride, quite a load;
Puir Ann wrocht, an her mither sae wrocht her,
That, before Martinmas morn, Abbey Boog*
Had united auld Rab tae her dochter.

They sent for yill in abundance frae Mair, †
An a dram frae Lochheid's roun the corner,
Widow Rule's winnock gleamit like a fair
Wi pies, puddins, and haggis extraord'nar.
They had drank Rab an Ann's health in ae glass,
Sung, danct, feastet, and fuddlet till mornin;
Whan Annie's haun (out o sicht) gat a press,
An a whisper—"It's time for adjournin."

Then she reelt out o the door in a jig,
Wi auld Rabbie hip-steppin behint her;

---

* Rev. Robert Boog, D.D., Minister of the First Charge of the Abbey Church, who died on 24th July, 1823, in the 78th year of his age, and 50th year of his ministry.—*Ed.*

† The names in this verse were well known at the time.—*Ed.*

But the daunert bodie's gran'faither's wig
Was pu't aff on the door by a splinter.
Rab reached hame saft an sair out o breath;
Through a hole at the foot o his steadin,
Crying—"Annie, fix the latch,—I fear scaith;
I've been bothert for days 'bout our beddin."

Annie creept intae her bed like a lamb,
An was saftly asleep in a twinklin;
Tremblin, Rab ahint the door took his stan,
Lest the rascals shoud burst up the fastnin.
Wi peep o day, Ann flew up like a lark,
Fried twa eggs wi the ham she had skirlin.
"Is a breakfast tae be first o your wark,
Ye young, wasterfu jade?" Rab cried, snarlin.

"Hear ye," says Ann, "I'll tak nane o your snash;"
"Deed," quoth Rab, "I'll hae nane o yours either."
"Daft coof,—as sure's I'm a maid an a lass,
I'll gae scamperin hame tae my faither.
Ye silly gouk, I think mair o mysel
Than be deevt the day lang wi your havers,
For your baul heid's aye covered wi kell,
An your birsie beard's dreepin wi slavers."

But noo, the racket frae less gaed tae mair;
Auld Rab liftet his hauns for correction,
Whan young Ann whamelt him owre on the flair,
An flew hame for her faither's protection.
Noo, the haill toun resoun's wi the clish-clash,
Tauk that's bad baith for Rabbie an Annie;
Tongue ne'er tellt, if, instead o the young lass,
Rab had cocket his wig for her grannie.

CORRESPONDENCE.

In the present age, there is a stronger desire to read the Correspondence of an Author and see his inner life than existed in former times. James Muir, the first editor of Tannahill's Works (1815) has only given short extracts of little importance from four letters. Mr. William M'Laren, in his Life, does not refer to any letters at all. Mr. William Motherwell, in his Essay in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, gave extracts from letters of R. A. Smith, the friend of Tannahill, *without dates;* and in one of these, Smith gave a quotation from a letter *without name or date*, and drew an inimical inference, without quoting the context. P. A. Ramsay, the editor of the 1838 edition, gave extracts from twenty-one letters, which he chiefly embodied in his Memoir of the Author. At this distance of time, we have recovered thirty-five letters,—twenty from Tannahill, nine to him, and six referring to him. This number far exceeded our expectation, and we trust the *letters* will form an interesting feature in this edition. The letters from Tannahill to his correspondents are plain, neat, well-expressed compositions, without any flowery language or pretentiousness, and showed that he could condense his thoughts. The handwriting is good in every case, while the whole are carefully punctuated, and are evidently the productions of a man of method. The names of the persons who furnished us with the loan of these valuable relics are given, and a few explanatory notes to several of the letters are added. Though this is the fullest collection which has been made, it is evident that they do not comprise a tithe of the letters our Author must have written in his day.

CORRESPONDENCE.

I.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* WILLIAM KIBBLE, *Bolton.—Ramsay's Memoir, page xviii.*

PAISLEY, *14th March, 1802.*

Alek, poor Alek* is gone to his long home ! It was to me like an electric shock. Well, he was a good man; but his memory shall be dear and his worth had in remembrance by all who knew him. Death, like a thief, nips off our friends, kindred, and acquaintances, one by one, till the natural chain is broken, link after link, and leaves us scarce a wish to stop behind them. My brother Hugh and I are all that now remain at home with our old mother, bending under age and frailty, and but seven years back nine of us used to sit down at dinner together, (I still moralise sometimes). I cannot but remember that such things were and those most dear to me.

II.

Letter from WILLIAM LIVINGSTONE, *Comedian, to* ROBERT TANNAHILL, *Queen Street, Paisley.*

KIRKCUDBRIGHT, *18th November, 1804.*

DEAR BOB,

I should have answered your kind favour of the 1st ult., but that I waited in the expectation of some books from Edinburgh, which our people had written for, in the failure of which I had some thoughts of troubling you about them.

* An acquaintance of Tannahill's when he resided in Bolton.—*Ed.*

They are still expected, but as we leave this town soon, I could not longer delay the writing you.

Believe me, your letter gave me extreme pleasure, the kind attention of my friends, and their concern for my welfare penetrated me deeply and produced sensations I will not attempt to describe. I rejoice to hear that you are still much in the old way. Long may your friendly few, alike removed from ignorance and pedantry, from foppish ceremony and rude vulgarity, enjoy their manly, social, friendly intercourse. And in your hours of relaxation from the fatigues of honest bodily labour or mental exertion, may good sense, good humour, and good cheer crown the chosen circle, in which I spent so many happy hours. For me to hear that you continue to honour me with your regard is my chief consolation for the regret I feel in being separated from your society.

I might give you some account of our situation, but I believe it would prove but uninteresting. Our success in this town has been pretty tolerable, but in short, this life has but few charms for me. The passion I once had for this profession is long since abated. I find myself now incapable of much exertion, and from various causes am convinced I have little to expect from it. I once had some boyish notions of succeeding in it ; but I am no longer a boy in years, whatever I may be in wisdom ; and in constitution I am pretty old. Yet do not call me discontented, I am only indifferent. My companions are almost all of them very agreeable, and could I have the pleasure of corresponding with Paisley, and Kilbarchan, as I could wish, I should be tolerably easy.

By-the-bye, I have been long looking for a letter from Kilbarchan. I have written repeatedly to James Barr there, but have received no answer. I wish to know, before I write particularly to my friends there, if he has left the place. If you can gain any information, it would be an obligation to communicate it.

Your love ballad pleased me extremely, and I am impatient for the "Sodger's Return." I hope you will send me it, and whatever else you can, with the first carrier.

You will pardon this haste, but anything of yours will be a cordial to me. Any thing you can easily procure without purchasing, or songs, &c., will be particularly acceptable. I desire to be warmly remembered to all my friends particularly to James Scadlock* (tell him I will write to him soon) to Messrs Anderson,* M'Neil,* Wylie,* &c., &c. Assure them all of my highest respect and grateful consideration, and,

Believe me,
DEAR BOB,
Yours truly,
WM. LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.—What you can send you will forward by a carrier, by Dumfries, to Kirkcudbright, addressed to me at Mr Wm. Leggat's, smith, Kirkcudbright.

The original of this is in possession of Mr Matthew Blair, Paisley.—*Ed.*

III.

Letter from JAMES CLARK, *Bandmaster in the Argyleshire Militia, to* JAMES BARR, *Musician, Kilbarchan, by Paisley.*

DUNBAR, *April 9th, 1805.*

FRIEND BARR,

I received your letter with the glee of the "Witches" some time back. I am much obliged to you for your attention to my wishes. I wish I could send you something you would have as much pleasure from as I had from that. I have nothing worth your hearing to inform you of. I am well and happy. I hope this will find you and all our worthy acquaintances the same. I hope you go in to Paisley

* James Scadlock to whom the Epistles, No. 19 and 21, were addressed; William Anderson mentioned in No. 19; William M'Neil on whom the Elegy, No. 62, was made; and William Wylie to whom the Epistle, No. 23, was addressed.—*Ed.*

often and see them. Give my service to them all. Let Messrs. Stewart and Smith* know I received their letters; they may expect to hear from me soon. Give my compliments to William Galbraith† and family. I don't know how they in the west country may like the strathspey I wrote him; but there is almost nothing else played here. You should set it for the band. It goes well in G——. Give my compliments to James Buchanan. I hope he is still increasing his cabinet. ‡ You will oblige me if you'll call on and let my wife know I'm well.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

JAMES CLARK.

P.S.—As I know you are fond of Waltzes, I have sent one here, which is a favourite of mine; but it is new, which may probably account for that.—J. C.

Here follows the strathspey.

The original is in possession of James Caldwell, Esq. of Craigielea.—*Ed.*

IV.

Letter from JOHN CRAWFORD,§ *Largs, to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

LARGS, *8th May, 1805.*

DEAR SIR,

I acknowledge that before I received your letter, I was almost inclined to complain of your inattention; and could not conceive the reason of your delaying writing. The

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* William Stuart and R. A. Smith, two of the "Five Frien's," No. 144.—*Ed.*

† William Galbraith, mentioned in "Kebbuckston Weddin," No. 109.—*Ed.*

‡ The old antiquarian collector to whom Tannahill addressed the Epistle, No. 25.—*Ed.*

§ "John Crawford," weaver, Largs, was born in 1780, and brought up to the trade of a weaver. He was an acquaintance and correspondent of the author, and his brother Matthew, and when Tannahill went to Largs for the

one which you assign, ought not to have deterred you a single moment. The pieces you sent me I received with pleasure. The manly sentiments contained in the sonnet, * I approve, and highly applaud. Sincerity is a cardinal virtue. Dissimulation I detest. The venal sophist I abhor. In short, I am pleased with all the pieces ; but do not think you right, in your surmises, when you doubt I will think you ill-natured. If it is ill-natured to feel a strong abhorrence to vice, and strongly to express the feelings, long may you continue to be the same ill-natured being you were when your feelings dictated them. You were right when you were sure the beautiful poem of "The Old Beggar" † would please me. "The Soldier's Funeral" ‡ I also like. I was particularly pleased with that line—

"He fought like a lion yet thought as a man."

This, in my opinion, is the characteristic of a hero, but I must acknowledge that I am a very imperfect judge upon that subject. Your request for privacy shall be scrupulously complied with. You express a desire that I would send you something of my own ; with regard to which, I answer, if I had anything that I thought would be capable of giving you satisfaction, I should not hesitate a moment, but the case

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benefit of his health he resided with his friend. Crawford was also a Poet, and he has given a specimen of his verses in this letter. Several of his pieces appeared in periodicals, published in Ayrshire and Dumfriesshire. After the death of Tannahill, Mr. Crawford continued his intimacy and correspondence, till the day of his decease, with Mr. Matthew Tannahill, the immediate younger brother, and the last letter of this correspondence is from the former to the latter. Mr. Crawford died on 14th November, 1851, in the 71st year of his age.—*Ed.*

* This is the "Sonnet to Sincerity" No. 14.

† These two pieces are Nos. 172 and 101. They both appeared in the first number of the *Paisley Repository.* In the indices at the beginning of this volume it will be seen that the former has appeared for the first time, and the latter in several of the previous editions of the Poet's Works. See notes to Nos. 14, 101, and 172.

is quite otherwise. However, I send you the following, tho' I am afraid my "genius does not lye that way:"—

If ony merits in my line;
If ony glancing beauty shine;
If ony place be glowing fine,
That gars you feel;
For justice' sake it is na mine
I hae tae steal.

DESPONDENCY.

Oh, could I paint my happy lot!
Oh, could I raise the plaintive song!
Exil'd from happiness and peace,
I wander gayest scenes among;
Despair lifts her horrific brow,
Then spreads her wings and flies away.

My trembling soul, enchain'd by fear,
In sullen darkness feels decay,
Hope, charming once unto my mind,
Ah, now she's gone, ne'er to return;
I did indulge the pleasing thing;
But now her absence I must mourn.

But what have I to do with hope,
I'm more congenial to despair;
My mind her power cannot impress,
Destin'd to never ending care.

Doom'd to uncertainty in all,
In every thing I think upon,
Destruction's sword hangs o'er my head;
And not a soul to mark my groan,
Without a friend to ease my grief,
My mind is restless as the wave,
Exil'd from hope, allied to fear,
I seek for shelter in the grave.

Dear Sir,—This you must allow is a proof of my zeal, though

it should be none of my talent for poetry. It is intended to be inserted in the middle of another piece. I beg you will yet write me, whatever you please, and as soon as possible; any remark which you may make shall be thankfully received. I have just room to subscribe my name, and

I am,
DEAR SIR,
Yours sincerely,
JOHN CRAWFORD.

The original is in possession of Mr. Matthew Blair.

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v.

Excerpt from a Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* ———, *contained in a Selection made by* R. A. SMITH *for his Pupils. Copied into the "Harp of Renfrewshire" (1819), page 311; and Ramsay's Edition (1838), page 85.*

"Mr. Hamilton's stanza is admirably suited to the air; in my opinion, his lines possess, in an eminent degree, that beautiful natural simplicity which characterises our best Scottish songs. I have attempted to add a verse to it, but I fear you will think it a frigid production. The original one is so complete in itself, that he who tries to add another to it labours under the disadvantage of not knowing what to say further on the subject. However, I give you all that I could make of it."*

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* See Note to No. 71.—*Ed.*

VI.

Excerpt from a Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK.—*Ramsay's Edition, page 25.*

PAISLEY, *31st August, 1805.*

I am much obliged to you for fitting me with an air suitable to the stanza I formerly sent you, and though it answers the words as well as ever tune did any, yet I am doubtful that the verses will not do to sing at all, owing to the repetition of the same two lines at the hinder-end of every stanza,* which two lines being repeated twice (to the music) will be intolerably insipid. However, I will give you the whole of it, so that you may judge.

. . . . . .

VII.

Letter from WILLIAM LIVINGSTON *to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

KILLYLEAGH, *March 7th, 1806.*

DEAR BOB,

I seize the opportunity of writing you by a Mr. Wilson from this place, who goes to Glasgow, and will put them into the Post Office. After so long a silence, a letter from me will, I suppose, surprise you ; and I am, no doubt, long ago accused of ingratitude and want of friendship or affection. Yet tho' appearances are against me, were things rightly understood I might not, perhaps, appear so culpable; but I have no time for apologies. I would only have you believe, once for all, that no change of time or place can erase the remembrance of your friendship, or that of my other dear intimates of Renfrewshire. That friendship has been long dear to me, and the recollection of it oftentimes my only *solace ;* and although the renewal of it has been for

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* The Author refers to the Refrain at the end of the verses in the Dirge" on Burns' Funeral, No. 4.—*Ed.*

a time suspended, I fondly hope no seeming neglect on my part will operate towards a breach of what is so near my heart.

I would often have written letters, but the uncertainty of receiving answers in our unsettled way of life, and the distance, for sometime back made me defer it from time to time. We came to this country in May last with no intention of staying so long as we have done, but the encouragement being pretty tolerable in several places, we were inclined to go a little farther on, and have been in general kindly received. You will, I believe, be surprised when I inform you that I have begun to weave in this town. The truth is, I had of late entered rather too deeply into Irish conviviality, and was almost in danger of losing my health, and with it every comfort. I therefore resolved to endeavour to balance myself a little, and as I could not properly come to Scotland till at once I contrived to get a web here (a 1000 Mall 4⅛), which, though but trifling, will suffice for a little, for living is pretty moderate, and I have been kindly and hospitably treated.

Messrs. Bellman and Kelly, &c., are within 14 or 15 miles of me at present. They and I are as much friends as ever, except in the article of separation, which took place on my part without the least shadow of a difference, farther than their perhaps not seeing the necessity for the step I took in the same light as I myself felt it. They are, I believe, pushing homewards, and perhaps our separation may be but temporary, although, for my own part, were it not that they are so friendly altogether, I would prefer anything like a settled situation to strolling for the present. However, little more can be said just now, as we are but very lately parted, and I look soon to hear from them.

And now, my dear friend, as I am hurried, I must beg of you to write me as soon as possible, and let me know everything you can about all friends in Paisley, Kilbarchan, and Barrhead. I hope James Scadlock is still so near you, that you will see him before you write. If you could pos-

sibly see any Kilbarchan friends likewise, I would be remembered warmly to the Allans, with their friends, and James Barr. I am anxious to be noticed in that quarter.

Remember me most affectionately to Messrs. Scadlock, M'Neil, Anderson, William M'Laren, Stewart, Marshall, Campbell, your brother James, and your mother, &c. I hope no change of consequence has taken place among you to injure the old society.

I cannot be more particular just now, but I will look with impatience for your answer, in which I may ask you that you will endeavour to be as particular as possible. Do not scruple to send a large packet. It will be at present to me of great interest. With the most ardent wishes for your happiness.

DEAR BOB,

Yours very truly,

WM. LIVINGSTONE.

P.S.—Let me know the state of trade.

The original is in the possession of Mr. Matthew Blair.

VIII.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR, *musician, Kilbarchan.*

PAISLEY, *1st May, 1806.*

DEAR JAMES,

According to promise, I herewith send you 4 vols. of the *Selector*. I would have sent them ere now, but could not get the last two volumes from the binder. With respect to writing to W. Livingstone, I could not conveniently go to Glasgow before the vessel sailed, besides it would have been a chance to have found Wilson (the man who brought his letter) after all; I therefore wrote to him on a large sheet, and copied yours *verbatim*. You may have the original first time I see you. Scadlock and I called on you at Kilbarchan about four Sundays since, but you were

from home. If you come in at our fair, which is to-morrow fortnight, I hope to have the pleasure of seeing you. The elegy, in the enclosed No. of the *Paisley Repository** I believe was written upon John Findlay † your old friend in

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* The Elegy was on a young lady who was drowned in Lochwinnoch Loch, more than 30 years ago. It was by Thomas Brown, a young student, and appeared in No. 6 of the *Repository*, in 1806. She was 18 years of age, and on the eve of her marriage.—*Ed.*

† "John Finlay" was a weaver in Kilbarchan, and born in 1735. He trod life's path with humility, and if ever man found "wisdom's ways to be ways of pleasantness," it was him. Tannahill would see him frequently sitting in his arm chair with his open brow and lyart haffets wearing thin and bare, his countenance serene but cheerful, and his once athletic form bending under the pressure of years. He was then upwards of three score and ten. The chief books he studied were—Shakespere, Milton, Thomson, and Hume. He died in 1815, in the 80th year of his age, and was buried in the West Relief Churchyard of Paisley.

"William Finlay," poet, his nephew, was born in Paisley in 1792, and died on 5th November, 1847, aged 55, and interred in Paisley Cemetery. In 1846 he published a Volume of "Poems, Humourous, and Sentimental," 12 mo., 276 pages. One of the poems is addressed to

MY OLD UNCLE JOHN.

I sing not of Prince, nor of Prelate, nor Peer,
Who the titles and trappings of vanity wear;
I sing of no hero, whose fame has been spread
O'er the earth, for the quantum of blood he hath shed;
But of one, who life's path with humility trod,
The friend of mankind, and child of his God;
Who indeed, died to "Fame and to Fortune unknown,"
But who lives in my heart's core—my old uncle John.

His manners were simple, yet manly and firm,
His friendship was generous, and constant and warm;
To Jew and Gentile alike he was kind,
For the trammels of party ne'er narrowed his mind;
His heart, like his hand, was aye open and free,
And though he at times had but little to gi'e,
Yet even that little with grace was bestown,
For it came from the heart of my old uncle John.

O well do I mind, though I then was but young,
When he came on a visit, how blithely I sprung
To meet the old man, who with visage so meek
Would a kiss of affection imprint on my cheek;

Kilbarchan ; this is printed from a copy which Wm. M'Neil had given to the publisher. I think a good deal of it. I

Then I'd place him a chair, take his staff and his hat,
Then climb up on his knee, where delighted I sat—
For never was monarch so proud on his throne,
As I on the knee of my old uncle John.

When at school, to his snug room with pleasure I'd hie,
And often I've seen the fire flash from his eye,
And a flush of delight his pale cheek o'erspread,
When a passage from Shakespere or Milton I read.
For me the best authors he'd kindly select,
He then to their beauties my eye would direct,
Or the faults to which sometimes great genius is prone,
So correct was the taste of my old uncle John.

'Twas said, when a stripling, his feelings had been
Storm-blighted and rent by a false-hearted queen ;
But this sour'd not his temper, for maidens would bloom
More brightly and fresh when among them he'd come,
They would cluster around him like flowers round the oak,
To weep at his love tale, to laugh at his joke ;
For his stories were told in a style and a tone
That aye put them in raptures wi' old uncle John.

To all he was pleasing—to old and to young—
To the rich and the poor, to the weak and the strong,
He laughed with the gay, moralised with the grave,
The wise man he humoured, the fool he forgave ;
Religion with him was no transient qualm,
'Twas not hearing a sermon, or singing a psalm,
Or a holiday robe for a season put on,
'Twas the every day robe of my old uncle John.

His country he lov'd, for her glory he sigh'd,
Her struggles of yore for her rights were his pride ;
He lov'd her clear streams, and her green flowery fells—
Her mists and her mountains, her dens and her dells ;
Yes ! the land of his fathers, his birth place he lov'd,
Her science, her wit, and her worth he approv'd ;
But men of each kindred, and colour, and zone,
As brethren were held by my old uncle John.

His last sickness I tended, and when he was dead,
To the grave in deep sorrow I carried his head ;
The spot is not marked by inscription or bust,
No child or lone widow weeps over his dust ;

am told that the lines by a "A Paisley Volunteer" are a Dr. Richmond's in this town. *

But oft when the star of eve lightly doth burn,
From the bustle and noise of this world I turn,
And forget for a while, both its smile and its frown
On the green turf which covers my old uncle John.

"William Finlay" was the son of Alexander Finlay, from Kilbarchan, foreman in Paisley. He was educated in the Burgh School, Storie Street, Paisley, built in 1788, taught by Mr. William Bell, the first schoolmaster, appointed on 5th July, 1788, and who came from Giffen School, Beith. Mr. Bell became a member of the Paisley Baron Club in 1797, and assumed the *barren* title of Baron "Giffen Castle" of Beith. William Finlay next entered the Grammar School, Paisley, where he continued two years, when his father died, leaving a widow and six children. He was taken out of school, apprenticed to weaving, and continued at that trade for 20 years. He gave up that hopeless business and became a pattern setter, at which he continued till 1840. He next entered the employment of Mr. John Neilson, printer, as reader. Mr. Finlay's pieces frequently appeared in the Poet's Corner of newspapers, and latterly they were collected and published, as above noticed. One of them is a humorous poem titled "The Battle of the Barons," on the club before mentioned.

* LINES ON LORD NELSON'S VICTORY AND DEATH.

(Written on the 9th November, 1805, by a Paisley Volunteer.)

When Europe's quarrels, that divide the world,
Had Britain's banners and her flag unfurl'd,
The Gallic Tyrant, frantic with disdain
That Britain scorned his base, ignoble chain,
Had roused her heroes once again to arms,
To meet invasion's threat'nings and alarms;
Full oft old Ocean, murm'ring from afar,
Had borne her victor in his sea-beat car,
Her heroes many, and her chiefs renown'd,
With naval trophies and with glory crown'd,
Her Raleighs, Drakes, and each illustrious name,
Inscribed in a long, long list of fame;
When Egypt's strand deep groan'd beneath their host,
And Bruix † rode triumphant on her coast,
Their triumphs glist'ning but a little while,
Soon grac'd the glories of the Lord of Nile:

* Thomas Richmond, assistant-surgeon to the Paisley First Regiment of Volunteers raised in 1803.—*Ed.*

† A gallant and distinguished French admiral, who died in 1805.—*Ed.*

You wished me to mark what pieces were mine in the *Selector*. Vol. 1st:—"Prologue to the Gentle Shepherd," "Ode to Jealousy," "Lines to W. M'L——n," "The Ambitious Mite," Song—"The Negro Girl," Song—"Mine ain dear Somebody." Vol. 2nd:—"The Birth of Burns," "The Bacchanalians." Vol. 3rd:—"Epistle to J—— S——." Vol. 4th:—"Epistle to J. B.." Song—"When Poortith Cauld."

You will observe several of the first signed "Modestus," but for anysake don't impute it to me as ostentation. I gave them in anonymous, and the Editor added the signature, which, unhappily for me, to them who do not know, will appear something affectatious; but enough of self.

You will perhaps be curious to know the authors of the other originals in it. I will inform you as far as I know. The pieces signed "O. L. O.," by Mr. Robert Lochore,* author of "Margat and the Minister." "The Hare," vol. 2nd, page 52, by John Stevenson, who formerly kept the Burns

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When leagued ambition rear'd in northern wars
The Danish standards and the Swedish stars,
The British Hero once again appears,
To burn their fleets, and dissipate our fears.
Hark! the last, greatest order e'er he gave,
As British valour near'd them on the wave,
Oh! if amidst our honour'd country's claims.
We wish to rank among her patriot's names,
Write it, nay, grave it on your very swords,
Tell it in deeds, far better than in words,
Remember, that great Nelson's shade may rest,
"England expects each man shall do his best."†

* Robert Lochore was a shoemaker in Buchanan Street, Glasgow. He died on 27th April, 1852, in the 90th year of his age. His eldest and only surviving son is the Rev. Alexander Lochore, D.D., minister of the Parish of Drymen, who is in the 85th year of his age.

† The famous saying signalled by Lord Nelson to the fleet on 21st October, 1805, at the Battle of Trafalgar, was

"England expects every man to do his duty,"

but which is here verbally altered to suit the rhyme.—*Ed.*

Tavern. The beautiful little pieces, dated Glasgow College, signed "W.D.H.M.," by a young Irish lad, who has now returned to his native country. "A. T——n," I am informed, is a tailor lad in Glasgow. 1st Ode for our last anniversary, by John Struthers, shoemaker, Glasgow;* 2nd do., by Mr. James Young, Glasgow. Those by "W.C.B.," a young clergyman at Kilsyth. Song, vol. 4th, signed "M.M.," a Mr. M'Millan, Glasgow. These are all that I know.

With regard to the little collection of airs which you are making out for me, I am certainly much indebted to you. I would wish the most of them to be such as I am little acquainted with, as you know I already have seen a number of our old standard airs, such as "Cowdenknowes," "Roslin Castle," "Bush aboon Traquair," &c., but pray don't think me too nice, whichever pleases you will likely please me. I have been considering what ones I would like to see. Some of the following I only know by name :—

Twine weel the plaidie.
Sweet Annie frae the sea-beach came.
The last time I came o'er the moor.
I'll never leave thee.
Loch Ness.—(I think they call it.)
Maids of Arrochar.
Rosy Brier.—(I have it, but wish it in your collection.)
Cumbernauld House. The Gælic air which you mentioned in M'Donald's collection.
Invercauld's Reel.
Ellen o the Dee.
Wat ye wha I met yestreen.
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie bride.
But lately seen in gladsome green.
Rothiemurchus Rant. (Do you know the Gælic air of Burns ?)
Song—*O wilt thou be my deary.*
Morneen I gaberlan. (If you have the set, which is in some one of Aird's vols.)

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* Burns' Anniversary in Paisley.

The bonnie Earl of Murray.
Barbara Allan.
Why, Owen, didst thou leave me?

It would be too much to expect you to write all these, but as many of them as you conveniently can will please me highly. The names of the different composers—as many of them as you know—will add value to it.

I will write you an attempt for your favourite air, but request you not to give away any copies of it, as it does not altogether please me.

* . . . . . .

You will observe that the three first lines of the last verse want the starting note.

You will notice that I am hurried, therefore excuse inaccuracy. So I will bid you adieu till I see or hear from you.

Yours assuredly,

R. TANNAHILL.

The original letter and song are in possession of James Caldwell, Esq., Craigielea.

IX.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR, *musician, Kilbarchan.*

PAISLEY, *May, 23d, 1806.*

FRIEND JAMES,

Your repeated kindness had already insured my warmest regard; but your last really claims every spark of gratitude that my heart is susceptible of. The number of airs which you promise me, far surpasses what I could even hope for, the writing of so many must be a laborious undertaking. They will be a treasure to me, and, by Jove! if ever I write a verse to any of them you shall have the first copy.

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* The song "O weep not, my love, though I go to the War," No. 97, is here copied by the Poet.—*Ed.*

With respect to the tune, "But Lately Seen," I know it already, but wanted it into the collection, so you need not mind it. I see several parts in the one which I sent you to "The Maids of Arrochar," which I would wish amended. What do you think of the following for the last line of it, but two, "Yet sad sung the bard wi the tear in his ee." "Ah! poor weeping Flora, &c.," being Scottish, I am afraid it will not do well, all the rest being English. How would "bugles" do for "pibroch" in line 3rd?* I will thank you for your observations next week. I never saw "Forneth House" till you sent it. Mr. Smith tells me that the band play it. He thinks it a very pretty air. I am likewise highly pleased with it. I have written a couple of doggerel kind of verses to it, but am doubtful they are unworthy. I am so little acquainted with the subject which you suggested that you will excuse me, though I am convinced none can suit it better. I will here give you them. Please give me your opinion of them, with any alteration you may think proper. I request you not to give away any copies of it, as I cannot judge properly how it stands till the newfanglestrie goes off me. I intend seeing you soon, till then, believe me yours,

R. TANNAHILL.

Annexed, in the handwriting of Tannahill, is the song, No. 72, "Now Winter wi' his cloudy brow."

The original is in possession of James Caldwell, Esq.

X.

Excerpt from a Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR.—*Ramsay's Edition, page 60.*

PAISLEY, *19th July, 1806.*

"According to promise, I send you two verses for the 'Maids of Arrochar;' perhaps they are little better than the last. I believe the language is too weak for the

* This is the song "Weep not, my Love," &c., No. 97.—*Ed.*

subject; however, they possess the advantage over the others of being founded on a real occurrence. The Battle of Falkirk was Wallace's last, in which he was defeated with the loss of almost his whole army. I am sensible that to give words suitable to the poignancy of his grief, on such a trying reverse of fortune, would require all the fire and soul-melting energy of a Campbell or a Burns."*

XI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK, *Bandmaster of the Argyleshire Militia, when stationed at Edinburgh.*

PAISLEY, *2nd February, 1807.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received in due time your very welcome letter. Your intention of reciting my Ode pleased me highly. I am sure you could do it justice. I hope the meeting succeeded to your wishes. Ours went on gloriously. Eighty-four sat at supper; after which, Mr. Blaikie addressed us in a neat speech calculated for the occasion, concluding with a toast—"To the Memory of Burns." The Ode which you gave the first spur to the writing of was well done. The plan was something novel. Mr. M'Laren spoke the recitative parts very well; and Messrs. Smith, Stewart, and Blaikie, sung the songs, harmonised in glees by Smith, in their best styles.† In the course of the night were toasted the Kilbarchan meeting and yours. We had a number of original pieces. Smith sung an appropriate song by the author of "The Poor Man's Sabbath," who was out from Glasgow

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* The song above referred to is the "Lament of Wallace after the Battle of Falkirk," No. 94.—*Ed.*

† The Ode referred to was that written for Burns' Anniversary held on Thursday, 29th January, 1807,—No. 7 of the Poems.—*Ed.*

joining us. * Not one disagreeable occurrence happened; all was harmony, enthusiasm, and goodwill. We had two rounds of toasts,—one of sentiments and one of authors. We broke up about one, and were well pleased and happy. I am sorry to inform you of the death of William Stewart's mother. She died on last Friday. I called on him for a tune which he had, and he told me she had just then expired. She was interred to-day.

Moss has taken our Theatre. I don't know when he comes.† I have not been at Kilbarchan since I received

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* Mr. John Struthers, shoemaker, Glasgow, the author of "The Sabbath," published in 1804, was present at the meetings of the Paisley Burns' Society held on 29th January, 1806, and 29th January, 1807. At the first of these meetings, he read an Ode containing fourteen stanzas, which will be found printed in the *Glasgow Selector*, Vol. IV., page 105. He was the author of several other poems and essays. He edited the *Harp of Caledonia*, published in 1815; and respecting Tannahill, with whom he had become acquainted at the Burns' Society meetings, he said—"The Songs of Tannahill will be read till the incrustation of time render the language unintelligible, and the revolution of society render his descriptions inapplicable. His person was rather under the middle size, and his appearance indicated no marks of genius. His powers of conversation were not great; but from the sympathy which he manifested in all that he said, his company was often very interesting. He was always, however, ready to speak in praise of depressed merit,—in mitigation of the censure which the world is liberal in bestowing upon the unfortunate against faithless friendship and disappointed love, of which he never spoke but with the keenness of one whose heart had been deeply wounded." Mr. John Struthers was born at Forefaulds, Long Calderwood, East Kilbride, 18th July, 1776; and he died at Glasgow on 30th July, 1853, in his 78th year.—*Ed.*

† Tannahill mentions the name of Mr. Moss as one with whom he and his correspondent were familiar. Mr. Moss came to Paisley at that time. The first notice of this comedian is in the year 1773, when he was announced in the bills of the Theatre Royal, Edinburgh. He obtained a place in Kay's Original Portraits and Caricature Etchings; and he appears in No. XCIV. in the character of *Caleb*, in "He would be a Soldier," and singing "I'm the Dandy, O." In 1783, he again appeared on the Edinburgh boards, and attracted great attention in the character of *Lingo* in the "Agreeable Surprise." On one of the nights of his acting was added a new musical farce called "Lingo's Wedding," as a sequel to the "Agreeable Surprise,"—*Lingo*, the Latin Schoolmaster and Parish Clerk, by Mr. Moss. His next performance in Edinburgh was in 1788-1789. He was for many years Manager of several Provincial Theatres, and it is stated he had taken Paisley Theatre.

yours; but first time I am there, I will call *per punct* on your brother-in-law and Mrs. Clarke. The "Lament of Wallace," which you advised me to publish, is already done. Mr. Blaikie has engraved and published it in a very elegant style. I will send you a copy first opportunity. By-the-bye, have you heard that I have proposals out for publishing, by subscription, "The Soldier's Return, with other Poems and Songs." I have taken the liberty of sending a few to Mr. Hamilton* to distribute among the booksellers in Edinburgh. I told him to send one to you to let you see how I was doing. "The Soldier's Return" is dramatic, and I hope having the pleasure of yet seeing you perform a part in it. 'Tis a Scottish Interlude, in two acts. Alas! it was poor Pollock who is now in his grave, with our most worthy friend, Livingstone, who set me first to it. Should you be in Edinburgh soon, you will oblige me much by calling on your friends, Richardson, Gray, or any others who you think will help me to a few subscribers. The number is increasing rapidly here. I am sure I will have as many as will enable me to publish. I am much hurried at present,

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In the beginning of December, 1874, we had a very interesting conversation with Mr. John Barr, Castlehead, Paisley, an intelligent old man who knew Mr. Moss. Mr Barr died on Christmas Day of that month, in the 92d year of his age. He mentioned that he had been born and brought up in Kilbarchan, and recollected of himself and Mr. James Barr, Kilbarchan, frequently coming to Paisley to see Mr. Moss and his company acting. He spoke of Mr. Moss having been twice in Paisley on two separate occasions, and saw Tannahill in the theatre, which was on the east side of New Smithhills Street, near the south-end of the street. The next time we hear of Mr. Moss was a benefit night in Edinburgh Theatre on Saturday, 20th May, 1815, from his having been disabled and confined in the Royal Infirmary with a lingering disease. That benefit night realised £130. The last notice of him is in the obituary of the *Scots Magazine*:—"11th January, 1817. —Died at Edinburgh, Mr. Moss, after a lingering disease of three years' duration, the pains of which he bore with exemplary fortitude. Mr. Moss was long the great dramatic favourite of the Edinburgh public, and many still recollect the excellence with which he pourtrayed *Lingo* and many characters of the same stamp."—*Ed.*

* This is Mr. John Hamilton referred to in the Note to "Winter is Gane," No. 71.—*Ed.*

or I would have written you a longer letter; but depend I will do it first time I have leisure. Too little has been said, indeed, among the poets respecting Wallace. I know of no poet belonging to Scotland, save Campbell, who is half competent to do the subject justice. I gave your compliments to your friends as you desired. They all return them with mutual kindness. I will take it very kind if you will write as soon as you see the proposals, and let me know how you relish the specimen of the Scottish Interlude, and how affairs are going on in Edinburgh. It perhaps was presumption to write to Mr. Hamilton* on any such business; if you think so, do what you can to apologise for me. Give my compliments to my cousin, M. M'Neil,† and William Whiteford, ‡ and particularly to Tom and Mrs. Buchanan. § Please write soon, as I am anxious to hear how affairs are going on in the great city; and

Believe me,

Your friend in true sincerity,

R. TANNAHILL.

The original is in possession of Mrs. Scott, U.P. Manse, Kirkcaldy.

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* Mr. John Hamilton referred to in Note to the song "Winter is Gane," No. 71.—*Ed.*

† Matthew M'Neil, weaver, son of Alexander M'Neil, weaver in Causeyside, Paisley, and Mary Pollock, sister of Tannahill's mother. Matthew M'Neil had enlisted as a soldier in the Argyleshire Militia, and was, therefore, in the same regiment with the bandmaster, James Clark.—*Ed.*

‡ An acquaintance, also in the Argyleshire Auxiliary Force.—*Ed.*

§ Thomas and Mrs. Buchanan kept a tavern in the beginning of this century in the High Street,—a short distance westward from the Cross of Paisley; and he sung Tannahill's songs to any company who entered the hostelry. We suppose that Tom was an instrumentalist in the Band of the Argyleshire Militia at this time, for Tannahill, in his letter of 20th September, 1807, asks Mr. Clark "to give my best respects to my cousin, and to my friend Tom and Mrs. Buchanan." The Argyleshire was one of the finest bands in Scotland at the time.—*Ed.*

XII.

Letter from WILLIAM KIBBLE *to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BOSTON, *April 6th, 1807.*

MY FRIEND,

I received yours of the 6th March, with the papers, and sent some of them to Stockport. Likewise I wrote to Gavan, but have received no answer. I wrote him in favour of a young man of my acquaintance, but whether he has been faithful or not, I cannot tell; and as you wished me to be punctual as to time of writing, I cannot wait any longer for an answer. I believe that, from the feature of the times in this place, Preston will not be productive of any advantage to you, for they are very poor. I have collected from my acquaintances in this town and in Stockport 26 subscriptions. I think you may send 30 copies, as I make little doubt but I can part with them. I could have wished, my friend, to have done something more for you, but trade being so very low, and consequently money scarce, that many persons whom I am acquainted with would have become subscribers, but could not, merely from poverty. I might send you a list of the names of the subscribers. If I am not wrong, I think it no way material to your plan; but should you think otherwise, you shall have them in my next. With regard to remittance, I have made some enquiry. There are two modes of conveyance—the Post Office and the heavy coach. The first is 2d. per £ insurance, the last is 6d.; but, if I am not mistaken, I can make some interest with Mr. Ainsworth, so that he can receive the money, and give a draft for it on some house in Paisley. Give me your instructions on this point in your next. My friend, as this part of our correspondence has been all on business, I have considered it not requisite to interlard it with any other thing particular, as I think we shall have opportunity enough afterwards, when this is completed. One thing I have heard which I must let you know. John Jamieson is !!!
I shall go over to Stockport when your books come, so you

may depend on having a full, true, and particular account by the *lump* of the whole affair. Jamieson sends his love to you. Trade goes well, but wages very low. The masters are all in a mind to starve us. The Weavers Regulation Bill is committed to a Committee of the House. It is thought that they will be successful.

My respects to Black, Fulton, and Mitchell.

I remain,

My Friend,

Yours for ever,

WM. KIBBLE.

The original letter is in possession of Mr. Matthew Blair.—*Ed.*

XIII.

Excerpt from Letter of Robert Tannahill *to* William Kibble.—*Ramsay's Memoir, page xxxix.*

Paisley, *11th April, 1807.*

I hate dependence on printers, paper-folks, or anybody. On inquiry, they found I was poor. Nothing could be done without I found security. That was easily procured : *then*, they were most happy to serve me in anything I wanted. 'Tis the way of the world ! Self-interest is the ruling passion. Merit might pine in obscurity for ever, if Pride, or Interest, for their own gratification, were not to hand the lone sufferer into public notice.

. . . . . .

XIV.

Letter from Robert Tannahill *to* William Thomson, *Overton, near Beith.*

Paisley, *1st May, 1807.*

Dear William,

Please receive 29 volumes poems, for which you favoured me with subscribers. I request your acceptance of

one copy, not as compensation for your trouble, but as a small mark of my regard for the kindness you have shewn me. I sent two for the Kilmalcolm subscribers last Saturday by Gibson, and hope you have received them. I am anxious to hear your mind of the volume, upon the whole. You'll oblige me by writing next Thursday, letting me know, without reserve, what you think of it, and how the west country people seem to be pleased with their bargain. I'm afraid they will think the volume small for the money ; but first time I publish sermons I'll let them have a lumpin' pennyworth. You may remit the money when you can conveniently collect it from them.

Be sure and write by Gibson on Thursday first, and allow me to conclude by once more assuring you that

I am yours,
Most sincerely,
ROBT. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—The others will not be delivered in this town till Wednesday or Thursday.

XV.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* ROBERT LANG, *Manufacturer, Paisley.*

PAISLEY, *4th May, 1807.*

Mr. Robt. Lang.

SIR,

I have ordered copies of the enclosed volume to be sent to each of the gentlemen whose names you handed me as subscribers. You will oblige me by accepting of one of these, not as compensation for your trouble, but as a small mark of my regard for the kindness you have shewn me.

Please present my best thanks to Mr. Robertson, and request him, from me, to accept of one likewise.

I am,
DEAR SIR,
Yours most sincerely,
ROBT. TANNAHILL.

The original is in possession of Mr. Lang's son, Mr. Robert Howard Lang, Espedair Street, Paisley.—*Ed.*

XVI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BISHOP,* *Bridge of Johnstone.*

PAISLEY, *4th May, 1807.*

SIR,

Please receive 13 volumes poems for which you favoured me with subscribers. I request your acceptance of one copy as a small mark of my regard for the kindness you have shewn me. Please deliver Mr. Morton's volume, and present him my thanks for his subscription. † You may re-

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* "James Bishop," warehouseman to William Malloch & Company, cotton spinners, Johnstone, called the Old Mill. He was a plain, modest man, and taught a mathematical class in the evenings.—*Ed.*

† This was "James Morton," teacher in Johnstone, and precentor in the Chapel. He had a good voice, and was one of the first vocalists of the day. He died about September, 1824. Mr. John Fraser, formerly teacher in Kilmalcolm, succeeded Mr. Morton in the Johnstone School, and is now residing at Newfield House, Johnstone. He was a musical enthusiast from his youth, and in 1843 commenced a musical tour through Great Britain, Ireland, and America. Tannahill's songs were the favourites; and the Fraser family, from their musical talents, spread the sweet songs of the Poet throughout the length and breadth of the English-speaking dominions. Mr. Fraser was born in 1794, and is now in the 81st year of his age, in good health, hale and hearty. Long may the "old man musical" live and indulge in singing his favourite songs of Tannahill.—*Ed.*

mit the money when you have been able, conveniently, to collect it.

I am,
DEAR SIR,
Yours sincerely,
ROBT. TANNAHILL.

The original is in possession of Jas. R. M. Robertson, Esq., M.D., Renfrew.

XVII.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR.

PAISLEY, *30th June, 1807.*

DEAR JAMES,

How well-looking is a tree in full verdure, and how pretty is a blue-winged butterfly beside a kail-worm. The whin-bush in its gouden robes, and *the rosy brier* o'erhangin' the scroggy dyke-side thorn—all have inspired me with the notion that he who would live on anything like respectable terms in this notice-takin' world, must clothe his *outward man.* Meditating on which, "I sigh when I look to my threadbare coat," and am resolved "to hae a new clewk about me." Therefore, if you can oblige me wi' *twa pund English* on or before next Friday, you will do me a favour, as I intend going to Glasgow on Saturday. Cooke,* the

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* The George Frederick Cooke, who appeared in 1800 like a meteor in the theatrical world. His figure was not elegant; his arms were short; his movements abrupt and angular; and his features were powerfully expressive of the darker passions. He had a strong vein of sarcastic humour. His voice, though somewhat high and sharp in its ordinary tone, possessed great compass, and carried him without fail throughout in the most arduous characters—a pre-eminence over his rival, Mr. John Kemble, in usingwhich he absolutely revelled, and never omitted to exercise when he found an opportunity. His part of *Sir Pertinax Macsycophant* was considered one of the most complete representations ever presented on the stage. Irregular habits, however, marred his fortunes. He left for America in 1810, and he died at New York on 26th November, 1812.—*Ed.*

celebrated tragedian, is just now playing there, and a few of us intend seeing him on Saturday night.

I would have been in your good town ere this time, but there has been a *whaup* * in the nest ever since I saw you last, or, in other words, I've been but very poorly in my health, but am now pretty well again. You have no doubt heard of Mr. Smith's being engaged to fill Mr. Robertson's berth in our old church.

I hope you are getting on to your wishes in your new way of life, and rest assured that none wish you better than

Your friend,

ROBT. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—I have two original songs which I'll write out for you next week.

The original is in possession of Alexander MacDonald, Esq., merchant in Glasgow, who has had it mounted on cloth, and bound up with his copy of the 1817 edition, thus showing his great respect for the author.—*Ed.*

XVIII.

Letter from JAMES CLARK *to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ABERDEEN, *19th July, 1807.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I expect before you receive this you will have received a parcel, which I gave to a Mr. Donaldson, who works with Mr. Carswell, manufacturer, Moss Row. When I called on Mr. Ross, he told me he would have sent you some things before that, but he did not wish to put you to the expense of carriage until he got some things from London, which he thought pretty, when he would send them altogether. I knew a woman who was going to Glasgow at that time, and I told him if he got them soon to let me have them, and I would get them conveyed to you. However, she was gone,

* The Curlew,—a sea-bird of a very restless disposition.

and fortunately I met with Mr. Donaldson. Mr. Ross lives here in great style—keeps a house in the town, and another in the country. He lives at his country house now. He is very much respected here, and deservedly. I had a long stay with him, and am invited to visit him in the country, but the invitation was given in too general terms to accept it. He is vain of his composition. Independent of what he says about it, can there be a greater proof of it than his setting music of his own to "Logan Water," in preference to the old air, one of the most beautiful tunes ever composed. He is not so tall as his brother, whom you knew, but very like him in the face, and still thinner in the body and legs. I should like to know what you think of the songs he sent you. I did not look much at them, but what I did look, I thought a good deal of the "Dusky Glen," and would have thought more of it had I never heard it sung to the "Lack of Gold." I was in Edinburgh five days before I got a vessel to Aberdeen (no disappointment). I called on Gray. Upon my soul, he was astonished when I mentioned your book that he had not seen it. After what he had told me, and what you had told me of him some time ago, I marked him down a smooth-faced double-dealer. But he made so many palpable excuses, that I thought it might be true what he said. He laid the whole blame on William Orr. He said he had repeatedly asked him to call upon you, and get some copies from you, and give you a guinea. I should be glad to know if that was the case or not. I told him you had no more copies. Then he talked of sending you money whether or not; then he thought again that would hurt your independence. If Gray is not a warm-hearted, friendly, good fellow, he is one of the best actors I ever saw. I am very sorry I had not more of your company when in Paisley. I called at Wilson's that night I was at your house, but you were not there. After that I got happy, and called on Smith and Stewart. I mind I behaved very silly. Upon my soul, Bob, I could not help it. I am so happy when in Paisley, and meeting with so many old acquaintances,

that I get little short of craziness. And when I join the Regiment I find fault with almost everything I have done. I'm sure my friends have a great deal of allowance to make, which I hope they do with a good grace. Believe me, it would vex me exceedingly did I offend any of them in the least by any of my inadvertencies. Give my warmest respects to William Stewart and Robert Smith. I would be glad to hear from any of them as soon as convenient. I hope they are using Smith as he deserves. Your old friend Buchanan and his family are all well, and desire to be remembered to you and all our old friends. I hope you won't delay long in letting me hear from you, as you was not very well when I saw you last. I'll be impatient until I hear from you, as I am certain none have your welfare more at heart than

Your old friend,

JAMES CLARK.

XIX.

Letter from JAMES KING, *corporal in the Renfrew Militia, to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

PEVENSEY, SUSSEX, *6th Aug., 1807.*

DEAR SIR,

I received yours of date 3rd June, and your poems and a few lines sometime after from a woman of the regiment. I have read your poems many times over with a deal of pleasure, and shewn them to some of the most intelligent officers in the regiment, who are all very well pleased with them. One of them, whose mother keeps a considerable tap room in Glasgow, pointing to "Allan's Ale" said—"King, does not that do very well?" I am highly pleased with the "Two National Clowns." With respect to the "Peasant's Death" I never heard of such a poem, nor of such a man as John

Struthers. * 'Tis somewhat remarkable that the subject and stanza should be the same. The "Poor Man's Burial" is now wholly but I pay no regard to it on account of the "Peasants." When I was in Berwickshire some years since, I fell in with a wandering bard, who sung a number of Border scraps, and one of them something like "Och Hey, Johnnie, Lad." If you remember, some years since, we proposed seeing one Robertson, † somewhere about the Well-

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* See first note to the letter dated 2nd February, 1807. Shortly after the publication of "The Poor Man's Sabbath" in 1804 by John Struthers, he published "The Peasant's Death" as a sequel. It would seem that James King had written a poem which he had called "The Peasant's Burial," and submitted it to Tannahill for his opinion, who very properly informed King that Struthers had anticipated him, when King replied, "it was somewhat remarkable they should be the same, for he had never heard of such a poem as 'The Peasant's Death,' nor of such a person as John Struthers." The blank in the following sentence of the reply may be finished with the word *buried* or *burnt*. King then petulantly retaliates on Tannahill that he had heard, some years ago, a wandering Bard singing a song something like "Och Hey, Johnnie, Lad," No. 124. It may have happened that two authors wrote songs to the same old air, but that is not a parallel case with the peasant's *death* or *burial*.—*Ed.*

† "John Robertson, weaver, born about 1770. He was the son of John Robertson, grocer, No. 22 Sandholes, Paisley. His father did an extensive business in these premises, and, having considerable means, he gave his son an excellent education. John Robertson, jun., was afterwards apprenticed to the weaving, the staple trade of Paisley; but like a great number of others who had wealthy parents, he detested the work of the loom. He amused himself writing verses, and at that time Ebenezer Picken (born in 1769 or 1770, son of Ebenezer Picken, weaver, South Side of Wellmeadow Street, Paisley,) who had received a University education, and, a brother versifier, were acquainted with each other, and they were undoubtedly congenial companions. John Robertson, notwithstanding his good business, became involved in pecuniary difficulties, which caused the son to support himself by weaving. In 1800, the year of the great dearth, young Robertson wrote the song of the "Toom Meal Pock," which will be found at page lxix. of the *Harp of Renfrewshire*. He also wrote a number of other pieces, but he never published a volume. He was rather an indifferent weaver, fond of company, and he descended in the social scale until he became destitute, when he enlisted in the Fifeshire Militia in 1803, which, with other Scots Regiments, marched to England. James King,

meadow. I was informed that he was in the Fifeshire Militia, and as we marched from Hastings to this place we passed through Boxhill, where the Fifeshire lies. I called upon him, and had some beer with him. He is an intelligent man, and remarkably fond of poetry. We are only eight miles separate. I sent him the song-book you sent me, and told him of your poems. He sent me word that he would be here soon to see your book. He thinks that none of the *Rosy Briar* was written by Burns, and says he is almost positive that the last verse is part of a song done by himself some years back, which he had forgot had not that verse struck him and put him in mind of it. There is a song in the collection called "The Land o the Leel." I was informed the other day that in the West of Scotland it went under the name of "Burns' Death Song." Let me know if Burns be its author. I hope that your constitution is a deal better of the salt water, and that you had a pleasant jaunt. For me, I am always upon the coast, and but for being every other night out of bed would be very well; however, I cannot complain at present. I am of opinion that ere long not a cannon will be fired on the continent of Europe without the approbation of the Emperor Napoleon. If the troops of civilised Europe, experienced, and often in battle, could not stop his progress, what could the raw, half disciplined soldiers of Russia do. Their battles were ill-directed, the papers mentioned several of their generals being found killed near one spot of ground. It appears to me that when the action became serious that they had left their divisions and come to Bonnigheim for orders, for how the devil could they have been killed together and their columns cut off for want of direction.

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who was in the Renfrewshire Militia, found him at Boxhill with his regiment in 1807. King and he had frequent meetings, the stations of the two Regiments not being far distant from each other. John Robertson, jun., died at Hilsea, near Portsmouth, in February, 1810, aged 40 years.

SONG.

Air—"Wat ye wha I met yestreen."

Away! ye warlike scenes, away!
Half moons and parallels, adieu!
No more I'll view the lofty tow'r;
No more the strong built rampart view,
Though waving on the lofty tow'r
The standard shews its glitt'ring wing,
There's no peace near the lofty tow'r;
There's no rest where the bugles sing.

The garden's finest blossoms fade,
Where chilly winds pass o'er the flowers;
The brightest ray of rising man
Is darkened when the tempest low'rs.
The blast comes rushing armed with fire,
And bears the dark green leafy spray;
So 'neath the blast of Tyrant pow'r,
All genius withering dies away.

All hail! ye sunny flow'r-clad vales,
Where peace and liberty appear;
And hail ye scenes of social life,
For ever to my memory dear.
But hence ye painful warlike scenes,
Where man o'er man holds sad control;
And welcome hours of sacred rest,
That please and elevate the soul.

Remember me to Borland and Scadlock. No more at present, but, believe me to remain

Yours, &c.,

JAMES KING.

XX.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN MACFARLANE, *Neilston.**

PAISLEY, *20th August, 1817.*

DEAR SIR,

I embrace the first leisure hour that I have had since I saw you to write you a few lines. I fear that, from our last interview, you have stampt me down as the most morose and unsocial of beings. I will make no apology, further than informing you that, ere you saw us return from the moors, my temper had been considerably soured by one of the company repeatedly *grumbling* that on my account they had to go round by Neilston. Indeed, we were all heartily tired with our excursion, but I was vex'd to hear the very person whom I had accompanied making any words about it, and it has ever been impossible with me to wear a face of gaiety when under real chagrin. I believe, from what passed on that night in your hearing, that you will guess who the person is to whom I allude. I reckon it altogether superfluous saying one word more on the subject, but will write you the songs which I mentioned to you formerly.

(Here follow the songs, No. 106, *The Bard of Glen Ullin*, and No. 115, *The Pearly Dewdrop.*)

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* Mr. John Macfarlane, weaver, Neilston, became acquainted with Tannahill through his friend, James Scadlock, the lyric poet of the Severn. Mr. Macfarlane was an intelligent and leading gentleman in the village of Neilston, whose counsel and advice was frequently asked and followed in matters of importance to the residenters. He was possessed of a fine musical taste, and became one of Tannahill's correspondents, as will be seen from the several letters we have printed. Tannahill sent him several pieces of his poetry for his opinion, as the Poet considered his opinion entitled to weight. Mr. Macfarlane was for many years the respected manager of the power-loom cloth manufactory at Arthurlie belonging to Messrs. J. & J. Cogan. Mr. Macfarlane was born in 1781, and died in 1830, aged 49 years.—*Ed.*

I don't know how these may please, but shall be gratified on hearing your opinion of them. I expect that the first time you are in town, and have leisure, you will give me a call, and will take it kindly if you will favour me with a few lines at any time, letting me know how you are coming on.

I am,
DEAR SIR,
Yours most sincerely,
ROBT. TANNAHILL.

The original is in possession of Mrs. J. Wright, Kirkcaldy, daughter of Mr. Macfarlane.

XXI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN CRAWFORD, *Largs.*

PAISLEY, *3d September, 1807.*

DEAR SIR,

I received yours of the 28th ult., and was happy to hear your favourable opinion of the songs. I cannot help remarking the difference of taste. The very line which you mention as being superior was condemned by a gentleman to whom I showed the song for being a low and vulgar idea. However, I own that it pleased myself tolerably. I will not praise the whole of your poem, but some parts of it please me highly. I think that anyone who writes frequently may form some little notion when he has been able to express a happy thought to advantage, and perhaps the following verse pleases you as well as any in the piece :—

"The Parson guides his flock in duty's road,
Dead to the world, he views the blest abode,
A *call* from thee he boldly names *the voice of God!*"

"Some rhyme, vain thought, for needfu' cash."

And I am not so clear of the justice of the following line :—

"And oftentimes for thee the poet makes his lay."

The truth of the following everyone will acknowledge :—

"The man of wealth is not, nor cannot be a fool."

And—

"The Premier always makes the most convincing speech,"

is so true that it will strike everybody. However, I sat down to write a line to accompany the enclosed volumes,* and find that unaware I have been writing criticisms. You may keep the books as long as you please, as I perused the whole as they came out in numbers. You will observe a few things of mine in the first vol., signed "Modestus." I sent them anonymous, and was rather hurt on seeing the signature, as affected modesty is among the silliest of all affectations. I complained to the Editor, who mentioned on the cover that it was they who had done it.

An acquaintance has just called on me, so I'll bid you good-night.

I am,
Yours sincerely,
ROBT. TANNAHILL.

(At the end of the letter is the following presentation :—
"To Mr. Tannahill, City of Glasgow Bank, Greenock, with Allan Park Paton's kind regards, Jan., 1868."

This letter is in possession of Mr. James Tannahill, grand nephew of the Poet.

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* These were the four vols. of the *Selector*, a periodical mentioned in the letter to James Barr, dated 1st May, 1806." See the Note to the poem No. 5.

XXII.

Excerpt from a Letter of ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK, *Bandmaster of the Argyleshire Militia. — Ramsay's Memoir, page xxii.*

PAISLEY, *20th September, 1807.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your very welcome letter, dated 19th July, and should have answered ere now, but the truth is, I have been obliged to scribble so much of late that writing anything is become a real labour to me. However, that apathy is now beginning to wear off, and I promise you that I will be more punctual in future. I received the packet which you forwarded by Mr. Donaldson, and am highly pleased with the kindness Mr. Ross of Aberdeen has shown me. In all our dealings, he has used me like a gentleman. The music he has set to my songs, I think, is excellently suited to the words. Have you tried that to the "Highland Plaid?"* It stamps a value on the words, which they would by no means possess without it. Smith and Barr are well pleased with them. By-the-by, have you heard that Mr. R. A.† is now precentor to our old church? Dr. Boog‡ sent for him about two months since, and he engaged with him for ten or twelve pounds per annum. Messrs. Stuart, Cumming, and Locke, sit in his band. His employment in the teaching line has, as yet, scarcely come up to his wishes; but the proper season for it is just coming in. He has bespoke a room for it above the Cross, and is going to open a class for young ladies and gentlemen some of these nights. The influence of the Old Kirk gentry may be of use to him. Mr. Ross has likewise set music to "The

* This is the song, No. 93, which we have titled "Young Donald and his Lawland Bride."—*Ed.*

† *Note by Ramsay.*—"By this abbreviation, R. A. Smith was familiarly known among his friends."

‡ The minister of the first charge of the Abbey Church, Paisley.—*Ed.*

Braes of Gleniffer." It does capitally. It is published by Hamilton in a very elegant style.—I was not a little sorry that I did not see you on the night before you left Paisley. However, at that time I was poorly; and even in your company, would have been as flat as a flounder. I will write you a little song on chance; I don't know how it may please you,—"While the grey-pinioned Lark," * &c.—Now, my dear friend, I hope you will not long deny me the pleasure of letting me hear from you. There are so many rubs in life that we ought to make one another as comfortable as possible; and I assure you that hearing from you frequently affords me much happiness. Give my best respects to my cousin, and to my friend Tom, and Mrs. Buchanan, and rest assured that, among your numerous acquaintances, none esteems you more truly than your friend,

R. T.

XXIII.

Excerpt from a Letter of ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING, *Renfrewshire Militia.—Ramsay's Memoir, page cccii.*

PAISLEY, *2nd November, 1807.*

DEAR JAMES,

I received yours of the 22nd September in due time, and accordingly to your wish let your mother know that you were well. She called on me the other night, and wished that I would write to you directly, as she was very impatient to have a letter from you; (independent of that I should have written a fortnight ago.) You are sensible of a mother's solicitude, and will not fail giving her that gratification. Trade is remarkably low with us. Those who have their

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* From the Author in this song, No. 67, using the names of "Fairy Woodside" and "Sweet Ferguslie,"—the places or haunts of his boyhood,—we altered the title of the song to "Fairy Woodside and Sweet Ferguslie; or, The Grey-Pinioned Lark."—*Ed.*

work continued are obliged to do it at pitiful low prices, and those who are thrown out of employment can scarcely get the offer of any by calling through. Lappets 900 have been offered at threepence nett. However, people's minds are not yet damped so much as you have seen in former depressions. I am obliged to you for sending the songs in your last. 'Thou'rt fair, Morning of May!' is a beautiful little ballad, but I would advise you to throw out the last verse, as the subject is quite complete without it; besides being in five stanzas, it will not suit any double tune. In verse 4th, line 3d, instead of 'will retire,' I would prefer 'is retired.' "The Morning Trembles O'er the Deep," likewise pleases me very well. "O why is thy Hand so Cold, Love," possesses some merit, but I think it inferior to the others. In my opinion, your songs surpass your other productions, and I would advise you to apply yourself to that department of our favourite amusement, in preference to any other. Another thing which I beg leave to mention, and which always makes a song appear more masterly, is, to make the 1st and the 3rd lines of the verse to rhyme. In the old ballad style, it may be dispensed with; but in songs written in the idiom of the present day, it is expected, and reckoned not so well without it; but you are already sensible of all that. . . I am happy that the songs in my volume please you; but when you mention them as equalling Burns', I am afraid that the partiality of friendship weighs a good deal in *that* decision. You have never mentioned the Interlude: I suspect that, in general, it is reckoned not worth much. I will now finish with some rhymes to you. (Here is given the first four verses of the "Queensferry Boatie Rows Light," No. 102.) I don't know any air that answers the above measure; let me hear whether you know any one to it. You will no doubt know "Lord Moira's Reel." I have been trying verses to it, and will write you all that I was able to make of it. ("Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes," is here given, No. 45.) I own I am somewhat half-pleased with the above myself; but that is always the case when a piece

is newly finished, and it must lie past sometime before we are capable of judging rightly how it may stand. Mention any defects you may see in it.

XXIV.

Letter from JAMES CLARK, *Musician in the Argyleshire Militia, to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ABERDEEN, *16th November, 1807.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I received your letter dated 20th September with great pleasure. I am always glad to hear from you, and particularly so now, as you are the only correspondent I have from Paisley. My old friends Stewart and Smith have forgot me. I have *not forgot* them. I begin to like this town very well. There are a number of social souls about it, and I spend some of my evenings very agreeably. There are a number of free-and-easy clubs here, and three good tap-rooms, which are very well attended, which by going to sometimes a stranger gets acquainted with the natives. I have the honour to be president now of a very respectable club. I have sung I don't know how often your glorious song "The Coggie" here, which of all your songs is my favourite. (I hope in God the author of it nor his friends will never want one.) It is a great favourite here. I have never seen Mr. Ross but once since I came here, and then it was by chance he was in town. He keeps no music shop, and teaches but little. He has made his fortune some years ago—keeps a town and country house, elegantly furnished. He is a strange genius for a musician—keeps no company, and never enjoyed his bottle. He sent up a letter to me for you, with his compliments to me, wishing me to forward it, which I did as soon as possible. I hope you received it safe from David Dickie. I am playing in

the orchestra at the theatre here.* We have a most excellent band, consisting of four violins (three of them first-rate performers), two horns, one flute, one bassoon, and one violincello (played by your humble servant). The theatre has been open about a month. It is a very pretty house, fitted up in the same style as the Edinburgh one, and holds about £60. There are some good scenes, painted by Naismith in his best style. The company are better than they have been used with here. He is collecting from all quarters for good performers to open with *eclat* in Glasgow, but he must get a few more capital actors before he can do any good there. Mr. Beaumont is really a bad actor : has a good figure and a fine face for tragedy ; graceful in his action, but too pompous—making too much of it ;—but he is the worst speaker I ever heard on the stage—a bad voice, and a manner of snapping the last syllable of his words as to render him almost unintelligible. He doth not play much, and when he goes to Glasgow I suppose will play none. Our tragedy hero is a Mr. Seyton, from London, a young man of fortune, but stage mad ; plays sometimes very well, but "saws the air" too much with his hands. Indeed, he is too extravagant in his action. The poor fellow is really deranged at times. He has the richest dresses I ever saw. Mr. King, late of the Theatres Edinburgh and Glasgow, is here—a useful man, and pretty clever. We have, too, a Mr. Hubert, the most general actor I ever saw—plays *Charles* in "The School for Scandal," *Macduff*, *William* in "Rosina," *Caleb Colum*, and *Lingo*—all respectable. He is the best *John Thornberry*. A Mr. Lewis plays the comedy old men very well. I think he will do for Glasgow. Mrs. Beaumont I think a good tragedienne. Her *Belvidere*, *Jane Shore*, and *Mrs. Ervine* in "Everyone has his Fault," pleased me very well, yet she cries too loud ; but her *Lady Teazle*

* Aberdeen Theatre Royal was built in 1795, and was sold on 27th January, 1875, for the erection of a church in connection with the Church of Scotland. A few years ago it had been converted into a music hall.—*Ed.*

and *Widow Chearle* I think poor. All will be ill to please in parts of that town who have seen Miss Duncan, and, in my opinion, the equally great Mrs. Young, play often. Mrs. Odger is here, and her you have seen. Miss Locke, a beautiful young woman; she is but young on the stage, and will be better than she is, tho' I fear she will never be great. We have had "The Forty Thieves" here in great style. I think the dialogue of that piece very trifling. Indeed, the Col. has some good things to say, but none else. I suppose you would go to Glasgow to see it. Now, I really think, if you are not tired of theatricals, you may. I am obliged to you for sending me the song you wrote. I think it a very beautiful one, and I would be very glad you would let me have any little thing you do when you write. Your old friend Tom is well and hearty, and wishes to be kindly remembered to you. Give my compliments to our old friends, W. Stewart and A. Smith. I hope you will let me hear from you soon, and let me know any particular news that's amongst you. *

I am,

DEAR BOB,

Your friend sincerely,

JAMES CLARK.

XXV.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR, *Kilbarchan.*

PAISLEY, *5th January, 1808.*

DEAR JAMES,

I am quite sorry to imagine our correspondence should seem to be dwindled down to the dry hasty scribbling of Dr. and Cr., yet such really appears to be the case. I have not written to P., nor do I believe ever shall on the

* This communication discloses the taste Tannahill had for dramatic performances, yet not one of his former biographers have said a single word about his attending theatrical exhibitions in Paisley and Glasgow.—*Ed.*

subject; he has served me no worse than some others have done, and since honour does not prompt him to do as he ought, let him stand just as he is. I remit you the list so that you may see what number is on his score. If you have not received payment for any of the others it would be unfair in me to expect it; but if you can make it convenient to settle your part before Friday fortnight you will meet me in a particular wish, as, on the Friday evening following I shall (God and you willing) be happy.

I understand Ross has set some others of the songs to music; I have seen only one of them, 'tis that one in the Interlude set by our friend Robert. He has just been shewing me a letter from London approving of the "Rosy Brier" and a song written by G. Allan. They are to be published soon, and copies of them sent to him. He has been down, on invitation, spending two days of the new year with the Dr. at Erskine. I wish *you* a gude *new year*, and wish you to

Believe me,
Yours truly,
R. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—I request you to return the list, as I ought to respect every name contained in it. I have a few things past me when more at leisure. However, I enclose you a copy of one I have ready written.

R. T.

The original letter is in possession of Mr John Love, Mount Pleasant, Kilbarchan.—*Ed.*

XXVI.

Excerpt from a letter of MR. ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* *from Muir's Memoir in the 1815 and 1817 Editions, page xiv.; and Ramsay's Memoir, page xxxii.*

PAISLEY, *14th February, 1808.*

"We are a set of capricious beings—that dismal melancholy mood in which I wrote to you last has consider-

ably worn off. One of the causes of it was :—A fellow, who for a long time had lived with me upon the most intimate and friendly terms, took it into his dizzy pow that he was advancing rapidly in the high way of fortune ; he of course must drop all low company ; he had the effrontery even to say it, and used me and others in such a way as led us to see that he considered us as belonging to that order. A kick up, which we had on that account, threw me into a kind of fever for some days."

. . . . . .

XXVII.

From WILLIAM KIBBLE *to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BOLTON, *March 1st, 1808.*

MY WORTHY FRIEND,

I have read your letter, and am happy to hear of your welfare. It likewise gives me much pleasure to hear that the Muse and you have been, not idle but busy, and that your joint endeavours will be not only for the enhancement of social mirth, but have a tendency to mend the heart. That sacred spark of our friendship has not for one moment been extinguished from my heart, and altho' I have been negligent in writing, you may believe me, my friend, you have always been dear to me. I have interested myself in your behalf in regard to your publication as far as my influence can extend, and have got 17 names to my list. I expect a good number more, but I cannot extend the plan of my intentions without other five proposal papers, which I advise you to send me immediately. I intend to send two to Stockport, as you have more acquaintances in that place at present than in this town. Our dull trade being the cause of their shifting. Other two to Preston, and another for this town, which shall be in charge of Thomas Wright. I would likewise advise you to enclose two or three of your

songs, as I make no doubt would turn out to your advantage. Let me know when your book will be published, so that I may know how to proceed. There is a Mr. James M'Alpine who desires me to send you ;* he is from Anderston. He sung one of your songs about a week ago, at a meeting of the Sons of Comus, where I sometimes attend. I think he named it the "Highland Plaidie." It was received with unbounded applause. Nine of those jovial fellows subscribed for your book last night. Some of them knew you, and some not. I expect you will excuse me for this short letter as I intend that you shall have pennyworths again. I shall only mention to you that our trade is very dull and wages never were less than at this time. The unreasonable drop of which has induced the weavers to apply to Parliament for a regulation of all kinds of work done by them in the weaving line, that is to say in the cotton branch. I shall inform you more particularly of this at another time. Give my best love to all friends, and be assured that I remain

Thine eternally while

WM. KIBBLE.

The original is in possession of Mr. Matthew Blair.—*Ed.*

XXVIII.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* WILLIAM FINLAYSON, *weaver, Pollokshaws. — From "Scottish Rhymes" by William Finlayson, page 91.*

PAISLEY, *5th March, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

I should ere now have owned the receipt of your very friendly epistle, and intended to return it in kind; but I find that the Muse has rather jilted me for the present. You must be sensible that a person cannot at all times sit down to write a poem as a joiner would do to make a chair;

* Torn in opening the seal.—*Ed.*

therefore, I hope you will accept of these, my plain prose acknowledgments. Independent of the compliments with which your verses honour me, they certainly possess a considerable share of poetical merit.* . . . . I was gratified on finding that my efforts, had in some degree, pleased the good folks in your town; and now, since my poetical *mania* has rather subsided, I can as clearly discern and as readily acknowledge their deficiencies as if they had been written by any other person (at least, I think so). You may perhaps hear from me at a future period. In the meantime, believe me to be yours,

With due respect,

ROBERT TANNAHILL.

NOTE BY FINLAYSON.

"I believe a number of my readers will consider the publication of the above extract (from Tannahill's letter) as a palpable instance of vanity in me. It may appear so to them. I, however, should be wanting in that respect for my own character (which the most illiberal of my detractors must allow, on a due investigation of my case, to be laudable), were I to omit such a fair opportunity of exhibiting to those who have so *eminently sneered* at my presumption in giving these contemptible trifles to the world,—the approbation of a 'Poet of Nature' to at least one of these trifles. Few—I may say none—ever dared to assume the *dignity* of an *author* in opposition to such an overwhelming tide of humiliating admonitions to beware of attempting the dangerous eminence. No literary companion ever smoothed my verses,—no animating voice ever cheered my solitary ravings round the base of Parnassus; and shall I then suppress the only semblance of commendation I ever received, and that, too, from a bard whose merit is universally acknowledged. No; the incense of praise is at all times grateful, but, doubly so, when given in proper season, and rendered by one duly qualified to

* This letter is copied from Finlayson's Poems, published in 1815. See the Epistle and the Note at the end of the Correspondence.—*Ed.*

bestow it.—I shall not, therefore, easily forget that there was, at least, one who did not denominate me a *dunce*, and that one no less than the ingenious *Bard of Renfrewshire*.

Allow me to conclude this long Note with a quotation from one of my own pieces, the egotism of which precludes it from a place in this edition :—

Without some vanity, nae bardie
Wad be sae confident an hardie,
As lea tae ilka critic's wordie
His reputation ;
For weel kens he, Envy's ne'er tardie
At defamation.

Then, on my pow the blame be laid
If thoughtlessly the fool I've played,
I court nae countenance ; nae aid
From frien or foe,—
Hiss'd or applauded, undismayed
My verse shall flow."

XXIX.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN M'FARLANE, *Neilston.*

PAISLEY, *12th May, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

You really wrong me if you suppose me indifferent to your welfare. I have of late been so throng that in fact I have not had leisure to enquire how the world was using you. I will thank you to write me a few lines by return of the Carrier, and let me know how you have been since I saw you last, and if I shall have the pleasure of seeing you soon in Paisley, as you proposed. The enclosed song is one in Mr. Smith's bill (I mean his concert), which was about ten

days ago. We had a very numerous and respectable audience, and they seemed to be all highly pleased with the performance. I intended to have written you a song or two, but I entreat your excuse at present. I have just now put up one of those new-fangled *seeding* * webs. I can make pretty good wages on it. I find it to be the most irksome work I have ever had. My breast is rather pained with working hard, and I know you'll excuse me.

In expectation of your answer,

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours most sincerely,

ROBT. TANNAHILL.

The original letter and concert bill are in the possession of Mrs. J. Wright, Kirkcaldy.—*Ed.*

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* The word "seeding" was derived from the pattern being an imitation of "seeds."—*Ed.*

CONCERT.

MR. SMITH

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Paisley, that his

CONCERT

IS FIXED FOR

TUESDAY, the 3d May,

IN THE NEW ASSEMBLY-ROOM, RENFREW-SHIRE TONTINE:

Which will Conclude his Public Classes for this Season.

He has also the pleasure of announcing, that he will be favoured with the assistance of Mr. Gale and Mr. Cole.

Mr. Cole will accompany the Songs on the Piano Forte, and in the course of the Entertainment, will perform a Grand Sonato.

Plan.

SACRED MUSIC.

Sonning.

Mapledurham.

Hadyn's Celebrated Hymn.

SONGS, &c.

Scotch Glee,—"Weel may the boatie row."	KNYVETT.	*Messrs. Gale, Cole & Tolmie.*
Song,—"The streamlet that flow'd round her cot."	SHIELD.	*Young Ladies.*
Song,—"The sapling oak."	STORACE.	*Mr. Gale.*
Song,—"The heart that can feel for another."	SHIELD.	*Young Gentlemen.*
Glee,—"In the lonely vale of streams."	DR. CALLCOTT.	*Messrs. Gale, Cole Tolmie & Smith.*
Scotch Song,—"Our bonny Scotch lads."	SMITH.	*Young Ladies.*
Scotch Song,—"An thou wert mine ain thing."		*Mr. Smith.*
Glee,—"Shakespeare's Loadstars."	SHIELD.	*Messrs. Gale, Tolmie & Smith.*

Grand Sonato.	PLEYEL.	*Mr. Cole.*
Glee,—"Aldiborontophoscophornio."	DR. CALLCOTT.	*Messrs. Gale, Cole & Smith.*
Song,—"The willow."	HOOK.	*Young Ladies.*
Scotch Song,—"Lochaber no more."		*Mr. Gale.*
Song,—"You Mariners of England."	ROSS.	*Young Gentlemen.*
Catch,—"Give me the sweet delights of love."	DR. HARRINGTON.	*Messrs. Gale, Cole & Smith.*
Scotch Song,—"Lowland lassie."	ROSS.	*Young Ladies.*
Song,—"The Maniac."	SMITH.	*Mr. Smith.*
Catch,—"Three old women in a country churchyard."	DR. HARRINGTON.	*Messrs. Gale, Cole & Smith.*

To conclude with the Favourite National Air, of

HEARTS OF OAK.

Music provided for a

BALL.

Tickets, 2s. 6d. each, to be had of Mr. Logan, and Mr. Crichton, Stationers; Mr. Smith, Hart's Land, head of New Street; and of Mr. Thomson, Renfrewshire Tontine.

The Concert will begin precisely at Eight in the Evening.

*** Piano Fortes tuned in the most correct manner.

☞ Private Teaching as usual.

Printed by S. Young.

XXX.

Excerpt from a Letter of ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK.—*Ramsay, page xxv.*

PAISLEY, *28th May, 1808.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope you have been blessed with your usual share of good health since I heard from you. I am now going to beg of you, as a very particular favour, that you would send me, as soon as you can, any fine Irish airs of the singing kind which you may chance to know. I don't mean any of those already very common, such as "The Lakes of Killarney," "Shannon's Flowery Banks," &c. What makes me so importunate with you is, that if I can accomplish songs worthy of being attached to them, I shall have the pleasure of seeing them printed in perhaps the most respectable work of the kind that ever has been published in Britain. Now, dear Jamie, as this is placing me on my very soul's hobby, do try to oblige me. Should you favour me with any, they must be *rare* natives of the dear country, for I believe there are many imitations composed on this side of the water. I am sure I have heard some very pretty Irish airs played as retreats. Try to recollect some of them.

XXXI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* GEORGE THOMSON, *Editor of "Select Melodies."—Ramsay, page xxv.*

PAISLEY, *6th June, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

"The Green Woods of Treugh."

The above little air pleased me so much that I could not help trying a verse to it. I believe it has never been published. It was taken down from an old Irish

woman singing a *native* song to it, which she said, when rendered into English, was in praise of *the green woods of Treugh.* 'Tis in such a wild measure that I could think of no form of stanza to suit it. I shall be happy to hear whether you have ever before seen it. With regard to "Nancy Vernon," you may judge how sorry I was on being assured by a friend that my set of the air was incomplete. I thought of course that poor Sheelah was entirely lost, and have been earnestly trying to accommodate matters between them. I find that the last line but one of each of the verses must be repeated before they can agree together, and am thus obliged to write both the air and the song a second time, to show you how they now stand. The sides of many lakes and rivers are properly denominated banks, because being steep they really are so; but, in my opinion, when a lake or river is bounded by low, level ground, it would be improper to call its margins by that appellation. We never say "the banks" of the sea, and I think the term proper enough when applied to any *bushy brae.* I think the first word in the line is very bad, and have made a little alteration on it—perhaps not much for the better. I was highly gratified on finding that the song met your approbation, and again return you my warmest thanks for mentioning anything that you may judge incongruous: we must first know our errors before there can be a possibility of amending them.* [Here is a copy of the air of "Nancy Vernon," and the amended words.] I have fallen in with several very fine Irish airs, but I fear they are already published. Inform me if you know the following:—"Kitty Tyrrell," "The "Fair-hair'd Child," or "Patheen a Fuen." The first of these I am quite in raptures with. If you have them not already, I shall send them in my next. Besides these, I have other two, taken from memory, but I must have my most worthy musical friend, Mr. Smith, to write them off

* *Note by Ramsay.*—He here alludes to the song, "Ah, Sheelah, thou'rt my darling," and to some strictures which Mr. Thomson had made on the first version of it."

correctly for me. He is just now poorly, and confined to his bed, else I would have sent them now. I have written to a very *tasty* cronie, who is in the Argyleshire Militia Band. I know he will gladly oblige me with anything of the kind that he can procure. In looking through my songs, I find the following English stanzas, which were written about four years ago on the death of a very beautiful young woman, who died of a consumption in her eighteenth summer. She was to have been wedded to a friend of mine, and sympathy for his grief at that melancholy event gave rise to the present effusion. I am sorry to add that the poor fellow ever since seems to be reckless of life, and regardless of everything else than his bottle. I thought it might perhaps please you for "O'Connell's Lament." Now, my dear Sir, do not mistake me, nor think that I am forcing these things upon your hand. All that I wish is that you may have them past you, so that, when you come to make your selection, some of them may stand a chance of being the chosen.

. . . . . .

XXXII.

Excerpt from letter of ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING. *Ramsay, page xxix.*

PAISLEY, *17th July, 1808.*

Give me your severest remarks on the above songs. Every coof may say a thing is *capital, beautiful,* &c. ; but I'd rather have the candid criticism of a man of taste than the incense of ten thousand fools.

. . . . . .

XXXIII.

Letter from WILLIAM KIBBLE *to* ROBERT TANNAHILL.

BOLTON, *July 23d, 1808.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I have received your letter; about four weeks after its date it came to hand, the cause of which I do not know.

I was very happy to hear from you, and that you are in good health, as this leaves me at present. That you are chagrined at not receiving any account from me in the book affair, I am not in the least surprised, for if the case had been mine I should have been downright angry, indeed I have been ashamed to write my friend. I have been exceedingly unfortunate in your business. I shall state the matter to you. It is now about nine months ago since an acquaintance of mine, whose name is John Livingston, called on me and informed me that he was going to Scotland, that he had a brother of the name of Peter Livingston, who was at that time in Paisley, a stone mason, and that he intended to take the way to Paisley on his way home, which is nigh Stirling, in order to see his brother, as he was a person whom I could trust, being acquainted with him for some years past. I gave him what money I had collected for your books, which amounted to £2 18s, two guineas and a half in gold, five shillings and sixpence in silver, and a letter for you. Receiving no answer from you, and being unsatisfied in my mind concerning the money, I wrote over to Bury to the man with whom he had lived, and he informed me that he had received a letter from him from Edinburgh, and he had not been in Paisley, but intended to be there by September next, yet never mentioned anything of my affair in his letter, which has made me more uneasy. I have seen his comrade whom he wrought with, and he told me that he would write him in the course of a few days, and would mention my business to him and procure me all the information in his power. He gives Livingston a good character; but I am satisfied it was his duty to have written me, turn out which way it will. Misfortune comes not single-handed. I gave five copies of your book to Robert Blair, who you know lived in Preston at the time you lived in that place, and who was employed in the pedlar business for this some time past. I am informed he died in Bradford in Yorkshire, of a fever. I have not received one penny for them, although they were delivered and the money drawn for them. The Bolton people paid me ex-

cept two copies, which it is doubtful if ever I shall receive, and two more at Stockport, which I think are safe. The other six which I sent to that place, I got paid for them. I have given you a true account of the business as it stands, but am sorry to add that from the severe pressure of the times, it is out of my power to send you anything at the present; on the other hand, I would have you to rest assured that you shall not lose one penny by me, and that in a short time I shall have it in my power to return you a satisfactory account of my *Trust*. My friend, it would give me an infinite deal of pleasure if, on the receipt of this, you would write and let me know that I do not live under the pressure of *your* displeasure as it would be truly *grevious* to me. You have ever, since our first acquaintance, possessed a very large portion of my respect and esteem, and I sincerely believe that on your part it was reciprocal, and to lose which would be to me a circumstance truly afflicting, therefore I entreat you to write. I have nothing new to inform you, but what is of a miserable nature; for were I to describe to you the wretched situation of the manufacturing part of this country, you would think I had ransacked the very intricacies of Pandora's box to fill up my description; too much labour, and almost nothing for it; exceeding dear markets, and every other attendant evil fills up the cup of our misery. To say any more on the subject would be but like lifting up some melancholy dirge to your troubled mind, I would say, but you see my paper is filled up. Nevertheless, in prosperity or adversity, above or below, I am your sincere friend

WM. KIBBLE.

P.S.—I have opened this letter to inform you that a manufacturer of this place has shewn me a piece of Scotch muslin; it is a gauze open work with dotted whip. I partly understand how to do it, but not thoroughly. If you will be so kind as send me a description how it is done with the price of weaving, you will much oblige me. I could engage with a loom work of it, which, I think, would turn to advantage.

W. K.

XXXIV.

Excerpt from Letter of ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* GEORGE THOMSON, *Edinburgh.—Ramsay's Edition, page xxvii.*

PAISLEY, *6th August, 1808.*

DEAR SIR,

I was favoured with yours of the 16th ult., and am much obliged to you for your candid remarks on my last song. I am really ashamed of these bungled airs which I have sent you. Not acquainted with the rules of transposition, and knowing very little of music, it was indeed presumption in me to think of writing them for you. Let my fondness to send you something of the kind plead my exculpation, and be so kind as consign them to the flames. I never was more ambitious to have a song to any air than to "Kitty;" it is worthy of the best poetry that ever was penned. By your friendly suggestions, I have done all in my power to accomplish one to it; with what success, you must now determine. You are, indeed, *fastidious;* but not *too* much so. It is in great part owing to *that,* that Scotland can now with justice boast of perhaps the best collection of songs that ever was produced; and although I may at times pay as much deference to my own dear opinion as ever fool did, yet to yours in these things I shall ever most cheerfully submit. My highest gratification, next to the pleasure of composing a song, is to see it published in some respectable work; and if you think the present one will now stand for a place in yours, I shall gladly let it lie past till convenient for you to publish. If otherwise, I perhaps will send it to some magazine, or give it to some one of the music-sellers. As the first four lines of the concluding stanza correspond with the superstitions of the common people in Ireland, I thought proper to retain them. I beg leave to transcribe you the whole of the song.

. . . . . .

XXXV.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR, *Musician, Kilbarchan.*

PAISLEY, *Wednesday Night.**

DEAR JAMES,

Should I have made any blunders in the above, please set them to rights. I have not seen Smith to-day; of course cannot say whether it will suit him to come West this week or not. As for me, my Saturday afternoons and other leisure hours have been for these some weeks past devoted to certain hobby-horsical matters which thro' the week I have little time to meddle with; but as you will probably not be throng at home on Friday, I shall be very happy to accompany you down the town. We will call on Smith, and see the race together. Hoping your family are all well,

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

R. TANNAHILL.

The original is in the possession of James Caldwell, Esq.—*Ed.*

XXXVI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* R. A. SMITH, *Music Teacher.*

PAISLEY, *27th Aug., 1808.*

MY FRIEND ROBT.,

I hate to write to you on this beggarly paper, but I had no better past me. I should like to know how you are pleased with my Old Tar Song. "The Smuggler's Grave" was buzzing in my ear at the time I wrote it, so I thought

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* The date of this letter was Wednesday, 10th August, 1808, the Race for the Silver Bells being on the 12th.—*Ed.*

proper to adapt it to its measure. The other is the one you were speaking of for Mr. Shaw.*

Yours, &c.,

R. TANNAHILL.

"BRECHIN, Oct. 30, 1846.—This letter, received by me from Mr. R. A. Smith a short time before his death in 1829, I now present to my esteemed friend, David Vedder, Esq., with every sentiment of respect and gratitude. †

"ALEX. LAING."

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* John Shaw, commonly called "Jack Shaw," an eccentric commedian and comic vocalist, in the theatrical company of James Moss then in Paisley. The theatres in which he chiefly appeared were Glasgow, Paisley, and Greenock. The song referred to by Tannahill was "Jessie the Flower o Dunblane," which had appeared in the March No. of the *Scots Magazine* for 1808. R. A. Smith had it set to music, and arranged with James Stevens, music publisher, in Wilson Street, Glasgow, to publish it. Jack Shaw, who was acquainted with Smith, applied to him for a copy of the song, to sing it in the Paisley Theatre. It appears Tannahill had made a copy for Shaw, and enclosed it in the letter to Smith. Shaw sung the song in the Paisley Theatre, and afterwards in the circus in Glasgow at that time. The celebrated vocalist, John Braham, came to Glasgow, and appeared in the Theatre Royal, Queen Street, Glasgow, with his company of vocalists. Shaw obtained an engagement with him for Scots singing, and sang the favourite and popular melody of the "Flower o Dunblane" to large audiences. Smith's music was now published and entered in Stationers' Hall to secure the copyright. Braham, on returning to London, engaged Shaw for his concerts, where he appeared on the London boards and sang the song of the period, which was received with rapturous applause. Shaw became emboldened with the copy of the song in the author's handwriting, and entered into an arrangement with a London publisher; but on the matter coming to the ears of Smith and Stevens, they immediately threatened the London publisher with a suit for infringement of copy-right, and he yielded and gave up his plate. In a subsequent letter, written on 28th September, 1859, by James Barr,—"blythe Jamie,"—then in the 78th year of his age, to his friend William Porteous, of the Glasgow Post Office, several of the foregoing circumstances are very graphically detailed. This was one way in which the song obtained notoriety and popularity; but Smith, in all his multifarious correspondence with editors, never related a single syllable of these circumstances.—*Ed.*

† The memorandum is in the handwriting of Alexander Laing, a lyric poet, and editor of the Brechin edition of Tannahill's songs, published in 1833. He explains how he received the letter from Smith himself shortly before his

XXXVII.

Excerpt of Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page xxix.*

PAISLEY, *28th August, 1808.*

I am much obliged to you for your free criticisms on my last song; but I must assure you I have never seen a line of Bloomfield's "Highland Drover." I was sensible

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death on 3rd January, 1829; and how he again presented it to his esteemed friend, David Vedder, on 30th October, 1846.

David Vedder was born in the parish of Burness, Orkney, in 1790. He was a lyric poet of considerable originality, and wrote several poems, the first of which appeared in 1811. His collected works of Legendary, Lyrical, and Descriptive Poems, were published in 1841. He died at Edinburgh on 11th February, 1854, aged 63.

In the latter year, Robert Blair, a grand nephew of Tannahill's, was residing in Arthur Street, Edinburgh, and either in that or the following year his wife sent to a grocer for a pound of butter, which was brought home in a piece of old paper. She took off the paper, and, in doing so, observed the name "R. Tannahill," and having heard her husband frequently speak about his friends, and particularly the poet, she preserved it. Robert Blair at once knew his grand-uncle's handwriting, and sent it to his brother, Matthew Blair, Paisley,—in whose possession it still is. On undertaking the duties of editor, we resolved to print every letter of the author's, however insignificant they might appear, for we have frequently found one word to be the missing link to a great discovery. The writing of the letter, enclosing a copy of a song for Shaw, the singing of the song in Paisley, Glasgow, and London, the presentation of the letter to Laing, the re-presentation to Vedder, his relations sending his papers to a grocer as waste paper, the discovery and preservation by a relative of the original writer, and the revelations it has brought to light, may, in the present instance, be well styled a romance.

When copying the letter for the present edition, we thought the ink rather blacker and brighter than that of Tannahill's other letters, and on narrowly examining the letter and ink we found it was a lithograph. We then accidentally heard that John M'Watters, watchmaker, Buchanan Street, Glasgow, was in possession of a letter of Tannahill's, addressed to James King, and we wrote him for a copy of it. He kindly sent us a copy, stating that his letter was addressed to R. A. Smith, and mentioning that he had received the original letter seventeen years ago for singing the song of "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane." The copy we received was the same as that of Matthew Blair's; and we accordingly waited on M'Watters with Blair's lithograph, and saw M'Watter's *original* letter (preserved in a gilt frame); but instead of being the original, it was

of the two first lines of the last verses being similar to "Dark lours the night;" but I really think they are as much mine as Ossian's, MacPherson's, or anybody's. However, if you think they will be found fault with, I shall inclose them with inverted commas. You mention "scath'd oak" as being nothing new. You are right; but because one writer may have said "whistling wind," "dreary night," "gloomy winter," and so on, is that enough to prevent others ever after from using the same epithets? No; if one was thus bracketted, it would be impossible to write anything at all; but by this time you are convinced, and I will drop it.

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XXXVIII.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN M'FARLANE, *Neilston.*

PAISLEY, *September 3rd, 1808.*

MY DEAR SIR,

According to promise, I herewith send you a copy of the song * you wished. You must not give it away to anybody, as 'tis useless without the music. I expect to receive a few of the sheets soon, and will do myself the

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another copy of the lithograph. Being aware that Vedder's son-in-law, Frederick Schenk, was an artist and lithographer, we waited on him in Edinburgh, and he informed us he recollected of lithographing Tannahill's letter from the "beggarly paper" it had been written on. Schenk showed us a thin volume, published in 1848, with the title page of "The Pictorial Gift Book, or Lays and Lithographs." The poetry by David Vedder, C.M., A.S.E., and the illustrations by Frederick Schenk. We wrote Vedder's daughter, Mrs. Edie, Lasswade, respecting the original, who replied she much regretted that she could not gratify our desire, as it was not in her possession.—*Ed.*

* That copy of the song of "Thro Cruikston Castle's Lanely Wa's" has been zincographed to show the handwriting of the Poet, and the careful manner in which he wrote and punctuated his poems and songs.—*Ed.*

pleasure of forwarding you one or two of them as soon as they come to hand. Give me a call first time you are in town. I mean only if it suit your convenience.

I remain,

Yours truly,

ROBT. TANNAHILL.

The original letter, with the song prefixed, "Thro Cruikston Castle's Lanely Wa's" (No. 89), are in possession of Mrs. John Wright, Kirkcaldy.

XXXIX.

Excerpt of Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK, *Bandmaster of the Argyleshire Militia.—Ramsay, page xxviii.*

PAISLEY, *24th November, 1808.*

DEAR FRIEND,

In due time, I received your very obliging letter of date the 22nd June, and must again cry you mercy for not acknowledging it sooner. The airs you favoured me with are quite such as I wanted. They were all new to me except "Cothnelan Treil," which I had past me under the name of "Kitty Tyrrell." Being busied with other matters, I have not yet attempted songs to any of them save the above, which, I am happy to say, has obtained the promise of a place in the work formerly mentioned; but as these things are best lying past till published in form, I have not given away one copy of any I have written for it, which indeed are only other two. You mention the collection of O'Ferrol, and another, with the compositions of Carolan, &c. I believe I might find them on enquiry, but I would rather pick up any wild little straggler, such as "Dermot," which, from their not being so common, have a greater chance of being noticed. You will doubly oblige me by endeavouring to procure one or two more of the above description. (Here he gives some local news.) Remember me to James King by a hard slap on the left *shouther*, and three hearty shakes of the right hand, which kindness you

will please set down to my account. I have no good news to tell you—no, nor very bad ones either; but concerning dear tobacco, dear whiskey, dear candles, dear everything, the obliging bearer of this will inform you.

. . . . .

XL.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES BARR, *Kilbarchan.*

PAISLEY, *3rd Dec., 1808.*

DEAR JAMES,

I received yours of the 1st current, and am obliged to you for your attention, but the sea term you mention was used in the song when first written. I suppose you recollected it from having heard the song sung by Mr. Stuart. With regard to the phrase *o'erhauling* instead of "recounting," on second thought, I reckon the latter in the present instance preferable to the first—although often used by our tars, is a very *open*, *softly* accented word, and I think the the other better suited to the abrupt, bold strain of the music; besides, I am not fond of altering one word of my own or that of any other person without being convinced that the alteration would be an amendment. Have you ever seen Mollison's essay of "Melody the Soul of Music."* I think it a very fine piece. The justice of one of his ob-

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* Alexander Mollison, bookseller, librarian, teacher of music, and poet in Glasgow, published in 1798 his essay of "Melody the Soul of Music," price 1s. 6d., and in 1800 a poem on "The Sweets of Society." He was a tall stout man, with rather a clumsy figure. Mollison was a character in his day, and during the first ten years of the present century he frequently walked in the Trongate, in rather a rusty dress, carrying a thick walking staff, and a book under his arm. Towards the close of his career he issued a prospectus of a "Life of Hannibal the Great," and, after obtaining subscriptions, he published the first number, but never got any further with the great work. We observe from the Directory of 1817 he was to be found at Messrs. J. & R. Monteith's house, Sauchiehall Road, Glasgow.—*Ed.*

servations struck me. He says he never heard "The Cameronian Rant" played without it reminding him of two women scolding. I have just now strung up verses on his plan to it. Whatever may be their faults, I am certain you must approve of them for their extreme *delicacy*. Don't show it save to a friend or two. With regard to those airs we were speaking of, but. . . . . .

I remain,

Yours, &c.,

R. TANNAHILL.

N.B.—The original of this was given to David Anderson,* damask manufacturer, Glasgow, who made the woven linen shirt by loom, complete, with the National Arms on the bosom front, and presented it to George IV. of Britain, &c. It is deposited in the British Museum."†

JAS. BARR.

This letter, with song, is in the possession of James Caldwell, Esq.—*Ed.*

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* David Anderson,—a damask draper and plain linen weaver, 11 Tarbet Street, Deanside, Glasgow,—in 1821 wove a shirt without a seam, and received a reward of £50 for his ingenuity from King George IV. James Barr,—"blythe Jamie,"—then teacher of music, 59 Glassford Street, Glasgow, who was acquainted with Anderson, presented him with the original letter of Tannahill, containing the manuscript of "Caller Herrin'." We exerted every nerve to discover Anderson or his descendants, to obtain the original letter and MSS., to supply the first and second lines of the last stanza in "Caller Herrin'," which a mouse had eaten in the copy. We were informed by a person who had known him well that he died about 1845, and his family had left Glasgow, but where they were now he could not tell. David Anderson also wrought a chemise without seam for her present Majesty Queen Victoria, of Chinese tram silk and net warp yarn. In 1702 a shirt without seam was wrought by a weaver named Inglis, and in 1808 a better specimen of the same kind was executed by a Henry Meldrum.—*Ed.*

† The song of "Caller Herrin," No. 169, is here copied.—*Ed.*

XLI.

Quotation from a Letter without date from R. A. SMITH *to* WILLIAM MOTHERWELL, *Editor of "The Harp of Renfrewshire," which, with a Quotation from an alleged Letter by* SMITH, *also without name or date, appeared in the "Essay" in that Periodical, published in 1819, page xxxix., and subsequently quoted in succeeding Editions of Tannahill's Works.*

"That scribbling of rhymes hath positively half ruined me. It has led me into a wide circle of acquaintances—of course, into an involuntary habit of being oftener in a public-house than can be good for anybody. Although I go there as seldom as possible, yet how often have I sat till within my last shilling, and, unlike some of our friends who are better circumstanced, had to return to my loom sick and feverish. This often makes me appear sullen in company, for if I indulge to the extent we have both seen in others, I am in ——— for two or three days afterwards." *

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* We hesitated very much whether we should reprint the above quotation, given in a letter from Smith to Motherwell without *name* and *date*. We very much disliked the inference drawn by Smith from the anonymous quotation. If he had printed the whole letter other persons in reading it might have drawn a different inference. If the letter referred to by Smith was written before July, 1807, Tannahill had *not* spent his last shilling, as then he deposited £20 in the Paisley Union Bank; and if it was written after July, then Tannahill was fortified by having that sum in bank, where it lay at interest for three years thereafter.

In copying the above quotation our eyes caught the following remark of Smith on the preceding page (xxxviii) of the Essay respecting the music to "The Braes o Gleniffer," No. 69:—"Mr. Ross of Aberdeen composed a very pretty air for it, yet, to use the phrase of a certain favourite vocal performer, it did not *hit*;" while Tannahill himself, in his letter dated 20th September, 1807, said—"It does capitally." Perhaps it would have been as well that Smith should not have recorded this *envious* hit at his eminent rival, but when he did make it, he should not have concealed the name of the favourite performer.—*Ed.*

XLII.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK, *Argyleshire Militia Band, Aberdeen.*

PAISLEY, *4th April, 1809.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I have not yet been able to procure that song of Craig's * which I promised to send you. I have called on him repeatedly, but he was always from home. You may

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* Mr. William Craig was born at Paisley on 11th June, 1789, and was educated for the medical profession. He was chairman of the Paisley Burns Club at the Anniversary on January 29th, 1809, when in the 20th year of his age, and where he delivered an animated address. Tannahill was present, and several of Craig's pieces were sung. He wrote the following burst of melody, probably the song referred to by Tannahill :—

"THE WREATH.

"I stood on the spot where his lyre is unstrung,
Where cold is the bosom it fired ;
I wept o'er the bones of the Sovereign of Song—
The Minstrel whom Nature inspired.

"I plucked a green wreath from the Bard's hallowed tomb,
But it was not the wreath of his fame ;
No, the wreath of his fame shall unfadingly bloom
In the glory that circles his name.

"Yes, Burns, while the children of Scotia shall heave
A sigh o'er the grave of the Bard,
To the native Minstrel affection shall weave
A wreath of eternal regard."

These charming lines were afterwards inserted in the Minute Book of the Club, and are a fine specimen of the poetical talent and felicity of expression of a son of Paisley. Several of Craig's songs were published by R. A. Smith in his *Scotish Minstrel*. His father, Robert Craig, grain merchant in Paisley, purchased the old Meal Market built in 1665, took it down in 1799, and erected a three-storey house on the site. William Craig commenced the arduous profession of a country surgeon in Kilbarchan, removed to Neilston, and in 1825 came to Paisley with his family to practise. He took up his residence in the house erected by his father. He died on 13th January, 1829, aged 40.—*Ed.*

depend on having it as soon as I can get hold of it. When you can get leisure to write me the air of "The Tinker Man," I expect you to send it. Please give me the first verse and chorus along with it, as they will help me to its crank measure. The volumes you left with me are a real treasure. I cannot say when I will be over with them, but shall take proper care of them till I send them to your friend Archd. The enclosed bill will inform you respecting Mr. Smith's concert. I have no doubt of his having a full audience. Do you recollect a song in *Johnson's*, beginning "O merry hae I been teething a heckle." 'Tis to a Highland air. I forget the name; but I have seen it elsewhere called "The auld wife o the glen." On the other page, I will give you a few verses newly strung up to it, perhaps to little purpose. You shall again soon hear from me. When you write (on receipt of this), say whether you have seen Mr. Ross. I would have been happy to have had a few lines from him concerning that last song of ours which Hamilton published. Give my best wishes and warm respects to Charles Marshall and Thomas Buchanan.

I am,

Yours (you know the rest),

ROBT. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—Mr. Stuart is well.

The song of "Rab Roryson's Bonnet," No. 110, is given on the third page.—*Ed.*

This letter is in possession of David Laing, Esq., LL.D., Edinburgh.—*Ed.*

XLIII.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page lxxxi.*

PAISLEY, *9th May, 1809.*

"The above is written on a real occurrence, which fell under my observation; but I doubt the subject is not

very well suited for a song ; therefore I am the more anxious to have your mind on it, not in that loose, vague way which goes for little or nothing.* . . . . . .
I have shewn you a pattern in my last."

. . . . . .

XLIV.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page xxx.*

PAISLEY, *4th June, 1809.*

"I hope your ode will be put to a better purpose than being used for match paper. I think you might easily polish it a little. 'Owen's Return' is very well written ; yet I think you might have given it a more pleasant cast, by making him come home 'before his locks were grey.' Besides I am not sure of its being proper to give him a harp at all ; it is such an unwieldy instrument, that the mind cannot easily suppose a soldier to be carrying one of them about with him. . . . . .
I must entreat you to burn 'John M———'s Last Will.' I had no thought of it being in existence. I was surprised lately on seeing a person with a copy, which he lent me. He did not know of its being mine. I have burned it. Besides its being childishly low, John M——— is an industrious, peaceable old man, and is no subject for ridicule." †

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* This referred to the song "An war ye at Duntocher Burn," No. 128.—*Ed.*

† John Mann, manufacturer, Queen Street, was certainly a very respectable person, and the author only acted right in burning the piece entitled the "Last Will."—*Ed.*

XLV.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* GEORGE THOMSON, *with the song of "Peggy O'Rafferty."—Ramsay, page xlvii.*

PAISLEY, *3rd July, 1809.*

"'The Lass that wears the Green,' 'Gamby Ora,' 'Paddy O'Rafferty.' I have gleaned the three preceding airs for you. You may depend on their being genuine Hibernians. I had them taken down from the voice. The songs usually sung to them are as low stuff as can be. I am firmly of opinion that the very popular air of 'Peggy O'Rafferty' is worthy of being adopted into the singing class, provided a good song can be had for it. I shall be glad to know your mind of it, and how my verses please you. 'The Lass that wears the Green' is surely a fine little air. My song to it and the one following, are just warm from the Parnassian mint. I cannot as yet guess how they stand."

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XLVI.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN MACFARLANE, *Weaver, Neilston.*

PAISLEY, *9th July, 1809.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

I hope you have been well since I heard from you. You will herewith receive Mr. M'Donald's works, and I am much obliged to you for the loan of them. The ode on Scotch Music is the only piece of his I had seen before. The odes by Mat. Bramble, Esq.,* please me much. Though

* Andrew Donald, son of a gardener in Edinburgh, was born at the foot of Leith Walk of that city in 1756. He studied at Edinburgh University, and was admitted in 1775 into Deacon's Orders in the Episcopal Church. At that time he added the prefix of *Mac* to his surname. In 1777, he became pastor

not so richly witty as the celebrated Peter's,* they are the first after him I have seen. His "Velina" has many fine passages, but, as a whole, it perhaps is too laboured. The story, too, is the child of fancy. I should be happy to know more of the author. From the volume, I guess that he is under the sod. I have not one particle of news. The enclosed song is newly published. It has a very beautiful air, which, as far as I know, has never before had verses to it. I have no other new things past me at present, but there's another song of mine in the publisher's hands, which I hope to have the pleasure of sending to you soon.

Yours most truly,

R. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—Mr. Smith's every hour is occupied in teaching; so much the better. Mr. Stewart has been poorly in his health, and off work for a fortnight past; so much the worse. Your humble servant is boxing away something in the old way, with scarce an afternoon to spare. So I cannot say when we will have the pleasure of seeing you in your gocd town, but I trust we will have a night of it some time. Thomas Auld † tried all Edinburgh some time since for the copy of Burns' works which you wanted, but he could not find one. These Irish editions are contraband on this side of the water. Forgive haste. This business-

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of the Episcopalian congregation at Glasgow. His congregation having afterwards decreased, he resigned the charge and his profession. He wrote poems, and his "Velina" was first published in 1782. He also wrote novels, tragedies, and operas, but he was both unsuccessful and unfortunate. He then commenced writing humorous and satirical pieces for the newspapers, under the signature of "Matthew Bramble, Esq.," from which he contrived to earn a precarious subsistence. He was reduced to destitution, which affected his weak constitution, and he died in August, 1790, aged 33. His miscellaneous works were published in 1791, and it was this volume which Tannahill was returning to his friend in Neilston.—*Ed.*

* Peter Pindar—Dr. Wolcot. See the poem No. 15.—*Ed.*

† A bookseller in Paisley.—*Ed.*

looking scrawl does not please me. I will maybe tire you with a letter some day as long and as dull as an Anti——r's* best burial-blessing.

The original letter is in possession of Mrs. J. Wright, Kirkcaldy.

XLVII.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* ———, *from 1815 edition, page xviii.*

PAISLEY, *September 10th, 1809.*

"You will, I am sure, be glad to hear that I am well, indeed I have been a good deal stouter and haler these some months past than I have been for years."

. . . . . .

XLVIII.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page xxi.*

PAISLEY, *10th September, 1809.*

"Perhaps the highest pleasure ever I derived from these things has been in hearing, as I walked down the pavement at night, a girl within doors rattling away at some one of them."

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XLIX.

Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JOHN M'FARLANE, *weaver, Neilston.*

PAISLEY, *28th October, 1809.*

MY DEAR SIR,

I hope you have been well and happy since I saw you. Although we seldom see one another, I should be truly and deeply mortified to suspect that any neglect of mine had lessened me in your esteem. We sons of labour

* Antiburgher.—*Ed.*

cannot square everything to our minds and *every man has his fault.* * You wrong me if you think me wanting in respect for the kindness you have ever shewn me, and which I am proud to acknowledge ; I am happy in making you any little return which I have in my power. Please accept of the enclosed song as a small mark of my regard, and rest assured that with true esteem,

I remain yours,

R. TANNAHILL.

The original is in possession of Mr. J. Wright, Kirkcaldy.—*Ed.*

L.

Excerpt from a letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page xxxvi.*

PAISLEY, *12th November, 1809.*

"When at any time I have been led into it I never felt so unhappy, so truly miserable in all my life ; a social night passed in moderation is life to me, but the bestial roar of inebriation, I never could, nor ever shall be able to bear."

. . . . . .

LI.

Excerpt from a Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES CLARK.—*Ramsay, page xxx.*

PAISLEY, *17th December, 1809.*

MY DEAR FRIEND,

There is not a man in the world whom I would wish to oblige before yourself, and I am sorry that I cannot

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* An excerpt from this letter, without name or date, was inserted in the memoir by Dr. Muir, in the 1815 and 1817 editions, page xxi., and copied by Ramsay into the Memoir in the 1838 edition, page xxxiii.—*Ed.*

comply with your flattering proposal that I should write an ode for your ensuing anniversary. A few days prior to the receipt of yours, Wylie was chosen for our next year's president, and in a moment of enthusiasm I came under a promise to furnish him with something of that kind for what he calls *his night*. I shall attempt something; however, I tremble when I think of it. To do justice to the subject would require the abilities of a Campbell or a Scott, and I almost despair of being able to produce anything half so good as what has already been by different hands given to the public. Besides, I know that the society are determined to have a blazing account of our meeting sent to some of the newspapers. Of course, my rhymes are designed to be attached as a train to the dazzling luminary, or a *lang wiggle-waglin tail to a callan's dragon* [boy's kite]. We have clever fellows in the society—men of genius, and college-bred; but there seems to be a jealousy subsisting among them, or a fear of one another, which has prevented any account worthy of our former meetings from being given in print. I hope our next will be better. Smith had the best concert on Tuesday night, both for performance and attendance, that ever I witnessed in this place; and who could tamely return all at once to *sowenbrods and cauld seat-trees?* * Allow me now to thank you for the music you sent me. Except 'The Fair-haired Child,' all the airs are new to me. I have found a set of 'Peggy O'Leven' here, so you need not mind about it. I was quite sensible that in the song I sent you 'The Five Friends,' † our most worthy friend Smith deserved something more than merely *musical* to be said of him; but the shortness of the stanza confined one so much, that I could not get my breath half out about any of you. Let me hear from you soon; your happiness

* *Note by Ramsay.*—"*Sowen brod*,—a board used by weavers on which they put the *sowens* or paste used for stiffening the yarn. *Seat-tree*,—the wooden seat occupied by the weavers at the loom."

† This refers to No. 144.—*Ed.*

and welfare ever add to mine. I would send you some rhymes, but have not leisure at present to copy them.

I remain,

My Dear Friend,

Yours most faithfully,

R. T.

LII.

Excerpt from a letter from Robert Tannahill *to* James Barr.—*Ramsay, page xlii.*

Paisley, *24th December, 1809.*

"You will no doubt have frequently observed how much some old people are given to magnify the occurrences of their young days. 'Barrochan Jean'* was written on hearing an old grannie, in Lochwinnoch parish, relating a story something to the subject of the song: perhaps I have heightened her colouring a little."

. . . . . .

LIII.

Letter from Robert Tannahill *to* Thomas Stewart, *bookseller, Greenock.*

Paisley, *1st March, 1810.*

Dear Sir,

I have to thank you for the printed copy of your verses recited at the celebration of our immortal Bard's birthday; they honour the occasion for which they were composed. Smith tells me you have likewise seen the account of our meeting.

I feel a delicacy in sending you my MS. pieces, as some of them have been scrawled down in haste, and others are

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* See Notes on 'Barrochan Jean,' No. 108.—*Ed.*

disfigured with interpolations ; however, I think you will be able to form a pretty fair estimate of those I have past me by the volume which accompanies this. I have drawn a pencil across such parts in it as I would propose omitting in a second edition. The *Interlude* in its published state, I am quite ashamed of, and have almost entirely new-modelled it. I am confident of its being altered to considerable advantage. In the *Poem* department I have only about as many originals as would supply the room of those I mean to omit. To the songs I could add sixty or seventy, and the whole would comprise about 240 *12mo.* pages.

There are some little faults and incorrections throughout the whole of my volume, which could be amended on its second publication, and it is from an earnest wish to have one more respectable that makes me think of reprinting it. Now, my dear sir, do not understand me as viewing the publication of Scottish Poetry (at the present day) as a light matter. I hope I have duly weighed the subject, and am well aware of what I am about. As to publishing by subscription, none can feel what a weight of obligation and trouble it lays one under, save those who have tried it. Tell me with the same frankness whether you will take it in hand or not. Keep the enclosed volume (the only one I have) for a month, and then give me your mind freely on the business. Please be so kind as clear postage for this packet, and I'll take an early opportunity of cancelling it with you. Drop me a line, merely for satisfaction, on receipt of it ; and whether you approve of my design or not, believe me to be your sincere well-wisher,

R. TANNAHILL.

P.S.—I am likewise ill-pleased with the arrangement of the Poems as they stand at present.

Mr. Thomas Stewart,
Bookseller, Greenock.
With a small parcel.

The original is in possession of Gilbert Burns, Esq., Knockmarroon Lodge, Chapelizod, County Dublin, a nephew of the Scots National Bard.—*Ed.*

LIV.

Excerpt from Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* JAMES KING.—*Ramsay, page xxxiv.*

PAISLEY, *1st April, 1810.*

"We had a good deal of conversation over the poets of the day. He tells me he has been in company with Walter Scott, Hector MacNeil, Thomas Campbell, and others of our Scottish Worthies. I have not time at present to write you 'Gloomy Winter,' but will send it soon. Meantime, I will thank you for a few of the Welsh airs you mention, if you can easily procure them. And I must again enjoin you to write to your mother. Nothing in the world gives her greater pleasure than to hear of your welfare, and she is always very unhappy when you neglect writing to her for any length of time."

LV.

Excerpt of Letter from ROBERT TANNAHILL *to* ALEXANDER BORLAND, *Glasgow.—Ramsay, page xxxv.*

"I am an ungrateful wretch in not writing you before to-day. My conscience has been upbraiding me these ten days past for delaying it. I hope this will find you and your two Annies all as well as I wish you. My spirits have been as dull and cheerless as Winter's gloomiest days. What has the world to do with, or who cares (take the mass of mankind), for the feelings of others? Am I right? Happiness attend you."

R. TANNAHILL.

LVI.

Letter from R. A. Smith *to* Robert Lang, *manufacturer, Causeyside, Paisley.*

Ayr, *July 9th, 1818.*

Dear Friend,

I take the opportunity of sending you a few lines by my father, who I am happy to state, returns to Paisley in better health than he has enjoyed for several years. He was so ill of the jaundice when he left home that I had scarcely a hope of his recovery ; but the "hurl" in the caravan and the fine air of this place has had an amazing effect. I also begin to feel my nerves now strong, but I was so terribly cut up by the severe practice for the 4th June, that it will take some time to set me to rights ; I begin to *eat* with an *appetite*, which I had not done for a long period before. My reception here has been very flattering ; I have been introduced to the most respectable inhabitants, by whom I am placed on the most intimate footing ; I have two classes to attend of *young folks* in the afternoon ; not numerous, but of the best families, and one in the evenings of *grown* gentlemen, who are learning *sacred music*, among whom I have *doctors* and even *lawyers!;* one gentleman of near sixty, and another *upwards* of sixty. Several of them sat in the band seat with me in church, last Sunday, to give me countenance. This would be rather a novel sight in Paisley. Last week I was at a dinner, given chiefly on my account, with a most genteel party, consisting of some of the *gude bailies* and a number of their friends. The dinner was given in the most elegant style, and the company behaved most politely. I had almost forgot to mention that we were in the *vera room* where honest *Tam o Shanter* sat with his "ancient trusty drouthy crony" *Souter Johnny*, before he "took the road" to "Alloway's auld haunted kirk," and on my informing the gentlemen that I was one of the oldest members of the Paisley Burns'

Club, I had the honour to be placed on the very spot where *Tam* is supposed generally to have sat

> "Fast by the ingle, blazing finely
> Wi reaming swats, that drank divinely."

We kept it up till the hour "O night's black arch the key stane," in compliment to the memory of Tam I suppose, and I assure you "the hours flew by on eagle wings," and we parted unco blythe and happy. By-the-bye my Kirk Alloway box was a great favourite that night, and the company appeared much gratified with the account I gave them of our anniversary meetings in memory of their almost townsman. I would have given something for our ale caup at the moment, it would have put them a-maist daft. I am gathering all the information I can, of what is yet remembered of Burns or the characters mentioned in his works. In the first place, you must know that the 25th of Jany. is his *real* birth-day. I believe it was a mistake of his own that caused the 29th to be understood as the day of his birth. It is yet called the 29th on the cottage wall where he was born, and likewise on the painting of his likeness, which is kept inside the house, but it will be altered soon. I am well acquainted with the session clerk, who has shewn me the session books, from which he extracted the certificate I now send you, to be pasted in the minute book of the Paisley Burns' Club, that is, if they think it a *valuable* document, worthy of such a place; if not, keep it safe till I return. What puts its correctness beyond all dispute is, the *witnesses* that were necessary at that period at all bookings of that nature. I saw the original with *my own eyes* and *seeing 's believing* you know. There has been also an attempt in a Dumfries newspaper to make it appear that Burns was *not* born at the cottage at Alloway, but it was only a malicious design of some person to hurt the trade of the house, which is at present a public house; it being the property of the shoemaker's society in Ayr. They, of course, caught the alarm, and a party was deputed to wait on an old cottager, upwards of ninety years

of age, who was very intimate with the poet's father, to ascertain the truth or falsehood of the statement. After some common salutations he was addressed, "Well, Thomas, ye min the nicht whan Robin Burns was born? "Aye, atweel do I," says the old man; "I'se ne'er forget that night as long as I live; a sair night it was wi storm, a the deils war at wark, an part o the roof was blawn aff the room whare the puir woman—his mither—lay in, an we had a sair faught in getting her and young Rabbie removed to a neighbour's house nearly opposite." "But they say, Thomas, that he *wasna* born at the house at Alloway." "Wha says sae! Wha says sae!" cried the old man in a terrible passion. "The newspapers, Thomas." "Newspapers! the newspaper is a muckle sinfu liar; what! will they tell me sic a lie when I was ca'd in to help a haun at the removal, aye, aye; weel I wat I sal ne'er forget that awfu night." This, of course, completely puts to silence all scepticism on that head. I have also seen the redoubtable *Souter Johnny*, his name is John Lauchlan, he is living in the poorhouse of Ayr. Mr. M'Dermid, the session clerk, who is also governor of the poorhouse, has promised to take him out some night soon to get a gill with me. He says he is exactly the character described by Burns, has plenty of queer stories to tell yet, and dearly likes a sup of "reaming swats," but he also mentions that he must be spoken to with great caution on the subject of his *friend Tam*, as he has been so plagued about it that he grows quite crabbed whenever the subject is mentioned, and generally denies himself that he is the *far-famed Souter*. He owns, however, that he ken'd Tam Graham (*alias* Tam o Shanter) well, and that they *whiles* had a gill thegither on market days; also that he ken'd Burns' father well, that auld William was a much better man than his son Rab, who at best was but a "*ram shackle deil.*" He ken'd him when he was a *gay rough cowte*, and wore a muckle *blue* bonnet wi a hole in it, and hair sticking thro the hole. This is such a ludicrous description of our great Bard in his youth that I got a hearty laugh when hearing the story.

Little did the world imagine then that this same *ram-shackle rough cowte*, with his hair hanging thro the hole of an old blue Ayrshire bonnet was to run such a race of fame in after time. I expect to elicit some information from this droll being if I could once get him to open a little with "*swats.*" You see I have begun to glean some local chit-chat in earnest, but how could a lover of song remain indifferent even to these little circumstances whilst rambling over such classic ground, where almost every whin-bush carries an interest in it. I have been perambulating the beautiful and romantic "banks and braes o bonnie Doon," and richly do they deserve the immortality bestowed on them by the Bard. I could not help humming the song involuntarily while sitting on the auld Brig o Doon, and looking at the delightful wild woods that adorn the banks of the stream. I intend to take some sketches before I leave Ayrshire, which perhaps may do for some of Danl. Craig's snuff-boxes. You will greatly oblige me by getting my *yew* box finished; and as you are generally in Glasgow on the Wednesdays, if you make it up in a parcel, and send it by the guard of the Ayr coach, directed to me, care of Mr. Robt. Mackay, merchant, Ayr, it will come quite safe. If Mr. Aikin has finished my caup or caups, I would like much they were sent at the same time. It would afford a high treat to some of our antiquarians here. A box of *Wallace Oak* would be most particularly valued here, but it must be a hinged one. The turned kind are thought nothing of, from the Cumnock box maker living so nigh, whose boxes are in great estimation. I wish D. Craig would lend me one of his best, with a veneer of the yew, and a drawing of Crocstoun Castle on the bottom. I should like to show it off against the Cumnock man's. I have been bragging a little for the honour of Paisley, and have promised to produce some of equal workmanship. At least, you can speak to Danl. He could easily get one finished before the Sacrament, when I must be in Paisley, having promised Dr. Boog; and I could take it with me, and perhaps get it well sold for him—at any

rate, I should take particular care of it. Be so good as mention this to him, for I can see nothing in the Cumnock boxes superior to his. I mean D. Craig, jun.

By this time I daresay you will be most heartily tired of my nonsensical scribbling. I sat down with the determination of giving you *one* sheet, and behold! I have been led on to almost *two* imperceptibly, so the best way to punish me will be to pay me back with a double one in the same way. Tell Robert Allan when you see him that I expect to gulp in *poetry* with the air of this fairyland, and I aiblins may take it in my whimsical head to send him a "blaud o rhymes" some o these days. I intended to have written him at this time, but I find a double task too much for me at present, so I must refer him to you for the *local cracks* I have given you.

Wishing you and yours all well and happy,

I remain,

DEAR ROBT.,

Ever yours,

R. A. SMITH.

LVII.

Letter from JOHN CRAWFORD, *Largs, to* MATTHEW TANNAHILL, *Paisley.*

25 MAIN STREET,
LARGS, *20th October, 1848.*

DEAR SIR,

I received yours of the 17th inst., and enclose a letter in your brother's handwriting, which is the only one in my possession. I returned a number at the time you mention. I hope it may gratify the person of whom you

speak. I gave some both to America and the West Indies, to acquaintances who went thither.

I remain,

SIR,

Yours most sincerely,

JOHN CRAWFORD.

Mr. Crawford must have received many letters from his acquaintance Tannahill, and this letter is so far satisfactory as showing what has been done with them,—sent to the West Indies and America as relics of the Bard.—*Ed.*

LVIII.

Letter from JAMES BARR *to* WILLIAM PORTEOUS, *Post Office, Glasgow.*

GOVAN, *June 9th, 1859.*

DEAR SIR,

The proverb says, "auld folk are twice weans," so, like the school-boy, I rule the paper to guide my feeble hand and obscure vision. The effusion of Tannahill's, "The Five Friens," originated in this:—A part of the Argyle Militia Band under Clark was ordered to attend the October gathering at Inveraray Castle. Clark on his return stopt a few days at Paisley (his native place), hence "frae the hall o Argyle." I was accidentally in Paisley that day, and, calling at Tannahill's house, was informed of the meeting. I found out the *nest*, and "like birds of a feather," gregarious, I was *fixed*. It was a harmonious and social meeting. Sometime after this I was in Paisley, and spent the evening with Tannahill alone, as was often the case. It was late, and so dark that he would not allow me to take the road, but insisted on my taking a share of his bed. I did so, and next morning, after breakfast, and at parting, he saw at a distance Smith and Stuart coming in our direction, with three strange gentlemen. He said, "There is something in the wind,"

and wished me to stop and see. We kept out of their sight, but saw them enter a public house near to his place. In a short time he was sent for. He desired me to wait, and he would let me know. He came for me, and on entering the company he introduced me direct to Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. Being so sudden and unexpected, I was for a moment stunned. The other two gentlemen having business in Glasgow, left Hogg, promising to have a ticket for him by the evening coach with them to Edinburgh. We then went down town, as Hogg wished to see Mr. Blaikie, the engraver, an old acquaintance, and a musical enthusiast —a good voice leader, played several instruments, and succeeded R. A. Smith in conducting the music of the Abbey Church. The forces were now collected, and such a congenial meeting I never beheld. Hogg was enraptured with our company, and it was a treat to see the friendship of the two Bards. The contrast of the two was striking—the one lively, healthy, and *off-hand;* the other quiet, delicate, and unassuming. The only regret felt by all was the limitation of time. We were conveyed on the road till necessity urged a parting. Soon after Hogg spied an empty coal cart lolling on the road, and asked me if we might try to get it to drive us in. I agreed, and Hogg called out, "My lad, are you going in to Glasgow?" "*Ay, man.*" "Will you gie us a smart drive in, and we'll pay you for't?" "*O ay, man.*" In we went, and at the Half-way House primed him with half-a-mutchkin, and galloped to the keystane of the Broomielaw Bridge, where we came off, Hogg saying, "it would not do to be seen galloping thro' the streets of Glasgow in a coal cart." He hurried on to the Tontine. The coach had waited five minutes, and was just starting. When we were observed running, it stopped. We shook hands, and in an instant all disappeared in the hollow of the Gallowgate.

These gentlemen had been on a tour in the Highlands, and came round by Paisley purposely to see Robert Tannahill.

In finishing this scrawl, I add to my infirmities an obstinate steel pen, but if you can read it, you must just put up with it. An eminent authoress says that imperfections and blunders may be expected at fourscore.

Your friend,

JAS. BARR.

LIX.

Letter from JAMES BARR *to* WILLIAM PORTEOUS, *of the Post Office, Glasgow.*

GOVAN, *Sept. 28th, 1859.*

FRIEND PORTEOUS,

Respecting "Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane," in all my correspondence with Robert Tannahill I do not recollect of her being mentioned. I have heard it said that an interesting young lady at, or belonging to, that place (Dunblane) had caught his fancy, and inspired, or set a spark to, the muse. Be it as it may, I can, however, give you a little information concerning Jessie's *coming out* (as Yankees say), or being brought out, or introduced to the admiring public.

About the time that R. A. Smith composed the music for "Jessie," there were a theatrical party performing in Paisley, and in that company there was a comedian cognomenised *Jack Shaw*. Jack had also a musical propensity, with a good commanding voice, and qualified for reading music by the voice. He sang on the stage several of our old Scotch songs quite in their true character, and having heard of the *new* song, he found means (Jack was enterprising) to be introduced to Mr. Smith, and solicited a copy, that he might refresh his old songs by *something new*. Smith very obligingly gave him the song, with an accompaniment for two violins and bass. Jack of course set it agoing in Paisley ; but merrily as things might be going on, Jack left them, came to Glasgow, and was a short time with the circus company. In the meantime the celebrated

Braham had made his first appearance in the Theatre Royal, Queen Street. Jack again found his way to an engagement in the Glasgow company, taking his manuscript with him of course. He was not long there till he made bold with Braham for an engagement on the boards in London. Braham, considering on it, thought he might be a good set off in different ways, as being a good *native* Scotch comedian (a rarish article), and to take part in duets and glees he might be useful. *Mr. Shaw* being now installed on the London boards, he hoisted up "Jessie," and when the audiences had taken a good view, he thought she might travel a little further, so he enterprisingly applied to a music publisher, with the copyright in the author's own handwriting, to have her shown off in a broadsheet, which was accordingly done ; but it so happened that previous to this Mr. Steven in Glasgow had his sheet in motion, with an accompaniment for the pianoforte by Mr. Smith, and the full authority of Mr. Steven's holding the copyright as established at Stationers' Hall. Mr. Shaw, supporting the London publisher by boasting of the copy being in the handwriting of the author, threatened a tug at law, which Mr. Smith decided by declaring that, although he obligingly gave a copy to Mr. Shaw for his individual singing, he gave no authority for him otherwise to publish it. The London publisher, now looking at *pro* and *con*, and discomfit, gave up to Mr. Steven the plate, &c., rather than go to *law war* with the Glasgowites. "Jessie" was, however, by this time doing for herself. "The Flow'r o' Dunblane" consequently got popular, and became a favourite, principally by this introduction to the public. Were the other songs of Smith's composition to Tannahill's verses sufficiently heard in public assemblies, such as concerts, theatres, &c., they would become favourites also. His music is of a soft, flowing style, within moderate compass of voice, and suitably combined with the sentiment of the poetry. I shall finish by pointing out a few of his songs, viz.:—"The Old Seaman," '*Mongst life's many cares*, &c.; "The Harper of

Mull," *When Rosie was faithful*, &c.; "The Lass o' Arranteenie," *Far lane amang the Highland hills* (music also by Ross of Aberdeen); *Langsyne beside the woodland burn;* "The Maniac," *Hark! 'tis the poor maniac's song.* This, *tho' last, not least*, was the first attempt at vocal composition by R. A Smith, followed about the same time by his music to Brown, junr.'s, "Calm dewy morning." The music for "The Maniac" is quite characteristic of the song, and, to show Smith's enthusiasm, he illustrated the sentiment in China ink—the stormy sea, the rugged perpendicular rock, and wild maniac on the brink of the precipice, beating the storm, were so well delineated as to appear almost actual life. Had Smith exercised his talent in painting as much as he did in music, he would have attained eminence. "The Maniac," (the music) I believe, was never printed. The others above were published by the late Mr. Steven, the late Brown, followed by Mitchison, but I am afraid the music copies will not be easily got now. The only gentleman I think likely to give information respecting the plates, or finding copies, are Mr. Lithgow or Mr. Barr, both professors of music in Glasgow, as I understand they were concerned in winding up the affairs of Mr. Mitchison, who probably possessed the plates.

I remain,

DEAR SIR,

Your old friend,

JAS. BARR.

LX.

EPISTLE TO ROBERT TANNAHILL,*

By William Finlayson, Pollokshaws. †

February 1808.

My peace be wi you, TANNAHILL,
I howp ye winna tak it ill,
Tho I (a striplin at your will)
This soud hae sent,
Tae ane like you, wha's rhyming skill
Sae weil is kent.

---

* *Note by the Author.*—"The stanzas contained within the brackets were omitted in the Epistle sent to Mr. Tannahill." [They are, however, inserted again, as I am aware of no reason why they should be left out now. The foregoing extract, from his answer to the above, can only be considered as relating to the stanzas which he received. The extract will be found at page 408.—*Ed.*]

† William Finlayson, born at Pollokshaws on 12th January, 1787, and died at Leith on 1st October, 1872, in the 86th year of his age. The foregoing Epistle was written within eight months after the publication of Tannahill's first edition of his Works. The 'Shaw's poet would then be 21 years of age, and he seems to have studied the pieces of the Paisley Lyrist from the remarks made in the Epistle. Finlayson's volume of "Scottish Rhymes," consisting of 168 pages, 12mo., and containing 63 pieces, printed in 1815 by S. & A. Young, printers, Paisley, and dedicated to Sir John Maxwell, of Pollok, Baronet. The father of the present publisher was at the time in the printing office of Messrs. Young, and was thus engaged on Finlayson's volume sixty years ago. It is evident, from a perusal of Finlayson's pieces, he had been well trained by his parents, and maintained a great respect for the Scriptures and the religion of his fathers. He was a descendant of William Niven, smith, Pollokshaws, who endured terrible treatment and sufferings, both in prison and the plantations, for conscience sake, during the reigns of King Charles II. and King James VII. See "Wodrow's History of the Church of Scotland," vol. iv., pages 53, 150, and 151.

Finlayson was a well informed gentleman, and possessed of some breadth of mind. In the second decade of the present century there was a strenuous effort made to maintain the wages of the operative weavers in Scotland, and he acted in the capacity of secretary, an office which required a person with policy, nerve, and firmness, and which office he fulfilled with satisfaction. In 1822 this poet, like Burns, the Ayrshire Bard, (whom he has noticed in the foregoing epistle) was appointed an officer of Excise, in which he continued fifty years, thirty whereof in active service, and the remainder on the superannuation list.—*Ed.*

My mind it wadna let me settle
Till I sou'd greet you for your mettle ;
Sae here at last, wi timorous ettle,
I write in measure,
An, as Parnassus hill is kittle,
I'll climb at leisure.

Weel may your worthy honor'd name,
The just reward o laurels claim ;
Thy merit will insure thy fame
Tae future times ;
An' Bards unborn, may wish thy flame
Tae licht their rhymes.

Oh ! had I only hauf the glee,
The wit, the lingo, judgment free
Whilk in thy various sangs I see
Nae snarlin scribble,
No envious critic wad gie me
The sma'est trouble.

Come ! dinna halt, but blythely sing
Till bleak Gleniffer echoes ring ;
Your fiddle sweet, stent ilka string,
An dinna spare't ;
Haste ! play us up anither spring,
I lang tae hear't.

Sing as ye wont o Hielan Harry,
Or ancient Muirlan mad to marry ;
Make fashionable follies bare ay
Whar e'er ye gang ;
But oh ! religious failings spare ay
In ilka sang.

The great, inimitable Burns,
In a his social ready turns,
Or whan he human frailty mourns,
Bards weel may copy ;
But whan he at religion spurns,
They there sou'd stop ay.

Tho' Coila's rural, aiten reed,
Did every minstrel's harp exceed,
That ever twang't on this side Tweed,
Wi rapt'rous string,
Maun we for that adopt his creed,
Whene'er we sing?

[Opinion, as the wind, is free,
What may be sterlin truth tae *thee*
May seem incredible tae *me*,
O reason bare;
Than by our own faith why sou'd we
Our neighbour's square.

'Tis most unfeeling in th' extreme,
The tenets of a frien tae deem,
The idle melancholy dream
Of a dull brain,
Whilst to anither, ours may seem
As weak an vain.

Uncharitable is the man,
Whatever his religious plan,
Wha rigidly presumes tae *bann*
His neighbour's creed;
A have an equal richt tae scan
Whate'er they read.

Altho owre us the Bible may
Possess but little, if no sway,
We but our narrow souls display
To ca them fools,
Wha conscientiously obey
Its holy rules.

Whan on the dread approach o death,
We bid adieu tae all beneath,
How precious is the Christian's faith
Beyond a prizin!
Believin what this *volume* saith—
He dies rejoicin.

But mark the sinner how he cowers,
If sickness sap his sandy towers ;
Wi maniac woe—foreboding glow'rs,
Wildly he stares,
An his last breath despairin hours
In hopeless prayers.

For me wi pleasure I'd forego
A rhymin excellence below
The love o Heaven aricht to know,
An bruik a share ;
Blest antidote of sin an woe,
Death an despair !]

Why shou'd we dedicate our lays
Tae Bacchus, an his vot'ries praise ?
Maun we our future flame tae raise
Sing scenes o lewdness,
An' lauch and jeer at wiser ways,
An moral goodness ?

Let us, inspir't wi nobler aim,
Each wild propensity disdain,
An every vicious bias tame,
Whilk daurs control,
An point tae virtuous goals o fame
The human soul.

Our Scottish Poets a o late,
Th' senseless verse, our feelin's grate ;
Burns they admire, an imitate
His lewdest style,
Without his comic glee, or hate
Tae raise a smile.

Thinkna, Sir, you I criticise,
The verra thocht o't I despise;
These whan they attempt Parnassian skies,
Maun sink wi shame,
Tho sic as *you* will ever rise
Wi honest fame.

Your thochts original, are drawn
An ta'en frae Nature at first han,
A customer at her leal stan,
Your sangs declare you ;
Sae dinna break for ocht you're awn
She yet can spare you.

Yes, Nature still devoid o art,
Can touch and captivate the heart,
A finer pathos can impart
Than learnin gies,
An teach or comfort, or divert,
Wi equal ease.

Auld Scotland yet may fidge an smile,
An half forget the Bard o Coil ;
Weel blawn by thy poetic toil,
Her flame may flee,
Baith far an wide for mony a mile,
Owre lan an sea.

But you may think, Sir, that I flatter,
An plague you wi my fulsome clatter ;
But may I steepit be in water,
Owre head an ears,
If I your sense wi lies bespatter,
Or ettle jeers.

Now tae conclude—if ye this haver
Wad wi a rhyming answer favour,
I tho a mongrel stanza raver
Wad ne'er forget it,
But owre my dearest boons forever
Wad highest set it.

APPENDIX.

APPENDIX.

ODES TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

Immediately after the death of the Bard a number of poetical effusions were written "In Memoriam" of the departed. A few of these we have collected and printed, to show the respect and esteem in which Tannahill was held by his brother poets. The first part comprises those by his poetical acquaintances, and the second part those by subsequent local poets.

LIST.

I.—POETICAL ACQUAINTANCES.

Ode by Alexander Borland.
,, Robert Allan.
,, James Scadlock.
,, William M'Laren.
,, James King.

II.—SUBSEQUENT POETS.

Ode by Robert Clark.
,, Hugh M'Donald.
,, William Murdoch.
,, Duncan M'Neil.
,, James Archibald.

ODE

ON THE DEATH OF TANNAHILL, OF PAISLEY, THE CELEBRATED COMPOSER OF SCOTTISH SONGS.

By Alexander Borland.

Unwelcome sound, that strikes my listening ear,
That makes my eyes o'erflow with pity's tear,
A sound that doth my mind of mirth bereave,
With sighs of sorrow makes my bosom heave ;

The last sad tribute, that a friend can pay
To merit, mould'ring with the common clay.
The Muse's fav'rite, Scotland may deplore,
Her son, her songster, Tannahill's no more ;
He on whom Fame so oft complacent smil'd,
Whom genius marked as her fav'rite child ;
He who so skilful blew the pipe and horn,
Resistless Fates for ever from us torn !

Ah ! black disease that in his bosom pin'd
A hidden demon, to distract his mind ;
And dire despair, that base infernal tool,
That drove him senseless to the fatal pool ;
And left the world to mourn his hapless fate,
And glow with sympathy when too, too late.
Thus merit oft unto the world is lost,
Before the world e'er calculate its cost ;
Vain, vain to think to soothe the Poet's grief,
When past all human power to yield relief,
Like metal that runs off and leaves but dross,
So thoughtless man too late perceives his loss ;
Ev'n sorrow, now doth many bosoms fill,
Who never thought before of Tannahill;
Now safely moor'd beyond life's stormy main,
His native isle his mem'ry shall retain.
Exulting in his sweet harmonious strains,
Long shall his music float on Scotia's plains,
While Scottish songs, to Scotland are endear'd,
The name of Tannahill will be rever'd.
Songs (free from chains the servile Muses bind)
Flow'd from his heart—to hearts of dull mankind :
Now all is hush'd since its bright spirit's flown
To heav'nly spheres, to care and death unknown ;
Perhaps where some transporting zephyr blows
Where grief doth smile, and friendship's fragrance flows;
In some blessed shades beyond life's stormy wave
Despair grows mild,—distractions cease to rave !
Let candour then be just unto his praise :
Nor slander rob him of his well-won lays,

May round his grave bright laurels ever bloom,
And be his virtues, grav'd upon his tomb ;
His faults be plac'd to nature and to man,
And imitate his virtues—if we can.

A. B.*

O D E

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT TANNAHILL,

By Robert Allan.†

While pity mourns the helpless child of woe,
And flowing tears bedew the placid eye,
O Tannahill ! for thee those tears should flow—
To thee belongs the deep heart-rending sigh.

In fond remembrance shall thy mem'ry live,
And fame shall rank thee Scotia's sons among ;
Thy wreath of laurel shall the Muses weave,
And oft for thee shall wake the minstrel's song.

Like Nature's self rock'd in the wintry storm,
Hard press'd with ills, a desolating train,
Thou saw and mark'd Fate's dire and hideous form.
That soon, too soon should blast Life's peaceful reign.

---

* Alexander Borland, weaver, Glasgow, the poet to whom Tannahill addressed the Epistle No. 24, the friend to whom he also sent the last letter he wrote, and the acquaintance whom Tannahill last met on 16th May, 1810. The manuscript is in possession of Mr. John Wright, Kirkcaldy, and we believe this is the first time it has been published.—*Ed.*

† *Note by James Muir.*—"The admirers of our Poet will not be displeased at the insertion of the above verses, from the pen of a young poet. Tho' unacquainted with the Author, the editor is disposed to offer to public regard this tribute to the memory of our Bard."

The young poet was Robert Allan, weaver, Kilbarchan, another acquaintance of Tannahill's, to whom the Epistle No. 26 was addressed. This ode has been frequently printed. See Note to No. 26.—*Ed.*

Sequester'd 'neath thy humble cottage roof,
Thy fancy roam'd o'er hill and woodland plain;
From haunts of noise and folly stood aloof,
And sung thy artless animating strain.

Ill-fated Bard, what anguish wrung thy breast;
Ah, who can tell of all thy grief and care;
No soothing hope to bid thy spirit rest,
Nor chase the gloom of sadness and despair.

Then censure not the deed, ye generous few,
For heav'n may smile upon the wanderer's way;
But requiems sing, and with flow'rets strew
The cold green sod that wraps the Poet's clay.

DIRGE

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

*By James Scadlock.**

(Set to Music by Mr. R. A. Smith.)

No more along the upland brow,
Where wild-fowl crop the heather bud,
The City's† distant spires I'll view,
Half hid in evening's murky cloud.
Since thou art gone my joys are fled,
Thy love-strung harp in silence lies,
The bleak winds murmur o'er thy head,
On fancy's ear it plaintive sighs.

The birds no more give joy to me,
That warble in the green-wood bower,
No more I mark the wand'ring bee,
Unwearied fly from flower to flower,
Since thou art gone, &c.

---

* James Scadlock, engraver, Ferneze, another companion of Tannahill's, to whom the Epistles Nos. 19 and 21 were addressed, and "The Contrast," N. 30, was inscribed. See Notes to these Poems.—*Ed.*

† The city of Glasgow.

How oft with thee on summer's eve,
Ere dew had wet the footpath way,
The busy town with joy I'd leave,
To hail the sun's last parting ray,
Since thou art gone, &c.

Now lonely down Gleniffer glen,
Where brackens shade the streamlet clear,
I'll shun the busy haunts of men,
And silent shed the friendly tear,
Since thou art gone, &c.

Ill-fated youth! long, long I'll mourn
In solitude thy untimely end,
And oft beside thy lonely urn
In deepest sorrow will I bend,
Since thou art gone, &c.

THE OLD TREES.

By William M'Laren.

The following lines were written immediately after the death of the last of the author's most intimate friends.

Have you seen the old tree that stands lone on the moor,
With its branches all withered and bare;
Like a life-wearied wretch who keenly has felt
The torturing pangs of despair.

Tho' the rank grass wave wild o'er the spot where they stood
Yet three kindly companions it knew,
Who exultingly spread their gay leaves to the sun,
And drank of the nourishing dew.

So broad were their boughs, and so fresh were their leaves,
And so kindly they mingled together,
That they dreamed not the sorrowful day was so near,
That would part them in anguish for ever.

But a blast from the heath like the fiat of fate,
Gave the loftiest tree to the wind, *
And left the disconsolate friends of its youth
To linger in sadness behind.

Soon the canker of care, like a worm in the bud,
Seized the tree that grew close by its side ; †
And its green leaves grew pale, and its branches were few,
And it sickened—and withered—and died.

But the envious shaft that had destined their fate
Had not finished the work it began,
For a poison was fixed in another fair tree
And its span of existence is ran. ‡

And now the old tree that stands lone on the moor,
With its branches all withered and bare,
In solitude mourns for the friends of its youth,
The victim of anxious despair. §

THE BARD OF GLENIFFER.

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

By James King. ||

The Bard of Gleniffer, in life's early day,
By hawthorn and hazel constructed his lay ;
While blackbirds sweet warbling in sunshine and shade,
Like him sang of nature in beauty array'd.
The grey mossy-rock to his soul gave delight,—
The wild mountain herbage and stream shining bright,
The sun's yellow lustre on Stanely's old pile,
To rapture awaken'd his bosom the while.

---

* Robert Tannahill. † James Scadlock. ‡ William Anderson.

§ See the sketch of William M'Laren among the "Sketches of Editors."—*Ed.*

|| This is the person to whom the Epistle No. 18 was addressed. See Note to the Epistle.—*Ed.*

The fame of his song, like the wreath on his head,
For ages will brighten, for ages will spread ;
For love's sweet affections are blossoming there,
And pity that springs to the eye in a tear,
Sweet pity !—thou still hast thine office to do,
Oh ! weep, for the Bard of Gleniffer is low ;
Affliction's cold waves hurried over his bloom,
And sent him, alas ! premature to the tomb.

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF ROBERT TANNAHILL.

*By Robert Clark.**

O'er the braes of Gleniffer I wander'd alone,
At the sweet dawn of morning, when pure was the sky ;
The brown leaves fast falling showed summer was gone,
And the chill breezes murmur'd stern winter was nigh.

Though cheer'd was my fancy with all things around me,
Yet sad was my heart that with sorrow did fill ;
For thoughts of the hard fate so keenly did wound me
Of Scotia's sweet minstrel, far-famed Tannahill.

His sweet melting strains there did tenderly move me,
That's been stor'd on my memory since life's early days ;
While the mellow-ton'd Redbreast that warbled above me
On the small bending spray seem'd to join in his praise.

---

* Robert Clark was born in 1810 in the west end of Paisley. He received very little education, and was by trade weaver. In 1836 he published a small collection of poetical works, and then emigrated to America, where he resided five years. Having returned to Paisley to recruit his health, he recommenced weaving, and also keeping of an eating-house. In 1842 he published "Random Rhymes," another small collection of poetical pieces. In 1848 he sailed again for America, with his wife and three children. The vessel was never more heard of.—*Ed.*

Yon lone dingle side by the rill where he wander'd,
Was soothing and sweet to this bosom of mine ;
Where oft midst sweet Nature's profusion he ponder'd,
Till the sun on yon far western wave did recline.

Then homeward he'd stray by the greenwood sae bonnie,
Where the old mould'ring turrets of Stanely are seen ;
Sweet scene, where the lone lover mourn'd for her Johnnie,
Who far over the seas in the wild wars had been.

Long, long will his haunts to this bosom give pleasure,
That with his soft numbers doth rapturously thrill ;
And long, long the tear of remembrance will measure
The friendship of affection for dear Tannahill.

LINES

WRITTEN ON READING IN THE "GLASGOW CITIZEN" OF 30TH SEPT., 1848, AN ARTICLE ENTITLED "A VISIT TO THE LAND OF TANNAHILL," BY HUGH M'DONALD.

By John Mitchell. *

Weep not for Tannahill ; his lyre
Will ne'er again be strung,
Nor wilt these scenes again inspire
The Bard who oft them sung.

John Mitchell, shoemaker, was born in Paisley, in 1786. He received a good initiatory education being a pupil in the Ayr Academy for several years. He published *The Moral and Literary Observer*, commenced on 15th February, and finished on 3rd May, 1823 in 12 Nos. of 12 pages each, 12mo., price 1½d, and Charles Marshall, (son of Charles Marshall mentioned in the memoir under the heading "Formation of the Burns Club," and in the letter dated 4th April, 1809,) minister of the Free North Church, Dunfermline, was the editor. The pen of Mitchell was prolific in poetry, and for many years the poet's corner of the local newspapers were amply supplied with his effusions. He published four volumes of poetry, the first of which appeared in 1838 titled a "Night on the Banks of Doon and other poems ;" the second in 1840, "The Wee Steeple's Ghaist and other poems and songs ;" the third in 1845, a collection of "One Hundred Songs ;" and the fourth in 1852, "My Grey Goose Quill and other poems and songs."

But Tannahill has reached the goal
That few e'er reach, where fame,
Above oblivion's dark control,
In light has stamp'd his name ;

And there among the sons of song
He sits with laurel crown'd
And Scotland's hills and vales will long
The tones he woke resound.

His master, Burns, with giant stride,
Had reach'd the dizzy steep
Where genius' sons in modest pride
Unfading laurels reap.

And Tannahill, with eager eye
The stately pile survey'd,
And fondly hop'd at least to lie
Beneath his cheering shade.

And nobly did our poet dare
To win a laurell'd crown,
And long the flowers will blossom fair,
That live in his renown.

Tho' "Loudon's bonnie woods an braes,"
And "Stanley's birken shaw,"
Should lay aside their 'Simmer claes,'
And droop 'neath Winter's snaw,

He also, in conjunction with Mr. J. N. Dickie, wrote the prose work entitled "The Philosophy of Witchcraft," of 424 pages, published by Oliver & Boyd, Edinburgh, in 1840. He had a remarkable facility in framing his verses, and has placed himself in a respectable position with the minor poets in Paisley, and the foregoing ode will give the reader a specimen of his poetry. He was little, of a light make, and very quick of speech. The pen and ink vignette sketch of the "Alms House," the "Hospital," or the "Wee Steeple," the ghaist of his poem, drawn by James Hamilton, drawing master, Paisley, will keep him long in remembrance with Paisley folks. The same vignette has been given in the "History of the Penfolk," 1871 and "History of the Grammar School," 1875. Mitchell died 12th August, 1856, in the 70th year of his age.—*Ed.*

Their names will flourish in our land
As green as when the theme
Of Tannahill, whose magic wand
First wafted them to fame.

His "Bonnie wood o Craigielee,"
His "Jessie o Dunblane,"
Will match with any melody
Auld Scotland calls her ain.

Then, Scotsmen, weep not for the Bard;
He now has gain'd a name
That's writ upon the flowery sward
Where stands the dome of fame.

SCENES OF GLENIFFER BRAES.

By Hugh Macdonald.

Wha sees "the crawflower's early bell,"
Sweet blumin' in the woodlan' dell,
The wildin' rose that ees itsel
In lanely rill,
But feels his heart wi' mem'ry swell
O Tannahill.

Ye'se see Gleniffer's fir-crown'd brae,
Auld Stanely Castle's ruins grey,
Whar Paisley's minstrel wont tae stray
Whan fell the dew,
Enraptur'd weaving some sweet lay,
Tae Nature true.

Unblest wi Fortune's sunny smile,
His was a life o care an toil;
Yet happy hours war his the while;
At closin day
He left the busy town's turmoil,
Alane tae stray.

Yet tho unblest wi Fortune's shower,
His was in truth a nobler dower—
A heart o love, a soul o power,
That deeper joy
Coud win frae wildin bird or flower
Than wealth coud buy.

Soun sleeps he now 'neath death's caul wing,
But lang as woodlan birds shall sing,
Or wildflowers rise tae welcome Spring,
'Side gushin rills,
His mem'ry shall a halo fling
Aroun thae hills.*

---

* Hugh Macdonald was born in Bridgeton of Glasgow on 4th April, 1817. His parents were in humble circumstances, and had a large family. His education could not be considered liberal, and he was sent early to work. He became an apprentice block printer in the works of Henry, Monteith, & Company, at Barrowfield. and afterwards entered the employment of Harrow, M'Intyre, & Company, block printers, Colinslie, Paisley. The first poetical effusion of Hugh Macdonald, "The Scottish Emigrant's Farewell," appeared in the *Chartist Circular* of 16th May, 1840, page 140. His next appearance was in the select columns of the *Glasgow Citizen* newspaper, defending the character of Burns from the ill-advised attack of the Rev. George Gilfillan, of Dundee. Some of his sweetest songs first saw the light in the poet's *neuk* of that literary paper. In 1849 he was taken on to its literary staff. "Caleb's" (Macdonald's) "Rambles Round Glasgow" now appeared in the columns of the *Citizen*, and three chapters were devoted to "Cardonald and Cruickston," "Paisley and its Environs," and "Gleniffer and Elderslie." The whole were published in a collected form in 1854, and since that time have passed through several editions. His connection with the *Citizen* ceased at the time of the abolition of the stamp duty on newspapers in 1855, when he commenced his "Days at the Coast" in the columns of the *Glasgow Times*, and also became a member of the staff of the *Glasgow Sentinel*. These appeared in a collected form in 1857, and have likewise passed through several editions. In June, 1858, the Glasgow *Morning Journal* was commenced, and the services of Macdonald were secured for the literary department of that newspaper, and he continued there till his sudden decease. He had introduced his "Footsteps of the Year" into that journal, intended for all the months of 1860. In January and February he discoursed on the subject, and in the month of March he

VERSES

TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL,

By William Murdoch. *

Once more Gleniffer ; yet once more
Upon thy brow I stand,
And view thy Castle old and hoar,
Where Scotland's sons, in days of yore
Repell'd, in fields of death and gore,
The foes of Scotia's land ;
Once more thy bearded thistles wave,
Meet emblem of the glorious brave.

---

walked to Castlemilk to see the snowdrops, and on his return took to his bed, and expired on the 16th day of March, 1860, in the 43d year of his age. See Note to No. 60, page 235.—*Ed.*

The first stanza is taken from an Epistle to Peter Still of Buchan, author of "The Cottar's Sunday," and other poems. The remaining stanzas are taken from an Epistle to William Miller, author of "Wee Willie Winkie," and many other beautiful nursery songs, reminding him of a visit he was to make to Paisley.

* William Murdoch was born in Paisley, in 1822. He received the common education of reading, writing, and arithmetic, and was brought up to his father's trade of a boot and shoemaker, and afterwards carried on business at No. 28 Lady Lane, Paisley. He commenced rhyming about 1840. The shop of William Murdoch became the meeting place of similar gifted sons like himself, admirers of Tannahill, such as Hugh Macdonald, Alexander Smith, author of the *Life Drama*; Archibald M'Kay, historian of Kilmarnock; James Yool, poet, Paisley, author of "How ardently my bosom glows;" J. M'Intyre, poet, Glasgow, author of "The Scottish Emigrant;" and also with other kindred poetical and literary persons. William Murdoch was also well acquainted with the late Matthew Tannahill, brother of the poet, from whose lips he heard many reminiscences of his brother, which Murdoch afterwards wrought into racy articles, and inserted them in the local periodicals of the day. The above "Verses to the memory of Tannahill" first appeared in J. M'Intyre's publication of his poems called "The Emigrant's Hope," printed in Paisley in 1854. The brother of Murdoch, clothier in Saint John's, New Brunswick, having required a person to take charge of his business, sent for his brother, and he left Paisley in 1854. His literary tastes afterwards caused him to enter into a newspaper staff in his adopted country. In 1860 Murdoch published a volume of "Poems and Songs of Scotland," and in 1872 he issued a new edition with additions.—*Ed.*

Once more I see thy ravine deep
  Half hid among the trees ;
I see its crystal waters leap
From bank to bank, while down they sweep
Through channel—rocky, dusk, and steep,
  Again I feel thy breeze ;
Once more the Norland hills I greet,
Where snows defy the summer's heat.

Now to thy broom and heather bell
  The bees with rapture cling ;
Again from glen, wood, rock, and fell,
Thy countless feather'd minstrels swell
Their notes of love, till sky and dell
  With heav'nly echoes ring ;
Again I hear thy streamlets' wail,
And fragrance from thy flowers inhale.

All these with raptur'd breast I hail ;
  But where is now the Bard,
Whose strains, borne on the passing gale,
Were heard afar o'er hill and vale,
Sweet as the eastern nightingale ;
  Alas ! no more is heard
Those magic sounds that sooth'd the soul,
And waft his flame to Nature's goal.

Hail ! glorious and immortal shade !
  Hail gentle Tannahill !
Thy dust is with thy fathers laid ;
But with'ring time can never fade
Those laurel wreaths thyself hast made,
  Age makes them greener still ;
Great nature, changeless, holds her sway,
But all that's mortal fades away.

STANZAS

TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL,

By Duncan M'Neil. *

Though days on days and years on years have pass'd
And been into oblivion's waters cast,
The harp hangs on the willows silent still—
The harp once strung by thee, lov'd Tannahill;
No hand melodious sweeps the silver string,
To make our woods and glens with music ring,
To sing in pathos sweet, of flowery braes,
Of love, of friendship, and their happy days,
With smooth notes stealing o'er the vale and rill,
Like the melodious chants of Tannahill.

Dear to my heart, since childhood's happy days,
Since first I roam'd "Gleniffer's flowery braes,"
Since "Gloomy Winter" first my ear did charm,
And fill'd my heart with feelings pure and warm;
The touch of pity—oh! how dear to me—
That glows and swells in "Bonnie Craigielee;"
The "Woodlan Burn," and cozy "Dusky Glen,"
With music thrill my raptured ears again;
And ever in my soul, till death make still
This heart, thy strains shall dwell, lov'd Tannahill.

---

* Duncan M'Neil, was born in Renfrew on 12th December, 1830, and being the first child baptized in Renfrew Church after the induction of the the Rev. Duncan M'Farlane, he was named and registered Duncan M'Farlane M'Neil. His parents came to Paisley, and he was brought up in that town and apprenticed to a baker there in the year 1846 for six years. In 1860 this son of toil published a small volume of 144 pages titled "The Reformed Drunkard, or the Adventure on the Muir, with other poems and songs," from which we selected the above ode. He removed to Glasgow that year, and has continued in his employment of an operative baker. We met him in October last and had a very pleasant conversation, and we hope this notice will recall to him youth's happy days and the pleasant hours he spent at his own dear fireside with the Muse.—*Ed.*

Oh ! could I touch thy lyre and catch its strain,
I'd make our glens and woodlands wake again,
And wrap my soul in spells to last for aye
Till woods, and glens, and braes, were swept away ;
Not like the soaring eagle would I steer,
But sing like the low linnet on the brier,
That chants its modest song mid dews and flowers,
By crystal stream and fragrant shady bowers ;
Ye muses ! grant my fervent pray'r, and fill
My breast with feelings like lov'd Tannahill.

THE HAUNTS OF TANNAHILL.

*By James Archibald.**

Read at the celebration of the 98th Tannahill Anniversary, Paisley, 3rd June, 1872.

I love Gleniffer's classic braes,
The yellow broom and heather-bell,
Where Phœbus leaves his ling'ring rays
Ere he departs, and bids farewell.

I love the gurgling mountain stream,
The rocky glen and rowan tree,
Where grassy banks with wild-flowers teem,
And woodland songsters whirring flee.

---

* James Archibald, weaver, Queen Street, was born there in 1817. His father removed in 1820 to the cottage No. 6 Queen Street, Paisley, where he resided till 1845, being the same house in which Tannahill was brought up. James occupied the same bedstead that Tannahill slept in, and latterly the same loomstead that the Poet had occupied. It now appears from this poem he likewise loved the same haunts which had been frequented by Tannahill. All these combined circumstances may have excited our excellent friend to cultivate poetry, and we are certain he has written the verses with true sincerity and love for the gentle, modest Tannahill.—*Ed.*

I love the auld grey granite fold,
Where shelter'd Robin stood alone,
Whilst lightnings flashed and thunder roll'd,
That made the stately oak to groan.

I love the lonely mossy rose,
That blinks obscurely neath the thorn,—
In native beauty still it grows,
Though isolated and forlorn.

I love to see "the midges dance,"
In merry glee "aboon the burn;"
On lightsome airy wings they prance,
And never know what 'tis to mourn.

I love to wander forth unseen,
Beside sweet flowery Craigielee,
Where Robin met at dewy e'en
Wi' Mary, near the trysting tree.

I love the homely, lowly cot,
Which sculptur'd art may laugh to scorn;
For hallow'd is the humble spot
Where Nature's sweetest bard was born.

O gentle, modest Tannahill,
Thy name's engraven on my heart;
Though thou art gone, I love thee still,
With love, too, that shall ne'er depart.

SKETCHES OF THE PAINTER OF THE LIKENESS AND THE EDITORS OF THE EARLIER EDITIONS AND BIOGRAPHIES OF TANNAHILL.

Painting,	1810.—	By JOHN MORTON.
Edition,	1807.—	,, THE AUTHOR.
,,	1815.—	,, JOHN MUIR.
Biography,	1815.—	,, WILLIAM M'LAREN.
Edition,	1819.—	,, WILLIAM MOTHERWELL.
,,	1822.—	,, ROBERT SMITH.
,,	1833.—	,, ALEXANDER LAING.
,,	1838.—	,, P. A. RAMSAY.

PORTRAITS AND ENGRAVINGS OF TANNAHILL.

John Morton, painter of the original likeness of the Poet, was born in Paisley in 1775. He received the common education of a tradesman's son, and was brought up to the trade of a weaver. He possessed considerable taste for drawing and painting, and a genius for mechanism. His taste for the Fine Arts led him to form ornamental figures to be wrought in the weaving of cloth, and his ingenuity enabled him to make improvements on the weaving loom and implements. He also tried his hand at portrait and landscape painting, and produced specimens fair enough for a self-taught artist. He belonged to the Baptist Church, Storie Street, and took an active interest in the affairs of the congregation; he was also one of the Exhorters in the Church, and precentor to the Congregation.

Mr. Morton being an acquaintance of the Tannahill family, and no likeness having been taken of the Poet in his lifetime, he, with the sanction of the relatives, made a delineation of the features of the Bard the day after his decease. It was a four-inch miniature pencil profile likeness, and it lay over in that state for several years until a proposal was made to publish an engraving of it. It was then carefully examined and retouched by Mr. Morton, under the advice of the Poet's brothers, James

and Matthew Tannahill, and with the assistance of Mr. William Porteous, teacher of drawing in Paisley. On being completed, the portrait was pronounced by the brothers and by persons who had been acquainted with the Poet to be a true and striking likeness of Robert Tannahill. All the engravings, *original* paintings, and busts of Tannahill were either copied from this likeness, or taken from copies. And although the public are chiefly indebted to Mr. Morton for preserving the only authentic likeness of Tannahill, yet extremely little has been said respecting the versatile genius of the painter.

John Morton, while engaged as an operative weaver, invented the barrel revolving ten box lay, but it was shortly thereafter superseded by another invention, the perpendicular sliding or drop ten box lay. About 1812 he entered the evening class of Mr. William Porteous, teacher of drawing, Inkle Street, Paisley, and received instructions in the art of pattern designing. Having made considerable proficiency, he was engaged as an assistant with Mr. Porteous, and continued in his employment for two years. He then commenced business on his own account. In these days flower drawers for manufacturers' designs were considered capable of Portrait and Landscape painting, which they executed at their leisure hours. John Morton drew a view of the mansion of Mr. Daniel Macfarlane, Canal Bank, and also a view of the Town of Paisley. About 1819 he commenced the business of manufacturing and tambouring or embroidering. With the view of facilitating the work, Mr. Morton invented a tambouring machine, which was wrought nearly on the same principle as the sewing machine of the present day. He removed to Glasgow to accommodate his chief customers, who carried on business in that city, and there he added the fringing of shawls to his business, for which he invented a machine to facilitate the work. He had no children, but his wife was a willing and valuable assistant in working out these inventions. Having acquired a competency, he disposed of his business and machines about 1831 or 1832. He retired to Dunoon to live at his ease, and we recollect meeting in company Mr. Morton and Mr. James Tannahill, the poet's brother, at Baggieburn, Dunoon, in 1834, and conversing with them. Mr. Morton, now of Marchburn, had no business to distract his mind, yet his mind

was more troubled than ever. His active spirit could not rest in retirement, and he devoted his whole time and means to the whims of his genius. Painting, Poetry, and Music, were now commenced in earnest. He also painted a miniature likeness of himself similar to that of TANNAHILL, which is still in existence. * Poetry next engaged his attention, and, being a native of Paisley, he was, of course, a born poet. He wrote songs, composed music for them, and sung them himself. He purchased a set of musical glasses, became a proficient player upon them, and frequently entertained his friends with a tune. Musical instruments, he was of opinion, were not properly constructed, and accordingly he commenced the making of all kinds of musical instruments with improvements for his own use. While in Glasgow, Mr. Morton conceived the idea of constructing a box of music to be called "The Universal Harmonica," an instrument to combine a full band of musicians playing upon wind and stringed instruments. He wrought at this wonderful invention in Dunoon for ten years, but failed in bringing it to perfection. His idol, instead of producing universal harmony was a musical Babel, and was thrown aside. Wood turning next took up his attention, and he turned out many neat and pretty ornaments from all kinds of wood, brass, bones, iron, and stone. Being near sighted, he made spectacles to fit his own eyes, and having accomplished this successfully, he commenced making glasses for other people. During the two last years of John Morton's life, he was principally engaged in Daguerreotyping, a name given to the original photographic process introduced by its inventor M. Daguerre in 1839.

On 12th August, 1875, we made a pilgrimage to the Parish Church yard of Dunoon, and saw the monumental tombstone erected to the memory of the Painter of the original portrait of TANNAHILL. It had a LYRE cut in bold relief upon the pediment with the following inscription below—

---

* This miniature, enclosed in a frame, is in possession of his grandniece Mrs. Young, 45 George Street, Paisley.—*Ed.*

IN MEMORY OF
JOHN MORTON,
WHO DIED 30TH SEPTEMBER, 1851,
AGED 75 YEARS.
THIS STONE
IS ERECTED OVER HIS REMAINS,
BY A FEW FRIENDS,
AS A TRIBUTE OF RESPECT AND ESTEEM
FOR HIS MANY ESTIMABLE QUALITIES.

Engravings of Tannahill.

The first copperplate engraving of TANNAHILL'S profile portrait shewing the left side was published by John Lawrence, jun., bookseller, Paisley, on 1st April, 1819, and the same portrait, is the frontispiece of the *Harp of Renfrewshire* published that year. The names "J. Morton," and "R. Scott, sculpt., Edin.," are engraved on it. Four editions of this portrait have been published with each of the editions of 1822, 1825, 1838, and 1846, of Tannahill's works, two of them shewing the right side, the next the left side, as in the original, and the remaining one the front or facial view of the Poet. The portrait in this volume is the same as in the Edition of 1838, and is considered the best likeness of Tannahill.

Oil Paintings.

Two full bust size portraits of TANNAHILL in oil were painted from Morton's drawing, both said to be *original* paintings, but we suppose the originality consisted in the size and the oil colours. One was painted by Mr. William Beith, flower drawer, Paisley, a member of, and for the Paisley Literary and Convivial Association. Beith was born in Paisley on 17th August, 1811, the Association instituted in 1814, the painting executed about 1833, and he died on 14th September, 1853. On the club dissolving, about 1856, this painting, along with several other paintings of celebrated poets and the relics of the club, were sold. The Tannahill painting was purchased by Mr. William MacKenzie, governor of the Paisley Hospital. It was exhibited by Dr. Taylor on the centenary day of the Poet's birth, and much admired by the thousands who passed the doctor's residence.

The other was painted by Mr. Thomas Carswell, a Greenock artist, for Mr. Marshall of Ladyburn, Greenock, who had been a schoolmate of TANNAHILL. This was partly done from the engraved portrait in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, and the remembrance by Marshall of his old school-fellow. We have been informed it is a good likeness, and several copies have been taken from it. Mr. Marshall carried on business at 43 Moss Street, Paisley, 55 years ago.

Bust of Tannahill.

In 1873, Daniel Richmond, Esq., M.D., presented to the Paisley Free Museum a bust of TANNAHILL executed in 1845 under the supervision of the Poet's nearest relations and friends, and which had received the *imprimatur* of the Artist who had drawn the Portrait of TANNAHILL. That bust was the *chef d' œuvre* of the late John Fillans, sculptor, and the following holograph draft of a letter by Mr. Fillans to the Doctor was found among the papers of the sculptor after his death, giving his own account of the circumstances connected with the modelling of the bust.

"Dr. Richmond,—Sir, In compliance with your request, I have noted down a few incidents which occurred while I was modelling the bust of ROBERT TANNAHILL, one of the sweetest minstrels who ever strung the lyre. His beautiful songs have added a lustre to the lyrics of his native land. Therefore, it may be somewhat satisfactory to the admirers of the bard to get a detailed account of the manner in which I accomplished the arduous but pleasant task; also, to know the opinions of those who were his contemporaries,—some of whom have passed away from amongst us, and some are still living,—who gave me their opinion of the bust while I was progressing with it. I have no doubt they will give their testimony if required.

"In the year 1845, my brother James, the sculptor, had extensive commissions in the West of Scotland. Amongst them was the bust of the philanthropic and indefatigable John Alston, who spent much of his valuable time in mitigating the sufferings and elevating the mind of the indigent blind. It was executed in marble, and placed in the Blind Asylum in Glasgow; and with the view of facilitating those commissions, he requested me to

come from London to assist him, so that it might enable him to return to his study in London much sooner, for the purpose of working out in marble those works of art which he modelled in Scotland. He had his temporary study in Glasgow at that period, while we resided in Paisley. While I was there, I resolved to model the bust of TANNAHILL; therefore, I embraced the opportunity of gaining all the information I could get concerning the features of the poet's face. I was informed that there was no likeness of him except the profile likeness taken by John Morton while Tannahill was lying dead. Mr. Morton was an amateur, and had but little practice; however, he knew the bard well when alive, and did all he could to make it like him. Still, it had its defects. I had a strong desire to model a bust of him while I could get the opinions of those who knew him, and for that purpose I got introduced to Mr. Matthew Tannahill, the poet's brother, who very kindly gave me all the information he could. He pointed out the defects in the engraving of the profile by Morton, and *vice-versa*, consequently it enabled me to block out the bust before I showed it to him; and when he saw it, he was astonished at the progress I had made. That encouraged me to proceed with it. He kindly requested me to model it in his house: by so doing, I profited much from the remarks made by Mrs. Tannahill, who had a very vivid recollection of the poet's features. When I had made the likeness to please them, I took it down to Dunoon, and showed it to Mr. John Morton, who recognised the likeness at once, and said, 'This is TANNAHILL; I am quite delighted with it; however, you must own that had I not taken the first likeness of him, you could never have taken that one.' I replied, 'I am quite willing to give you all the praise; all that I want to know is how far I have succeeded in making a bust of him, which requires to be seen in every view.' 'Well,' he replied, 'it is like in every view, and it is invaluable to the world as a likeness of ROBERT TANNAHILL.'"

The document, of which the above is a copy, presented to the Museum, is the holograph of John Fillans.

Dr. Richmond also presented the "Tannahill Bracket," a work of art of great merit and beauty, executed by Miss Wilhelmina Fillans, daughter of Mr. James Fillans. The architectural part of this bracket was designed by Mr. William Stewart,

architect and poet, the floral part was designed by Miss Fillans, and the whole modelled by her. The floral portion is most elaborate, embracing a nest with a laverock feeding her young brood, surrounded by siller saughs, feathery brackens, seggans, crawflowers, &c. Miss Fillans had a laverock's nest and the photograph of every flower, frond, and leaf meant to be represented gathered from the Braes o' Gleniffer, constantly before her eyes. The bust, letter, and bracket were handed over to the Free Museum, and can be seen there.

EDITION OF 1807.

Robert Tannahill, on 19th January, 1807, issued printed proposals for publishing a volume of his Poems and Songs, in which he gave a specimen of the typography, from the Interlude of the "Soldier's Return." His acquaintances exerted themselves to obtain subscribers' names, and they generally returned well filled sheets. The volume, a 12mo. of 175 pages, was issued in May, 1807, at the price of 3s. The following are the title page, dedication, and prefatory advertisement :—

THE
SOLDIER'S RETURN,
A
Scottish Interlude, in Two Acts;
WITH OTHER
Poems and Songs.

BY ROBERT TANNAHILL.

PAISLEY:
Printed by Stephen Young, Bowling Green.
.....
1807.

DEDICATION.

To Mr. William M'Laren.

Sir,

With gratitude, I reflect on the happy hours we have spent together; and in testimony of the high regard I entertain for your many worthy and amiable qualities, I take the liberty of Inscribing to you this little volume. Several of the pieces contained in it you have already seen, and if the others afford you any pleasure it will add much to the happiness of

Dear Sir,
With true respect and sincerity,
Your Friend
ROBERT TANNAHILL.

ADVERTISEMENT.

The Author of the following Poems, from a hope that they possess some little merit, has ventured to publish them; yet fully sensible of that blinding partiality with which writers are apt to view their own productions, he offers them to the Public with unfeigned diffidence. When the man of taste and

discrimination reads them, he will no doubt find many passages that might have been better, but, his censures may be qualified with the remembrance that they are the effusions of an unlettered mechanic, whose hopes, as a poet, extend no further than to be reckoned respectable among the minor Bards of his country.

Several of the Songs have been honoured with original Music by Mr. Ross, of Aberdeen, and others by Mr. Smith, Paisley ; the remainder were mostly written to suit favourite Scotch and Gaelic Airs that particularly pleased the Author's fancy.

The INTERLUDE was undertaken by desire of the late Mr. Archibald Pollock, comedian, but, alas ! ere it was well begun, his last ACT was played. He was a worthy man, and died deeply regretted by all who knew him.

The Author returns his sincere thanks to his numerous subscribers, particularly to those friends who have so warmly interested themselves in promoting the present Publication ; and with a due sense of their favours, he has, only farther, to solicit their indulgence in the perusal of his volume, assuring them that their kindness, in the present instance, shall long be felt with gratitude, and ever esteemed among the first pleasures of his memory.

THE AUTHOR.

EDITION OF 1815, No. 1.

The first edition of TANNAHILL'S poems and songs having been long out of print, and numerous applications made for them, Hugh Crichton, bookseller, Paisley, resolved to publish a new edition. He engaged Mr. John Muir, surgeon, Smithhills Street, Paisley, a poet and gentleman well qualified for the office of Editor and to write the biography of TANNAHILL. We have already stated that TANNAHILL destroyed every scrap of his poetry he could lay his hands upon shortly before his death ; but he had been in the habit of sending several copies of his pieces to his acquaintances. These were collected and submitted to the Editor. From these he selected 24 which, with 69 pieces out of the 97 in the first Edition, made up a 12mo volume of 2

pages, with xxiv. pages of a biography; containing the following title page and dedication :—

POEMS
AND
SONGS,
Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect,
BY ROBERT TANNAHILL.

A Notice respecting the Life and Writings of the Author is prefixed.

LONDON:
Published by Gale, Curtis, and Fenner.
A. Constable and Co., Edinburgh;
And H. Crichton, Paisley.
1815.

DEDICATION.

TO
AUGUSTA,
COUNTESS OF GLASGOW,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED
BY
THE EDITOR.

Paisley, 1st March, 1815.

In looking at the Indices at the commencement of the present volume the new pieces added by the respective Editors can easily be distinguished from those published by the poet himself; and the pieces left out of this edition can be seen in the same manner. The Countess was the third daughter of James, 13th Earl of Errol, and wife of George, 4th Earl of Glasgow.

EDITION OF 1815, No. 2, AND EDITION OF 1817.

About the end of the same year (1815) another edition entitled the "Third Edition," was printed in different type, binders' marks, and publishers' names, containing 264 pages, having 70 pieces from the first edition, 24 from the second edition, and 14 additional, making in all 108 pieces. This last edition probably did not sell, and in 1817, a new title page was substituted with the words, "Fourth Edition with considerable additions," and 28 pages of an appendix containing 7 additional pieces, making a total of 115 pieces. The volume contained 288 pages altogether. The dedication, with the date, 1st March, 1815, and the Author's life in both of these editions are verbatim copies of those in the 1815 Edition, No. 1. The whole of these editions are 12mo, and were printed by John Neilson, Paisley.

James Muir, the Editor, was born in the Townhead of Kilmarnock, about the year 1775, and was educated at the Grammar School of that town. He afterwards attended the Universities of Glasgow and Edinburgh as a student of Divinity.

Robert Watt, a lad from the neighbourhood, was a student at the same time, studying for the medical profession. James Muir passed through the classes with great distinction. He was a splendid Latin and Greek scholar, and he had also acquired several of the modern languages which he could both speak and write fluently. He, however, abandoned his intention of following the profession of the ministry, and commenced studying for the medical profession. In the meantime, his companion Watt had obtained his Diploma from the University of Glasgow, on 6th May, 1799, and commenced business that year in Smithhills Street, near the Old Bridge of Paisley. The business of Mr. Watt having rapidly increased, and Mr. Muir having obtained his Diploma, the former assumed the latter as a co-partner in 1801. In 1803, two Regiments of Volunteers were raised. Mr. James Muir was appointed surgeon, and Robert M'Kechnie, assistant to the 1st Regiment; and Mr. Robert Watt, surgeon, and Thomas Richmond, assistant to the 2d Regiment. The University of Aberdeen conferred on Mr. Watt the degree of M.D., and he removed to Glasgow in 1810. Dr. Watt was the author of several medical works, and compiler of the celebrated *Bibliotheca Britannica*. In the year 1810 Mr. Muir married a Paisley lady, Miss Macfarlane, Canal Bank. Mr. Muir was both a poet and a painter, and he contributed several pieces to the periodicals of the period. As already stated, he wrote the life of TANNAHILL, the manuscript of which, written in a very neat hand for the printer, is still preserved, and is in possession of Mr. Archibald M'Kay, the historian of Kilmarnock. We applied to him for the loan of it, which he at once kindly granted. In comparing the MS. with the printed life we observed that several paragraphs had been suppressed, we suppose, to shorten it. Mr. Muir wrote a *jeu d' esprit* "The Chief Priest of the Sanhedrim with a Lamentation for Zion," "The Progress and Care of Melancholy," "The Family of the Humanists" in 4 volumes (unfinished), and "Home;" consisting of 354 Spenserian stanzas. He excelled in portrait painting, and we saw several of his miniatures of distinguished characters, which are very artistically executed. The following anecdote respecting the biographer will be found in "The Laird of Logan," headed "Two Halves

Make a Whole." "The late Dr. Muir, surgeon in Paisley, in one of his visiting rounds called upon a lady well known for parsimony. The lady, previous to the Dr. taking leave, presented two very small glasses on a salver, each about one third filled with wine, saying as she presented the salver to him, 'port or white, Doctor,' upon which the Dr., lifting one of the glasses, poured its contents into the other and drank the whole off, saying with great gravity as he smacked his lips and returned the empty glasses, 'I generally take both!'" Dr. Muir was acquainted with his townsman James Tannock, mentioned in the Epistle to James Buchanan, No. 25, when Tannock was in Paisley at that time painting portraits. Dr. Muir, shortly before his death, when he was in bad health, went to London to have his portrait painted by Tannock, who had then become a celebrated artist. The portrait is still in good preservation and we looked on it with considerable interest, from our being engaged in writing this notice of the biographer.

In May, 1812, Mr. James Peddie, teacher, Paisley, received a letter from Mr. Alexander Wilson, American ornithologist, along with three volumes of his Ornithology. We saw the draft of his answer to the ornithologist acknowledging receipt, in which he said, "Your *Ornithology* does you credit, and will insure you a place in the annals of fame. Enclosed you will find letters I had from the Rev. Dr. Boog, and from Dr. James Muir of this place, a gentleman celebrated for his taste in drawing, composition, and polite literature. I daresay you will feel gratified with the approbation of two such competent judges."

Mr. Muir was also intimately acquainted with R. A. Smith, the intimate friend of the poet, and he frequently met Smith at the house of John Wilson, Esq., Hurlet, factor for the Earl of Glasgow. The Editor, we presume, must have received his chief information for writing the biography of Tannahill from his friend Smith, a gentleman well versant with the every day life of the Author from 1804. Mr. Muir died on 23d July, 1815, after a severe and tedious illness, in the 40th year of his age.

LIFE OF TANNAHILL, 1815.

In March, 1815, there was issued printed proposals for publishing, by subscription, "A Life of the Renfrewshire Bard, Robert Tannahill, by a FRIEND who enjoyed his confidence for the last seven years of his life." The "Friend" in his proposals said, "This work, it is presumed, will be found a pleasant and necessary appendage to the writings of the Bard, as it will contain some anecdotes hitherto unknown to the public, and serve as a key to describe the incidents from which some of his most popular poems and songs were written." It was further proposed "to print a few copies on a paper corresponding as nearly as possible to the *new edition* of his works, price 1s. 6d." The subscriptions warranted the publication, and the Biography appeared with the following title page:—"The Life of the Renfrewshire Bard, Robert Tannahill, author of *Jessie, the Flow'r o Dumblane, The Braes of Gleniffer*, &c. Attached to the work is an address delivered at the celebration of the Birth of Burns in the year 1805:—

> Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
> Their homely joys and destiny obscure,
> Nor grandeur hear with a disdainful smile,
> The short and simple manners of the poor.
>
> —*Gray.*

Paisley: Printed by J. Neilson, 1815." Although published anonymously, it was well known at the time it was written by William M'Laren, weaver and poet, a familiar acquaintance of Tannahill, and the person to whom Tannahill dedicated the first edition of his poems and songs. The Life contained thirty-seven pages, and the Address eight pages. Several of the subsequent Editions called it the *Anonymous* Life, but they could appropriate several of the remarks contained in it without acknowledgment.

William M'Laren was born at Paisley in 1772, and was brought up to the trade of a weaver. He and Tannahill became familiar acquaintances in 1803, and a warm friendship existed between them. They were members of the same social club which met in Allan Stewart's Sun Tavern, 12 High Street, Paisley. Both were among the founders and the chief promoters of the Paisley Burns' Anniversary Club in 1805—

M'Laren having been appointed president and Tannahill clerk that year. M'Laren was possessed of literary ability, and could write both prose and poetry with ease and fluency. His style, however, was flowery and grandiloquent, and he was very vain of his abilities. A specimen of this can be seen in his address at the toast of "The Memory of our Immortal Bard, Robert Burns," which he, as President of the Burns' Anniversary Club, proposed at the first meeting of the club, and which was copied into the minute book of the club, and published in an appendix of eight pages to his life of Tannahill. M'Laren was the author of the poems of "Emma, or the Cruel Father," and "Isabella, or the Robbers," and several lyrical pieces of considerable merit. He went to Ireland, and commenced business there, but his Scotch liberalism brought him into trouble, and he returned to Paisley. On 26th October, 1824, M'Laren published "The Calumniator Unmasked," a letter addressed to the Editor of the *Wayfarer* in reply to his scurrilous and illiberal attack on the Editor of the *Paisley Advertiser*, a 12mo, of twelve pages. John Fraser, Editor of the *Wayfarer*, was the unsuccessful candidate for the similar office of the *Paisley Advertiser*. The first number of the *Wayfarer* was issued on the 2d, and that of the *Advertiser* on 9th October, 1824. The first four numbers of the *Wayfarer* contained calumnious attacks on the personal character of Goldie, the Editor of the *Advertiser*, and severe criticisms on his volume of poems and songs. M'Laren, with the old fire and ardour of a poet, entered the arena to vindicate a brother of the Muse, and unmercifully thrashed the calumniator, and finished the *Wayfarer*, which, with a struggle, reached the seventh number, and expired. M'Laren neglected his usual employment to cultivate literature, which reduced his circumstances and affected his position in society. He died 2nd May, 1832, in the 60th year of his age.

HARP OF RENFREWSHIRE.—1819.

Mr. William Motherwell, Sheriff-Clerk Depute of Renfrewshire under Mr. Robert Walkinshaw, edited the *Harp of Renfrewshire* in 1819, which contained, perhaps, the finest collection of songs ever published. From the following circum-

stances, we have included the *Harp* among the editions of Tannahill's works. The frontispiece of that volume is the profile bust of Robert Tannahill, painted by John Morton, engraved by Scott, and published by Lawrence in 1819, mentioned in the biographical notice of John Morton. Thirty songs by Tannahill have been inserted in the *Harp*, twenty-one of them for the first time, and nine from former editions. There is an essay, partly biographical, and partly critical, of the several poets, whose songs had been selected for the volume; the portion respecting Tannahill, Mr. Motherwell admitted, was compiled from previous biographies, and we will therefore not require to refer to it further, than to say that the language is more elegant than that of former writers; a considerable portion of it consists of a letter from Mr. R. A. Smith respecting the poet. The critical remarks, both of Motherwell and Smith have been embodied in notes to the respective songs in the present edition.

William Motherwell was born at Glasgow, on 13th October, 1797. He received his early education in Mr. William Lennie's school, Edinburgh, in 1805, and entered the Grammar School of Paisley early in 1809, under Mr. John Peddie. In 1812, when he was 15 years of age, he was apprenticed to Mr. Robert Walkinshaw, writer in Glasgow, a member of the Faculty of Procurators, Paisley, to attend in the Sheriff-Clerk's office, Paisley. On expiry of his apprenticeship, he was one of several persons engaged by Robert Watt, M.D., compiler of the "Bibliotheca Britannica," to assist in the completion of that great work, as the compiler himself was in bad health. The manuscript of that important work, in 69 thick volumes quarto, will be found in the Reference Department of the Paisley Free Library. Mr. Motherwell was appointed Sheriff-Clerk Depute in May, 1819, and held that situation till 1829. During the greater part of that period he lodged in the house then No. 82, now No. 38 on the east side of Moss Street, the old *entailed* mansion house, of the entailed estate of Merksworth, the entrance to which was by a quaint-looking large iron gate at the south gable, hung on two huge rustic stone pillars, with a large garden behind descending down to the river Cart. Both the mansion house and garden had been acquired by an Act of Parliament for the erection of a Jail and Bridewell and the

County and Municipal buildings, the whole of the stones used in these erections being carted through the antique gateway. We recollect Mr. Motherwell from 1820, and first spoke to him that year in the warehouse of old George Caldwell, bookseller, Dyers Wynd, when both of us were purchasing chap books. He was a little stout man, and wore a broad brimmed hat like a Quaker; on his leaving, old George naively remarked, "He is a bit curious body, and we ca him *the Tacket.*"

Mr. Motherwell's antiquarian knowledge, particularly of the county of Renfrew, was very extensive, and he was the only person in his time in Paisley who pursued the study of ancient lore and documents. We imagine his residence in the mansion of the Maxwells of Merksworth, with its ancient rustic pillars, and quaint iron gate through which he obtained ish and entry daily, and his assistance at Watt's "Bibliotheca Brittanica," had a certain effect in directing his studies into the path of antiquarian literature. In the year 1824 an important case was raised by the vassals of the Monastery of Paisley and owners of booking lands against the Town Council of Paisley as Superiors before the Court of Session, and Mr. Motherwell was employed to decipher and translate several of the old Latin charters, and particularly the second volume of the Chartulary of the Monastery from 1488 to 1559. To illustrate his researches, he, with the assistance of others, made out a plan of Old Paisley from 1488 to 1511, showing the burghal, outfield, and common land. The case was decided on 29th June, 1829, against the vassals, and in favour of the bookers.

Mr. Motherwell very early dedicated himself to literature. He devoted his mind chiefly to the ancient poetry of Scotland, and succeeded in placing himself in the foremost rank of the minor bards of Caledonia. In 1818, when he was twenty-one years of age, he contributed several pieces to "*The Visitor*, or Literary Miscellany, original and selected," a Greenock periodical. In 1819, *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, was edited by him. In 1824, *Renfrewshire Characters and Scenery:* a poem in three hundred and sixty-five cantos,* by Isaac Brown, late

* Although the title page bore that there was a canto for every day in the year, only the first canto was published.—*Ed.*

manufacturer in the Plunkin * of Paisley," was published. It was a 12mo, with ten pages of introduction, canto first of twenty-two pages, and antiquarian notes of twenty-eight pages, with a considerable twinkling of fun in the whole of the production. The ingenious hand who had framed the delectable *morceau* was so evident that he who runs may read. It must be reprinted with the name of the author—MOTHERWELL.

Motherwell had a very facile pencil for pourtraying persons in the style of Kay's "Caricatures;" and we have seen him frequently at a dreary criminal trial make pen-and-ink sketches of the panel at the bar, his counsel, or a curious-looking juryman. The wall of the Sheriff-Clerk's Office, near the fire-place, he covered with clever sketches of Paisley characters, drawn with the charred end of a *brimstone spunk*,—for lucifer matches had not been invented. He engrossed the Instrument of Sasine of the lands of Ardgowan in favour of the late Sir Michael Shaw Stewart of Blackhall, Baronet, when he succeeded his father in 1825,—a beautiful specimen of his peculiar penmanship. In those days, sasines commenced with the invocation "IN THE NAME OF GOD, *Amen*;" and in this instance, the initial letter came half down the folio, and was most elaborately illustrated with curious faces, similar to those afterwards adopted in the title page of the comic serial, *Punch*.

In 1827, Motherwell's "*Minstrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, with an Historical Introduction and Notes," appeared, and placed

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* *Note by Motherwell (the author).*—"The street called Plunkin is, by the genteel, denominated Orchard Street. What the etymology of *Plunkin* is, may be as difficult (for ought I know) to resolve as the etymology of Paisley itself, and that is sufficiently puzzling. Both of them might pose Dean Swift, who was fruitful enough in devising whimsical etymologies. The Causeyside was at one time a small clachan in the neighbourhood of Paisley, and took its name from its vicinity to the Roman Causeway which was at this place. It is now a street of manufacturers' houses."

The ancient orchard of the Abbey, containing six acres of ground, was situated here before the new garden was formed at the Abbey in 1484; hence the name Orchard Street. Before the roadway was made, there were deep holes in the street which filled with water every shower of rain. Instead of "posing Dean Swift," we consulted Dr. Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary, and he defines—"*Plunkin.*—The sound made by a heavy body falling into water." See Note to No. 176.—*Ed.*

our distinguished antiquarian among the celebrities of ballad literature. It was a laborious work, and he exerted all his energies in producing a volume which would certainly bring him into fame.*

In January, 1828, the *Paisley Magazine* was commenced, and edited by the able pen of Motherwell. It was completed in thirteen numbers, forming a handsome 8vo volume of 700 pages. The articles were greatly diversified, consisting of antiquities, biography, history, poetry, and fiction, — the greater number of them, particularly the antiquarian and poetical, being contributed by the Editor himself. This magazine has maintained the pre-eminence obtained from the versatile pen of its Editor, and when offered for sale always commands competition, and we have seen it bring as high a sum as one pound fifteen shillings.

In 1828 Mr. Motherwell published "Certain Curious Poems written at the close of the xviith or beginning of the xviiith century, on a variety of subjects, local and political, principally from the pen of James M'Alpie, Sheriff Clerk of Renfrewshire, anno MDCXCIV with a few pieces by other ingenious hands." It is an 8vo, containing 4 pages of an advertisement, with the initials of the Editor W. M., and 42 pages of the poems. Only 30 copies were printed. In the February number of the Paisley Magazine, the *Editor* reviewed the volume issued by the *Editor* of the "Curious Poems." At that time, and even at the present day, a belief prevails that if Motherwell wrote Isaac Brown's poem, he also wrote James M'Alpie's. We have always maintained they were not written by Mr. Motherwell, but by M'Alpie. The language of the "Curious Poems" is so coarse and vulgar, that the refined taste of the Editor could not possibly have descended to compose them, and circumstances are noticed that could not have been known to the Editor, Mr. Motherwell, at that time. There is no use of following the matter further, as Mr. Hector the present attentive Sheriff Clerk, who has arranged all the documents in the office, and published papers on the "County Records," found a few more similar curious

* In 1873, a second edition of this valuable work was issued by the present publisher.—*Ed.*

poems with allusions to names in the published poems, which had escaped the lynx eye of Mr. Motherwell. This now sets all dubiety at rest. We think James M'Alpie would be in the Sheriff Clerk's office, under Francis Sempill of Beltrees, Sheriff of Renfrewshire, who died in 1682, and who was a Jacobite song writer. When a copy of these "Curious Poems" is brought to public sale, the competition is keen; and we have seen them sell as high as one pound eleven shillings and sixpence.

Mr. Motherwell was one of the seventy-four original proprietors of the *Paisley Advertiser*. He succeeded William Kennedy, second Editor,—author of "The Arrow and the Rose," and a volume of poems entitled "Fitful Fancies,"—as third Editor. His first paper was published on 24th May, 1828, and the last on 9th October, 1830, the seventh anniversary of its establishment. On the retirement of Mr. James M'Queen, Editor of the *Glasgow Courier*, Mr. Motherwell was appointed Editor, and his first *Courier* was published on 2nd February, 1830, and his last on 31st October, 1835. He also contributed articles in 1832 to *The Day*, and among these a series of humorous papers entitled "Memoirs of Peter Pirnie, a Paisley Bailie." In the end of that year he collected all his scattered poetical pieces into a volume, and published them with the title of "Poems Narrative and Lyrical."

Mr. Motherwell had been collecting materials to write the life of TANNAHILL, but he did not live to overtake that object. From the manner in which he expressed himself respecting the poet in the essay in the *Harp of Renfrewshire*, the biography would have been written with taste and discrimination.

Mr. Motherwell was taken ill when he was enjoying himself at a friend's house on Hallowe'en, and Messrs. Robert M'Nish (the Modern Pythagorean) and P. A. Ramsay accompanied him home, and parted with him about 11 o'clock. The following morning, 1st November, 1835, about four o'clock, he was struck with a violent shock of apoplexy, and expired at eight o'clock, in the thirty-seventh year of his age. He was interred in the Glasgow Necropolis, where a Monument, after a design by James Fillans, sculptor, has been erected to his memory, bearing the following inscription—

ERECTED
BY ADMIRERS OF THE POETIC GENIUS OF
WILLIAM MOTHERWELL,
WHO DIED 1ST NOVEMBER, 1835, AGED 38 YEARS.
"NOT AS A RECORD HE LACKETH A STONE!
'TIS A FOND DEBT TO THE SINGER WE'VE KNOWN—
PROOF THAT OUR LOVE FOR HIS NAME HATH NOT FLOWN
WITH THE FRAME PERISHING—
THAT WE ARE CHERISHING
FEELINGS AKIN TO THE LOST POET'S OWN.

1822 EDITION.

Robert Smith, bookseller and auctioneer, Orr Square, Paisley, published the next edition, an 18mo. of 144 pages (a reprint of the Author's edition of 1807), — printed by W. Falconer, Glasgow.

THE
SOLDIER'S RETURN,
A
SCOTTISH INTERLUDE
In Two Acts,
WITH OTHER
POEMS AND SONGS
Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect.

BY
ROBERT TANNAHILL.

To which is Prefixed an Account of the Author.

PAISLEY:
Printed for Robert Smith.
1822.

The volume contained a woodcut Bust of the Poet, in profile, showing the right side of the face. There was also a well-condensed Biography of two pages of the Author, compiled from previous biographers, and very neatly expressed; but by whom written, we could not discover.—*Ed.*

E. Bellchambers, in his General Biographical Dictionary, containing Lives of the most eminent persons, of all ages and nations, published in London in 1835, in noticing *Tannahill* has given the Life in this edition *verbatim et literatim*, without acknowledgment. Robert Smith, the publisher, son of William Smith, weaver, was born on August 10th, 1768. William Smith was proprietor of the two storey thatched house (No. 81 Main or High Street, Paisley) situated on the west side of the Hospital or Alms House, vulgarly called the Wee Steeple or *Pend* close,

from the arched passage through the Steeple. The Almshouse, built in 1618, was erected on the west side of one of the ancient Ports of the old Burgh erected in 1490, and called the West Port, and the continuation of the Main Street westward from the West Port to the Wellmeadow was called the Townhead. William Smith was a *buirdly* man of six feet high, and died at the age of 103, but his son Robert was a slender diminutive person of five feet four inches in height. Robert Smith was a companion of Alexander Wilson in the Seedhills, and they were both brought up to the trade of weaving. Wilson, when he was a boy, was in the habit of drawing and painting domestic fowls and the wild birds of Renfrewshire, and presenting them to his companions. Several of the specimens presented to Smith have been preserved to the present time and will be nearly a hundred years old. We saw some of them the other day. Alexander Wilson left this country for America in 1794, and the juvenile painter of Paisley birds became the delineator of the wild birds of his adopted country, and earned the deserved name of "The distinguished American Ornithologist." Robert Smith, about the time of the French Revolution in 1793, commenced business in his father's premises in the Main Street, as a bookseller, publisher, and auctioneer. He belonged to the class of politicians known in Paisley by the name of "Blacknebs," and the literature he dealt in was principally of a revolutionary kind. He published songs and chap books and local literature of a satirical description. Nearly all his publications were printed on coarse paper, and sold at low prices. His business as an auctioneer was chiefly confined to the sale of libraries, and latterly his own books of an inferior class, which highly pleased the weavers' assistants called drawboys. In 1800 he rouped the effects of James Maxwell, one of the most fertile poets that Paisley ever produced, and who resided on the opposite side of the street from Smith, (No. 36 Main Street, now taken down.) Maxwell had died in May of that year, and his effects consisted solely of two cart loads of his own poetical works. Robert Smith's house, in High Street, was burned in 1809, and on the 10th of October, 1810, he advertised "That house belonging to Robert Smith, corner of Orr Square (lately burned), which formerly consisted of four shops on the ground flat with back

houses, affording one of the finest situations in town, 'for building on,' for sale on Saturday the 13th of that month." It was purchased by Thomas Leishman, baker, corner of Storie Street, and he built a large four storey house upon the site. Robert Smith, after the fire, removed to the west side of Orr Square, and was married there in 1823. We knew Robert Smith for a quarter of a century. He was a sober and industrious man of plodding habits; but like a number of individuals, he could never succeed in business. He died regretted by a large circle of acquaintances on 18th August, 1845, in the 81st year of his age.

1833 EDITION.

Alexander Laing, flaxdresser, packman, and poet, Brechin, edited an 18mo. diamond edition of Tannahill's Songs—a neat volume of ninety-three pages. Mr. Laing was a great admirer of the songs of the Lyric Bard of Paisley, and the best tribute of respect that the Brechin Poet could pay to the memory of his favourite author was a republication of his songs in that distant district of the country. The volume contains 92 pieces—forty-one selected from the 1807 edition, twenty-two from the 1815 edition (No. 1), twelve from the 1815 edition (No. 2), nineteen from *The Harp of Renfrewshire*, and one new.

THE
SONGS,
BALLADS, AND FRAGMENTS,
OF
ROBERT TANNAHILL:
WITH A
SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

Alexander Black, Bookseller,
Brechin.

"In this volume, the reader will find all the Author's Songs formerly published, with the addition of one of his latest compositions—"All Hail! ye dear Romantic Scenes,"* which was kindly communicated to the Compiler of the Sketch by his lamented friend and correspondent, the late Mr. R. A. Smith. To the Songs are added the Ballads, which include the best and perhaps the greater part of Tannahill's works that are worthy of preservation.

Brechin, 1833. ALEX. LAING."

Although Mr. Laing has stated that he compiled his sketch of Tannahill's life from former biographers, he has, however, modified, amplified, or verbally altered several of their remarks, either from conversations with his friend, Mr. R. A. Smith, or

* No. 86. See Notes on pages 225 and 226.—*Ed.*

from his own imagination. The following statements differ from the former biographers. He says,—"The little education Tannahill received was from his parents in the evening—his mother teaching him reading, and his father writing and accounts. From one oppressed with poverty, disease, and melancholy, cheerful strains could not be expected. His poems were inferior in merit, and the dramatic poem was severely, and perhaps justly censured."

Alexander Laing was born at Brechin on 14th May, 1787, and attended school for two winters. When a boy he was fond of old ballads and songs, and in his adult years he studied the works of Burns, Tannahill, Fergusson, and other poets. He was apprenticed to the trade of flax-dressing; but after he became journeyman he met with an accident, which disabled him from that employment. He then commenced the business of a packman, and in travelling through the country disposing of his merchandise he cultivated the Muse by the wayside.

Mr Laing's lyric effusions first appeared in the Montrose and Dundee newspapers. His first literary effort of any consequence was the editing an edition of Burns' Songs, published at Montrose, in 5 vols. 32mo. In 1827 he published the graphic tale of "Archie Allan," followed by a second edition in 1840, and shortly thereafter by a third edition. This poem established his fame as an author.

The next important matter was the editing of Tannahill's Songs in 1833, already noticed. In that year he contributed largely to the poetry for, and compiled the biographical notices of, the Angus Poets in the *Angus Album*. In 1834, Mr. Laing edited for Scott and Webster, of London, another edition of Burns' works, and supplied the greater part of the foot-note glossary. He also furnished Allan Cunningham with notes for his editions of the Scottish Ballads.

In the year 1846, Mr Laing, at the urgent entreaty of his friends, published a volume of his poetry by subscription, under the title of *Wayside Flowers*, at 3s. a copy. In four years afterwards a second edition in 8vo of 200 pages was published at 1s. per copy. In 1856, Blackie & Sons, publishers, purchased the copyright, and issued a new and neat edition, which was soon bought up.

Mr. Laing, like our own Poet, TANNAHILL, was of a retiring, unostentatious disposition, and, as indicated in his writings, of great moral worth. He will be long remembered by the inhabitants of Brechin, and his songs will be sung for generations to come. Several of them have been translated into German. Mr. Laing was possessed of considerable information respecting the poets and poetry of Scotland, which was the means of leading him into a large correspondence with some of the most celebrated poets of the day. Mr. Laing was in very poor health for several years before his death. He died on 14th October, 1857, and his funeral was followed to Brechin Old Churchyard by a large number of his fellow-townsmen.

1838 EDITION.

P. A. Ramsay (Philip Anstruther Ramsay) writer, Paisley, edited a 12mo edition of TANNAHILL'S Works, containing xli. pages of a Memoir of TANNAHILL, xxv. pages of a Memoir of Robert Archibald Smith, 5 pages of verses by Smith, 178 pages of TANNAHILL'S poems and songs, and a glossary of 9 pages. The volume contains 150 pieces by TANNAHILL.

From the Edition of	1807	82
,, ,,	1815 No. 1	24
,, ,,	1815 No. 2	12
,, ,,	1817	4
,, ,,	1819	19
,, ,,	1833	1
Never published before,		8
		150

This Edition has been considered the standard since its publication, and was stereotyped.

THE
POEMS AND SONGS
OF
ROBERT TANNAHILL,
A Revised and Enlarged Edition,
WITH
MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR AND OF HIS FRIEND
ROBERT A. SMITH,
BY PHILIP A. RAMSAY.

GLASGOW:
Archibald Fullarton & Co.
Dublin: W. Curry, Jun., & Co.
London: W. S. Orr & Co.

1838.

TO
TANNAHILL'S DISTINGUISHED
TOWNSMAN,
JOHN WILSON, ESQ.,
Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh,
THE PRESENT EDITION
IS
(By Permission)
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

Mr. Ramsay stated in his Preface that the late Mr. Motherwell had in view the preparation of a new edition of TANNAHILL'S poems and songs with an original memoir of the author, but his sudden death had frustrated the object; and that from the long friendship which had existed between Motherwell and Ramsay, the latter obtained all the materials of the former, and with additional materials he had collected, he ventured to lay the Edition before the public. He said,—"Some of the pieces it contains are now printed for the first time, others have only had an occasional and limited circulation, and a third class has been restored from the first edition. . . . .

"On the Memoir of the Author much pains have been bestowed. Besides his letters, it will be found to disclose many interesting particulars respecting his life and character not generally known. To many of the pieces the Editor has appended notes, critical and illustrative. . . . . .

"The Portrait of TANNAHILL has been expressly engraved for this edition from a drawing which was taken by one of his acquaintances—Mr. John Morton—the day after his death, and which has now undergone some slight alterations that were suggested by his friends for the purpose of more closely bringing out the resemblance. No likeness was taken during his life."

P. A. Ramsay was the son of Mr. James Ramsay, Accountant-general in the Excise, Edinburgh, and born in that city in 1798. In 1812 he was apprenticed to Mr. Peter Jack, writer, in Paisley, his brother-in-law, and admitted a member of the Faculty of Procurators in Paisley, on 4th January, 1820. Motherwell and

Ramsay became chief friends during their apprenticeship, which continued till the death of the former. Mr. Ramsay entered into co-partnership with Mr. Allan Clark, writer, under the firm of Clark & Ramsay, which was dissolved by the death of Mr. Clark. Ramsay was one of the original proprietors of the *Paisley Advertiser* newspaper, had considerable literary taste, and on any of the editors of that newspaper taking their holidays, or an interval occurring in the change of editorship, he temporarily discharged the duties. In 1831 he left Paisley for Edinburgh, and commenced business in that city as a Solicitor before the Supreme Courts. On 31st October, 1835, he and Motherwell were at a friend's house, and the latter having become unwell, Mr. Ramsay accompanied him home. We understood that Mr. Ramsay had contemplated collecting the whole writings of Motherwell for an edition of the works of that highly gifted individual, but it was not forthcoming at his death.

Mr. Ramsay was an intimate friend and companion of R. A. Smith, and held him in such high estimation that he wrote a separate memoir of his life. Mr. Ramsay would certainly derive considerable information from the lips of Smith about his old familiar friend TANNAHILL. Smith, no doubt, was an intelligent person, a sociable companion, and an eminent composer of music; and Tannahill's songs having made him famous, it would seem the *composer* was exalted more than the *author*. Compelled at this time to read the several memoirs of the modest and gentle TANNAHILL, we are inclined to think his surviving friend gave some inspiration to Dr. Muir, stuffed Motherwell, supplemented Laing, and obtained the ear of Ramsay; and we almost fancy we see Smith and TANNAHILL meeting in public company, and the former, with the pride of a great composer and vanity of a teacher of music, introducing himself as "I am Smith, and this is TANNAHILL."

In 1839, Mr. Ramsay published "*Views in Renfrewshire*, with Historical and Descriptive Notices," another valuable standard local work. It must have been long in preparation, for we recollect of him asking us at least ten years previous to its issue respecting several of the historical notices that afterwards appeared in the volume. Mr. Ramsay was a very painstaking

writer, who looked upon condensed, and neat well-turned sentences, as the highest mode of composition ; and we are certain every word and sentence in his publications were well weighed and re-written several times before they pleased his fastidious taste. He was gentle in manners and of a mild disposition; was greatly esteemed for his sincerity and disinterestedness ; was honourable in his profession, and conducted his business as became an upright man. He was beloved by his brethren, and respected by the community in general. He died at Edinburgh on 31st October, 1844, in the 46th year of his age.

INSTITUTION OF A TANNAHILL CLUB, 1858.

On the 25th day of May, 1858, a number of gentlemen held a meeting in the Globe Hotel, High Street, Paisley, then occupied by Mr. Peter Tannahill, a nephew of the Poet, for the purpose of instituting a TANNAHILL Club to commemorate regularly the birth day of ROBERT TANNAHILL on 3d June yearly. The persons present on that occasion were Messrs. Lamb, architect; James Waterston, Editor of the *Renfrewshire Independent*; John Crawford, writer, James Motherwell, bookseller; James Lindsay, block cutter; and William Pollock, clerk. After the several gentlemen had expressed their opinion of the propriety of associating for such a laudable purpose, it was unanimously agreed that the meeting resolve itself into

THE TANNAHILL CLUB,

"The special object of which shall be to commemorate in all time coming the birth-day of ROBERT TANNAHILL, who entered this breathing world (whose beauties of scenery he never tired of singing) on the 3rd day of June, 1774." The Rules of the Club were few and simple. The anniversary meetings were to be previously advertised, and every person who attended was to be held a member of the Club. The gentlemen present at the preliminary meeting were to form a Committee for carrying out the arrangements of the first anniversary meeting. The Chairman for the time being was to nominate the Croupier, and he again was to be Chairman the following year. The first annual meeting for the commemoration of the birth of TANNAHILL was held in the "Town Hall," Moss Street, on the evening of

Thursday, the 3rd day of June, 1858, where fifty gentlemen attended. That hall had formerly been the Assembly Room of the Saracen's Head Inn, built in 1792, where many a Dance, Ball, Dinner, and Supper or Meeting, requiring large accommodation, had taken place; and where, very probably, the Bard had danced with his companions in his dancing days. Mr. Lamb was elected the first Chairman, and he chose Mr. James Waterston as Croupier. The Chairman's address was an eulogistic essay on and quotations from several of the best songs of TANNAHILL, and a mild criticism on others which he said might have been made better, and raised TANNAHILL to the highest pinnacle of fame. That address became the model for all future chairmen, and, as we have printed the whole works of the Author, there is no necessity whatever for quoting or referring to the passages selected by the several chairmen, as our readers can do so for themselves. TANNAHILL had been gathered to his fathers many years ago, and criticism on his works will not make them better. There is no necessity for giving the several addresses on the same subject where a single new fact relating to TANNAHILL has not been elicited; and then the criticising or comparing the several essays or addresses being an invidious task which we have no desire to undertake, we content ourselves with annexing a list of the several gentlemen who so ably filled the chair at the respective meetings.

84th	Anniversary,	1858.—	Mr. JAMES J. LAMB, Architect.
85th	,,	1859.—	,, JAMES WATERSTON, Editor.
86th	,,	1860.—	,, JOHN CRAWFORD, Writer.
87th	,,	1861.—	,, JAMES FERRIE, Warehouseman.
88th	,,	1862.—	,, ROBERT L. HENDERSON, Writer.
89th	,,	1863.—	,, RICHARD WATSON, Editor.
90th	,,	1864.—	,, ROBERT COCHRAN, Draper.
91st	,,	1865.—	,, WILLIAM FULTON of Glen.
92nd	,,	1866.—	,, JOHN COOK, Editor.
93rd	,,	1867.—	,, DAVID CAMPBELL, Writer.
94th	,,	1868.—	,, ROBERT HAY, Engraver.
95th	,,	1869.—	,, WILLIAM STEWART, Architect.
96th	,,	1870.—	,, JOHN FISHER, Accountant.
97th	,,	1871.—	,, JOHN S. MITCHELL, Bootmaker.
98th	,,	1872.—	,, JAMES J. LAMB, Architect.

99th ,, 1873.— ,, JAMES REID, Bookseller.
The Centenary, 1874.— ,, DAVID MURRAY, Banker.
101st Anniversary, 1875.— ,, P. C. MACGREGOR of Brediland.

Mr. Lamb acted as Secretary of the Club from its institution till 1870, and as Honorary Secretary from that time till his death on 27th September, 1872. Mr. Reid has acted as Secretary from 1870. All the founders of the Club and the Presidents,—Messrs. Lamb, Waterston, Crawford, Fulton, and Campbell,—are dead.

ERECTION OF A MONUMENTAL TOMBSTONE.

On the 3rd of January, 1866, Dr. and Mrs. Daniel Richmond, entertained a social party of ladies and gentlemen in their house, and several of the ladies having sung songs of TANNAHILL, the circumstance introduced the subject of the Poet's grave not being marked by a tombstone. It was mentioned that persons were fast passing away who could point out the exact spot where the Bard was buried, and how it would be desirable to erect a monument over the place where the remains of the Poet had been interred. The gentlemen present then formed themselves into a committee for the erection of a monument, but not to interfere with the future erection of a public statue to the memory of TANNAHILL. The Committee then with laudable enthusiasm subscribed a guinea each, and further undertook to raise from friends for such a desirable object three guineas each, which they supposed would be sufficient for the purpose they had in view. At the next meeting of Committee, held on 24th April, 1866, it was agreed to consult the owner of the burying place, which had been originally purchased by Mr. James Tannahill, the poet's father, after the ground had been laid off in lairs in 1782. The Committee then held several meetings, examined tombstones, inspected sketches, selected design, prepared specification, and received the following offer :—"Paisley, May 20th, 1866.—To the Committee of the TANNAHILL Monument.—Gentlemen,—We hereby offer to execute Monument according to accompanying sketch, as approved of by you, which is drawn at one inch per foot scale ; front inscription plate ; polished lyre, sunk in moulded base ; foundation, per specification ; erected in best Creetown granite,

consistent with plan and specification,—for the sum of fifty-nine pounds stg. If you make the inscription concise, we will include it in the above sum as our contribution to the fund. Hoping this may meet your approval, we are, Gentlemen, yours respectfully, GORDON & BARCLAY."

The Committee agreed that the inscription should simply be—

"TANNAHILL,

BORN 3RD JUNE, 1774,
DIED 17TH MAY, 1810."

The Monument was erected over the spot where the Poet was interred, and finished on 24th October, 1866. Mr. Matthew Blair, as representing the relatives, placed a sealed bottle, twelve by six inches, in a hollowed stone set immediately under the base block, bedded in cement, containing :—

1st. A small leather bag, with fifteen teeth of the Poet, which had been abstracted on the occasion of the lair being opened for an interment.

2nd. A statement by the late Mr. Matthew Tannahill, relating the circumstance of the abstraction of the teeth, and their recovery from the several persons in possession of them.

3rd. A copy of the Poet's works.

4th. A photograph from a profile engraving of the Poet.

5th. A statement by Mr. Matthew Blair of the origin of the movement to erect the Monumental Tombstone, and

6th. A copy of the *Herald*, *Gazette*, and *Independent* newspapers, published in Paisley on Saturday, 20th October, 1866.

On 20th August, 1867, the Committee agreed to enclose the monument with four granite corner stones and chain. On 5th December, 1867, the following words were added to the inscription :—

"ERECTED OVER THE REMAINS OF
THE POET, 1867."

It was resolved at this meeting to conclude the business with a Soiree *Musicale*, or a "*Nicht* wi TANNAHILL and R. A. Smith, his musical friend and companion." The Committee met on 13th

March, 1868, and fixed on the following card of invitation and programme of proceedings :—

A Nicht wi Tannahill & R. A. Smith.

BAPTIST CHURCH, STORIE STREET.

THURSDAY, 19th MARCH, 1868.

To Commence at 7 o'Clock.

PROGRAMME.

March from Eli, ...Costa,.....Organ.

Chairman's Remarks,.....Provost Macfarlane.

Anthems by R. A. Smith.

How Beautiful upon the Mountains,.....Is. lii.
Give ear unto my Words, ...Ps. v.
Blessed is he that considereth,..... .....Ps. xli.
Pro Peccatis.....(Stabat Mater),.....Rossini,.....Organ.
Praise the Lord, ...Ps. cxlvii.
Sing unto God, ...Ps. lxviii.

Committee's Report, ...Mr. W. MacKean.
Treasurer's Report, ...Mr. A. Pollock.
Moving Adoption of Reports,....Mr. D. Murray.

Overture.....(Guy Mannering),.....Bishop.....Organ.

Songs by Tannahill.

Gloomy Winter.
Loudon's Bonnie Woods and Braes.
Jessie, the Flower o Dunblane.
The Braes o Gleniffer.
Thou Bonnie Wood o Craigielee, ...Quartette & Chorus.

GOD SAVE THE QUEEN.

Accordingly, on Thursday, the company assembled to enjoy the "Night wi TANNAHILL."

Provost Macfarlane, after taking the chair, delivered the following address :—Ladies and gentlemen, I had the satisfaction, this forenoon, of visiting, along with a friend, the burial place of ROBERT TANNAHILL, in the West Relief Kirk-Yard." A neat granite monumental stone has been placed over his remains by a few of his townsmen who revere his memory and admire his writings. It is in keeping

with the life of him whose name it bears, simple and chaste,—with the dates of his birth and death underneath his name; these suffice to mark the resting place of the lamented poet. We are met to-night as subscribers and friends to receive the report of the committee who have had the charge of this matter, and whose labours will terminate with the proceedings of this evening. We are also favoured with the presence and kind assistance of the ladies and gentlemen on the platform, members of the St. Cecilia Musical Society, and other friends, who, with Mr. Hoeck as leader, and accompanied on the organ by Mr. Peace, from Glasgow, will sing a few of those beautiful anthems by R. A. Smith, which are so deservedly admired by the lovers of sacred music. After these have been sung, the business that has brought us together will be transacted, and then we are to be favoured by some of our friends with a few of TANNAHILL'S songs. Such will be the programme for the evening. It is well-known that Smith and TANNAHILL were intimate friends when they lived, and in these songs their names will remain associated together for all time. As a musical composer, Smith first became known to fame by perhaps the sweetest of TANNAHILL'S songs, "Jessie the Flower o' Dunblane;" and it is not too much to say that, while the songs themselves must ever occupy a high place in the lyric poetry of Scotland, the music by the author's friend has contributed largely to their enduring popularity. I shall not detain you by any lengthened reference to the brief career of the poet. The story of his simple and unblemished life and his unhappy death is known to all of you. Born in the humble ranks of life, without ambition, save that he might be enrolled among the minor bards of his country,—of a modest and retiring disposition, tender hearted, and warmly attached to home and friends,—his was a life that one might have expected, humanly speaking, to have been a prolonged and happy one; but it was not to be so. The saddest of all calamities which flesh is heir to—disease of the mind—and which, alas! too often attends the poetic temperament, overtook him ere he had reached his prime. He died in 1810, in the 36th year of his age. Tannahill will always be known as one of the sweetest of our song writers. He was pre-eminently true to nature; as his works show, he was intimately acquainted with all the country

around our good old town, and many are the spots in our neighbourhood which his songs have rendered classic. Sweet Ferguslie, "Where first his young muse spread her wing," and Craigielee, will ever be remembered in connection with his name. He loved especially to roam o'er the braes o Gleniffer, and by Stanley green shaw, where

> "The wild flowers o simmer were spread a sae bonnie,
> The mavis sang sweet frae the green birken tree."

He concluded by reading the "Filial Vow," (No. 10, page 65.)

The anthems were then sung by the choir, accompanied by the organ.

Ex-Bailie William MacKean, the Secretary of the Committee, then read a report of their successful proceedings, which we have already noted.

Ex-Provost Pollock, the Treasurer, read his financial report, as follows :—

Received by Subscriptions in the undermentioned amounts, viz. :—

1	Subscriber of	...	£5	5	0
1	Do.	...	5	0	0
1	Do.	...	3	3	0
2	Do.	£2 2/, ...	4	4	0
2	Do.	2 1/, ...	4	2	0
25	Do.	1 1/, ...	26	5	0
17	Do.	1 0/, ...	17	0	0
8	Do.	0 10/6,	4	4	0
2	Do.	0 10/,	1	0	0
1	Do.	...	0	13	0
2	Do.	0 7/6,	0	15	0
15	Do.	0 5/, ...	3	15	0
1	Do.	...	0	3	0
5	Do.	0 2/, ...	0	10	0
	Interest,	... ...	0	2	10
			£76	1	10

Disbursements in the undermentioned amounts, as follows :—

To Estimate for Monument, ...	£59	0	0
Granite palls, ...	5	0	0
Cutting and gilding two Harps, ...	1	0	0
Chain and galvanising,	0	16	0
Cutting and varnishing 35 letters at 5d. each,	0	14	7
Balance on hand, ...	9	11	3
	£76	1	10

Provost Murray moved the adoption of the reports.

Mr. Robert Hay proposed a vote of thanks to the Acting Committee, consisting of Dr. Daniel Richmond, Messrs. John Polson, R. F. Dalziel, James Miller, Matthew Blair, James Arthur, Alexander Pollock, jun., and William MacKean.

Mr. James Cook proposed a vote of thanks to Mr. Peace, Mr. Hoeck, and the choir ; and Mr. James J. Lamb proposed a similar compliment to the Rev. Mr. Flett and the Managers of the Church for granting it and the use of the organ ; and these being all carried by acclamation, the singing of the National Anthem closed the proceedings.

INSERTION OF A GRANITE TABLET AT THE SUPPOSED BIRTH-PLACE OF TANNAHILL.—1872.

A meeting of the Castle Street Callans was held on 24th February, 1872, and they appointed a Committee of nine of their number to find out the birth-place of the Poet, and mark it with a Stone Tablet and an Inscription. The Committee accordingly investigated the matter, and examined a number of persons ; and, as was to be expected in a matter of that kind, there was a diversity of opinion. The authentic documents which the Committee alluded to were—1st, The pocket memorandum-book of the Poet's father, which we have already referred to in the Life of Tannahill ; 2nd, The Feu disposition of the property No. 32 Castle Street, dated 1773 ; and 3d, the Feu-disposition of the property, No. 6 Queen Street, dated 1779.

The Callans again met, and heard the report of the Committee, when, on the motion of Mr. James Reid, bookseller, seconded by Mr. James J. Lamb, architect, it was agreed "to thank the Committee for their labours, and to record as the opinion of the meeting that the evidence was conclusive in favour of No. 32 Castle Street being the birth-place of Robert Tannahill." The Committee was further instructed to take steps in having a memorial stone erected in a conspicuous part of the house, with a suitable inscription. The Committee proceeded with their remit, fixed the tablet stone in the wall, appointed Monday, 3rd June, 1872, for the inauguration, and secured the services of Provost Murray to deliver an address on the occasion, which accordingly all took place. On the veil which covered the tablet being withdrawn, the granite stone was found to contain the following inscription :—

"BIRTH-PLACE
OF
ROBERT TANNAHILL,
BORN 3RD JUNE, 1774.

'Here nature first waked me to rapture and love,
And taught me her beauties to sing.'"

The quotation is the last two lines of the song, "The grey pinioned lark," No. 67, in reference to "Sweet Ferguslie," and was not a very happy one so far as love was concerned, and the singing of the beauties of nature by an infant at his birth.

In our necessary investigations at the present time, it will have been observed that, in the memoir of the Tannahills, we have thoroughly examined the memorandum book of the Poet's father, who, in recording the births of his children omitted to specify the *places*. This authentic document may therefore be laid aside as not affording evidence on the point. It will also be observed that we had read and examined the Feu Disposition of No. 6 Queen Street. We have also read and examined the Feu Disposition of No. 32 Castle Street, and we shall now give the result of our investigation. It appeared from the latter disposition that a roup of steadings in the lands of Broomlands took place on 3rd March, 1769. That roup included steadings on the west side of Castle Street and east side of Queen Street, and that the steading, No. 32 Castle Street, was purchased by James Smith, wright, at the price of £5 sterling. Smith afterwards built the present front house on the steading, let it to a tenant, and afterwards sold it to James Peacock, town officer, Paisley. The Town Council of Paisley then granted the Feu Right with consent of Smith to Peacock, dated 1st January, 1773, and the property is thus described:—"All and haill the foresaid steading of ground at Broomlands *with the house now built thereon* and yeard thereto belonging as *presently possessed by Andrew Laird*, weaver, in Paisley, bounded by the house and yeard belonging to Bailie Andrew Smith on the south, the house and yeard belonging to John Hamilton on the north, Castle Street on the east, and the yeard of William Dunn on the west parts: declaring the said James Peacock's entry to have commenced on 3rd March, 1769." In all the evidence collected

not a single witness referred to the owner, James Peacock, the well-known town officer, nor to the tenant of the whole house, Andrew Laird. He was in possession on 1st January, 1773, and there is not a vestige of evidence when he left the house, nor when old Tannahill entered it, or whether he occupied the whole or only part of the house, nor when he left it. The dates of his entry and removal were only inferred from the date of two Dispositions which, on being now read, contradict the hasty inference that had been drawn. Not a single witness stated whether any other member of the family was born in that house or not.

The first person who allowed himself to be misled by the dates 1773 and 1779, was the seconder of the motion. Mr. Lamb, in his biographical sketch of the Poet, in the edition of his works published in 1873, made Tannahill step from the Cottage in Castle Street to Gleniffer, Stanely, Newton Woods, and Ferguslie. Giving every license to inference and imagination, Tannahill could not be out of infancy when the family entered the residence in Queen Street. However precocious the boy may have become, *the child in petticoats* was not ripe for performance of the exercise the editor assigned him.

THE CENTENARY,
OR ONE HUNDRETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT TANNAHILL,

Wednesday, 3rd June, 1874.

The Tannahill Club at their annual meeting held in June, 1873, unanimously agreed to celebrate the centenary of the birth of Tannahill in a manner becoming the eminent Lyric Poet. A large committee was appointed, with power to add to their number, to make the necessary arrangements for the celebration. The committee held a meeting on 22nd April, 1874, when it was agreed to convene a public meeting of all persons taking an interest in the approaching centenary. The meeting was called by the Chairman of the Club, Provost Murray, and held on 28th April following. It seemed to be the feeling of the meeting that the Queen's Birth Anniversary and the Poet's Birth Centenary should be held on the same day, and a committee of

40 gentlemen were appointed, with power to add to their number, to co-operate with the committee of the Tannahill Club. Magistrates of towns are allowed to select the days most convenient for the inhabitants for the Queen's Birth-Day Anniversary, and on 4th May the Magistrates of Paisley recommended Wednesday the 27th of that month to be observed in honour of Her Majesty's Birth-Day.

The Centenary Committee having so far completed their arrangements, issued the following advertisement:—

"TANNAHILL CENTENARY HOLIDAY.

A PUBLIC MEETING, called by Advertisement, having appointed a Large COMMITTEE, representing all Classes of the COMMUNITY, to consider as to the best mode of Celebrating the approaching CENTENARY of the BIRTH of ROBERT TANNAHILL, and said COMMITTEE having met, resolved to recommend that WEDNESDAY, the 3rd Day of JUNE next be observed as a GENERAL HOLIDAY, and that the INHABITANTS be respectfully requested to Decorate their Premises, in honour of the occasion.

The Arrangements at present made include,

A PROCESSION to the 'BRAES O GLENIFFER,' terminating in the vicinity of 'TANNAHILL'S WELL,' WILLIAM FULTON, ESQ., of Glen, having cordially granted the use of his Grounds for that purpose; also, a SOIREE and CONCERT in the Evening, particulars of which, and of any other Arrangements, will be duly Announced.

DAVID MURRAY,
Chairman of the Tannahill Centenary Committee.

PAISLEY, 8TH MAY, 1874."

The Committee instantly represented to the Magistrates the desirability of a change of the Queen's Birth-day to 3d June, to combine the Anniversary and Centenary in one general holiday. The Magistrates acceded, and issued placards to that effect. Her Majesty at that time was resident at her Highland home of Balmoral, and Monday the 25th May was fixed for the celebration of her birthday there. The Crathie band had been selected to sing several Scottish Songs before Her Majesty, and one of these was Tannahill's beautiful song of "Gloomy Winter's now awa" (No. 70) apparently in anticipation of the Centenary of

the gifted Poet. In Paisley the celebration of Her Majesty's Birth-day, combined with it the Centenary of the Birth of Tannahill, thus elegantly intertwining the laurel of the Crown and the laurel of the Bard.

The general Committee having completed their arrangements, issued the following advertisement:—

"TANNAHILL CENTENARY.

PROGRAMME OF ARRANGEMENTS.

THE TANNAHILL CENTENARY COMMITTEE respectfully announce the following PROGRAMME for the Celebration of the CENTENARY,

ON WEDNESDAY FIRST, 3D JUNE.

The PROCESSION will assemble in ST. JAMES STREET, at Ten o'Clock A.M., where it will be arranged, under the command of CHIEF MARSHALL SUPERINTENDENT SUTHERLAND, in the following order:—

The Carters, on horseback; Provost, Magistrates, and Town Council; the Committee; the various Incorporated Societies; followed by the Freemasons, Oddfellows, Glenfield Workers, Messrs. Coats' Workers, and the various Trades, in the order assigned by ballot.

The PROCESSION will march across Sneddon Bridge to East end of Incle Street, and proceed by way of Gauze Street, Smithhills, High Street, and Wellmeadow, to Castle Street (the Birth-place of TANNAHILL), by George Street to Queen Street (the Poet's residence and weaving-shop) along Broomlands to head of George Street, and from thence proceed by way of George Street, Causeyside, and Carriagehill to the Grounds of WILLIAM FULTON, Esq., at Glenfield.

A GRAND RURAL FETE

Will be held in the Plateau above 'TANNAHILL'S WELL,' when short Addresses will be given by PROVOST MURRAY and other gentlemen; TANNAHILL'S Songs will be sung by a Choir; and the Airs associated with his Lyrics played by Bands assembled on the Ground.

FLORAL ARCHES

Will be erected at prominent points on the route of the Procession:—In the Newtown, near the Abbey; at the Cross; the Free Library and Museum; Broomlands; at head of Castle Street; George Street, at Queen Street; head of Causeyside; at Carriagehill, &c. The

Birth-place of Tannahill and his Residence will also be decorated with flowers and evergreens.

A PUBLIC DINNER,

At which Provost Murray will preside, will take place in the Abercorn Rooms, at Five o'Clock Afternoon.

A MUSICAL SOIREE

Will be held in the Drill Hall at Eight o'Clock Evening —Thomas Coats, Esq. of Ferguslie, in the chair—at which Addresses will be given by several gentlemen, and Tannahill's Songs will be sung by eminent Vocalists and a well-trained Choir.

By Order.
JAMES REID, Secretary.

Paisley, 28th May, 1874.

Wednesday, the 3d of June, 1874, the Centenary Birth-Day, was ushered in by as beautiful a morning as could be desired by the most enthusiastic admirer of Tannahill, and the whole day was one of continued sunshine and success. We entered on the mechanical work of compiling a description of the several miles of decoration and procession, but as it approached completion we discovered that, to do the subject justice, a volume would be required. An abridgement, which we hope will be sufficient and more satisfactory, is therefore given.

The decorations were either sylvan, floral, or artificial, or all combined. The sylvan and floral consisted of branches of trees, evergreens, indigenous shrubs and flowers, ingeniously wrought into crowns, wreaths, garlands, and bouquets, festooned or draped on the buildings, or across the streets, in chaste and artistic profusión. The artificial consisted of flags, tartan plaids, coloured cloth and harness shawls, and occasionally curled shavings of wood, disposed in a similar manner. The procession was composed of the various trades, in plain or fancy dress, with their bands of music, flags, banners, models, emblems, and mottoes ; walking, driving, or riding gaily caparisoned horses. The thousands that occupied the windows, and the tens of thousands that lined the streets, all in holiday attire, were a sight worth seeing. The first recorded decoration and procession in the streets of Paisley was at the Donation of Saint Mirrin's Aisle to the Bailies of Paisley, which took place on 21st July, 1499, when the population of the Burgh would not exceed 522.

Numerous decorations and processions have taken place in the streets of ancient Paisley between the first and last of these events. Many we have seen within the last sixty years, and we have every reason to believe that the one in honour of the Bard was most nobly and fervently responded to by all classes of the community.

The procession having arrived at Gleniffer Braes, the *fete* commenced at two o'clock. The choir in front of the platform, under the leadership of Mr. R. F. M'Gibbon, sung "Thou bonnie wood o Craigielee."

Provost Murray then addressed the large assemblage as follows,—If there is anything of which a nation and a community have just reason to feel proud, it is the fact of having given birth to a man of genius whose name the world will not willingly let die, a man of genius who has reflected credit, not only on his native town, but has added to that national treasury of literature, science, and art which forms, after all, the richest glory and praise of any nation. It is therefore with peculiar feelings of satisfaction, as the head of the community of Paisley, that I have this day witnessed so thorough an appreciation of the merits of poor Robert Tannahill. It shows beyond all question that the Scottish mind is still, as of old, thoroughly imbued with the love and spirit of poetry, and that there is still among us the elements that produce great men in that department of literature. We have this day visited the humble abode where the sweet singer first saw the light of heaven; we have passed the humble dwelling where he pursued his daily toil; and we are now beside his favourite haunts, where he gratified that intense love of nature which is evident in all his works, and from which he drew that inspiration which produced those imperishable works, which will never cease to call forth the feelings of Scotchmen wherever they are sung. The minstrel's harp is now unstrung, the sweet singer's voice is mute and silent; that heart once pregnant with celestial fire is now cold and unfeeling, but nature never dies—these hills and scenes are still renewed from year to year in all their perennial freshness, forming to us, as they did to him, the source of a never-failing love of nature, and the true source of poetry. We are here in the very haunts

of the poet—on Gleniffer Braes—in the neighbourhood of the "dewy dell" and Stanely's turrets, though certainly not covered with snow, and we have at no great distance the "bonnie wood o Craigielee." Man dies, but nature never dies; and I trust that, among the crowds who are here to-day to pay a tribute to the memory of Tannahill, we have some latent talent that may one hundred years hence lead to the commemoration of some son equally gifted, who will reflect additional honour on our native town. I do not know that this is a fitting place—I am sure it is not—to enter into any criticisms of the merits of our sweet singer, because I shall have an opportunity of doing so this evening. I will only add that Tannahill, though dead, yet speaketh; and it will be better than any feeble words I can utter that he should discourse to you in those songs of his which have been wedded to such appropriate music.

"Gloomy Winter's noo awa," by the Choir.

Mr. P. C. Macgregor, who as greeted with cheers, said—The duty I have to perform is to me a most pleasing one. I scarcely remember having a more pleasant one entrusted to me. I have been requested now to move a cordial vote of thanks to the Laird of Glen for the kindness he has shown to this procession, and for the homage he has this day paid to the memory of Robert Tannahill.

Mr. Macgregor was about to proceed, but was interrupted by the loud and prolonged cheering with which his closing words were received, and further by the choir starting, and the vast assemblage joining in singing "For he's a right good fellow."

"Jessie the Flow'r o' Dunblane," Choir.

Bailie Masson said—We have had a very enthusiastic and successful demonstration on the haunts of our sweet singer, Tannahill; and I am sure that hundreds who have never been here before will feel inspired by the beauty of the scenery and the associations surrounding Gleniffer Braes, to come back again,—and you are welcome. The centre round which we have gathered has been our worthy Provost, and I beg to propose a hearty vote of thanks to Provost Murray, for besides the Laird of Glen, there is another "right good fellow."

The choir and company again took up the refrain.

Councillor Cochran moved for a hearty vote of thanks to Mr. R. F. M'Gibbon and the choir.

"God Save the Queen," Choir.

A Public Dinner and Musical Soiree took place in the evening, and several other festive meetings were held throughout the town, but we have not space to insert the proceedings.

We will close with a few pieces of Centenary Poetry, to shew that the flame is still burning which was lighted by Abbot Shaw at Wau Neuk 390 years ago.

A PÆAN.*

By John Ross Macgregor.

Hail! sweet-toned singing bird! Hail! Son of Song!
Our mightiest Dead! The sough that blows
Adown the ravines of Gleniffer Braes
Is laden with the story of thy praise;
And every wimpling burnie as it flows
Doth croon a pæan, and thy fame prolong.
A hundred times the lark hath built her nest,
The bonnie "Bonnie wood o Craigielee"
Hath decked herself a hundred times in green,
Since our sweet Lyrist came upon this scene.
These glens, woods, birds, and flowers we owe to thee,
Modest and true—of all our gifted sons the best.
A reeming goblet to his name we fill,
And twine fresh laurel for our TANNAHILL.

SONNET.

By M—— R——.

He was no climber on the giddy heights
Of poesy, where few can dare to stand;
Nor did he search through dreamy days and nights
To find in human souls some strange new land.

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* This Ode of Triumph appeared in the column of "Talk! Across the Walnuts and the Wine," in the *Paisley Herald* of 31st May, 1874. Mr. Macgregor has published several pieces in the local newspapers.

He lived familiar with the sounds and sights
That rise, from city streets and country soil,
Around the footsteps of the sons of toil.
But on these common things he threw such lights
Of beauty, and from them drew so sweet a song,
That hearts and homes awoke to the glad voice
Which, rising upwards, moved them to rejoice.
Would that on him had gladness lasted long!
And still his thoughts come cheering us this day,
Clear, warm and healthful as the Summer's ray.

3rd June, 1874.

SHADE OF THE POET.

By John Fraser.

Shade of the Poet, dost thou hear
What I've now said of thee;
How you inspired my youthful soul
With song and melodie?

John Fraser, teacher, poet, and vocalist, Johnstone, was born in 1795, and is now in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Fraser could not attend the Centenary Soiree, and his address was read by his son, Mr. James Roy Fraser, Teacher of Music, in Paisley, previous to reading the above piece of poetry. John Fraser was apprenticed to Alexander Renfrew, weaver, residing near *Glenfeoch*, the scene of the "Soldier's Return," and the first literary purchase the apprentice made was Tannahill's poems, published in 1807. He and the other apprentices frequently acted the dramatic Interlude. Mr. Fraser afterwards became a teacher in Kilmalcolm, and removed to Johnstone in 1824. He thereafter became a vocalist, and, with his family, commenced a musical tour in 1843, through Great Britain and Ireland, and the New England States of America, singing many of Tannahill's finest songs, which were always received with the warmest applause. Mr. Fraser, in introducing the songs, generally informed the audience of the subject, and, in reference to those of Tannahill, he always spoke in the most complimentary language of the Lyric Poet. The singing of "Jessie the flower o Dunblane" by his eldest daughter created the deepest emotion, and the "Braes o Balquither" sung as a duett, was a universal charm, and its repetition, a never-failing consequence.

Old as I am, my heart's yet warm,
Once kindled by your fire;
Old as I am, my mind's yet fresh,
Your genius to admire.

Long as it is since first I read,
Enraptured, your fine songs,
My heart cries out that unto you
Deep gratitude belongs.

The flame you kindled e'er shall burn,
And not till death expire;
The mind you roused to mental life
Till death will you admire.

Ye men—ye patriots of this town—
Let Glasgow not you shame;
What it for Burns intends to do,
To your bard do the same.

The ploughman bard, in sculpture grand,
In Glasgow soon you'll see;
Your weaver bard, in sculpture fine,
In Paisley soon must be.

See! see him on yon hill of graves!
Striking his golden lyre;
Gazing on grand Gleniffer Braes,
His heart and soul on fire.

Gleniffer Braes! the world wide
Will then resound your praise,
When to his worth, and yours as well
A monument you raise.

TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

*By William Stewart.**

The poet needs must sing :
The soaring lark
That makes the welkin ring,
When diest the Dark,
With happy heart-beats, thrilling, fall, and strong,
His bliss holds by the tenure of his song.

The poet needs must sing :
The bubbling well
Breaks from dark prisoning,
And leaps to tell,
In liquid murmurings and ripples bright,
Of freedom's joys—glad life, and air, and light.

The poet needs must sing :
The vagrant breeze,
That fans, with cooling wing,
The drooping trees,
Is softly whispering a sweet refrain,
To Nature's many-voiced, melodious strain.

The poet needs must sing :
The wild-flowers raise
A silent worshipping
Of incense-praise,
And blossom music in harmonious dyes,
With God-ward homage in their upraised eyes.

The poet needs must sing :
O Tannahill !
When bird, and breeze, and spring,
And flow'ret, fill

---

* William Stewart, architect, a member of, and *Poet Laureate* to the Paisley Troglodyte Club. He attended the Centenary Tannahill meeting of the Club, and recited the above tribute, an ode of great merit, which was received with rapturous applause.—*Ed.*

The ear of Day with harmonies divine,
A higher, nobler, ministry is thine !

The laverock heaven-ward springs,
And, as he towers,
Life's quit-rent song outflings,
In pattering showers
Of throbbing rapture—Tannahill, 'tis thine
Its fleeting sweetness, in thy song to shrine !

Nested 'mong daily care,
Thy heart was strong
To leave life's hillside bare,
On wings of song,
The common daylight of our thoughts to fill
And glorify with music, Tannahill !

The little wayside well,—
In stones and earth
Low-cradled, yet can tell
Of humble birth
Ennobled by such worth and purity,
As, gentle Tannahill, we find in thee !

Scooped by life's dusty way,
Thy pure, cool spring
Of song, our toilsome day
Aye rest will bring ;
While in the limpid depths we fondly trace
The mirror'd beauties of fair Nature's face.

The westland breezes bring
From verdant leas,
Soft airs, and, cooing, sing
Among the trees,
Æolian melodies, our hearts that thrill
Again, in thy sweet numbers, Tannahill !

Cool, from the sunny hill
And dusky glen,
They stir thy song, and fill
The hearts of men—
Hot with o'erdriving in life's growing strife—
With the calm pulses of a sweeter life.

The wildflower bloom and scent—
A choral strain
Of hue and odour blent,
After soft rain—
With simple grace and dewy freshness fill,
To keep thy memory fragrant, Tannahill.

ODE TO THE MEMORY OF TANNAHILL.

By John S. Mitchell.

Greater hands have struck the lyre
Than thine own, sweet Tannahill,
If thine had not the poet's fire,
Why this bending to thy will.
The hearts of Scotsmen, old and young,
To whatever land they're borne,
Thy woodnotes, wild, come to the tongue
In many a heartfelt form.

---

* John Struthers Mitchell, boot and shoemaker, Paisley, a frequent contributor to the "Poet's Corner" of the local newspapers, was the son of John Mitchell, previously referred to. Mitchell is opposed to hereditary succession, yet, strange to say, he has insensibly set his idiosyncrasy aside, so far as the Muse is concerned, and is himself a poet by *hereditary succession.—Ed.*

'Twas on your own Gleniffer
That you sang your grandest strains;
Scotsmen can forget them never—
Thy songs of hills, and streams, and plains,
That drew from thee, in melody,
The beauties of thy native vale,
In wood, and glen, and dark fir tree,
Meet place to hear a lover's tale.

True, other lads and maidens fair
Now tread the scenes once dear to you;
Still they're the same as when you were,—
Your lessons are for ever true.
The poet-painter's art was thine,
And hill and glen and glancing river
Thou dost in thy sweet verse combine,
In pictures that will last for ever.

The memory of Tannahill
His hundredth natal day calls up;
And Scotsmen, with united will,
To mem'ry drain the festive cup.
What joy we have in our dear bard!
Our memory stored each gentle lay,
Learnt us our mother's voice we heard
Sing them in years long passed away.

And as from our lov'd mother's song
His cherished memory still is near,
Time but makes remembrance strong,
And song and singer still more dear.
And if, like us, our children are
Lovers of the bright and true,
Tannahill, the time is distant far
When Scotsmen will not sing of you.

When I think of your gentle life,
Ill-fitted for the storms that blow,

So soon to sink beneath the strife,
And the harsh words that laid you low ;
I mourn to think how much is lost
Of treasures to a nation's song,
That might have been our proudest boast,
Had years, instead of short, been long.

Enough ! the past we can't recall,
The broken pillar reels to earth,—
The mental beauties never fall,
Nor yet require a second birth ;
But gather'd are into the store
That go to civilize the world,
And Tannahill has added more
Than many who war's flag unfurled.

If dark clouds broke on his life's path,
Bright golden sunshine too was there,
Such as the poet only hath
When fancy wings beyond life's care.
And as his natal day is near,
Due honour to his name we'll pay,
And give with loud and ringing cheer
True welcome to the joyous day.

GLOSSARY.

A, all.
A my lane, all alone.
Abeigh, aloof, at a shy distance.
Aboon, above.
Abreed, abroad.
Ackit, acted.
Ae, one.
Aff, off.
Aft, oft.
Afore, before.
Ahint, behind.
Aiblins, perhaps.
Ain, own.
Ails, what is wrong.
Ailins, sickness.
Airn, iron.
Airt, to direct; skill.
Alane, alone.
Alang, along.
Amaist, almost.
Amang, among.
An, and.
Ance, once.
Auchteen, eighteen.
Ane, one, an.
Anither, another.
Antrin, occasional.
Arle, coin given at a verbal contract.
Auld, old.
Auld-farren, sagacious.
Ava, at all.
Awa, away.
Ay, yes.
Ayont, beyond.

Bairn, child.
Baith, both.
Bane, bone.
Bang, violent, vehement.
Bannock, a cake.
Barmy, giddy, passionate.
Baudrons, a cat.
Bauld, bold; bauldly, boldly.
Bawkie, the bat-bird.
Bawsonet, spot on cattle's head.
Bawtie, a dog.
Bedeen, quickly, forthwith.
Beet, beit, to add fuel to the fire.
Ben, inner apartment; inwards.
Benders, drinkers
Bere, barley
Beuk, buik, a book.
Bicker, a wooden dish for ale.
Bickerin, noise of a stream.
Bide, to abide, remain.
Bield, beild, shelter, protection.
Bien, wealthy.
Big, large.
Biggin, a house, household.
Birk, birch; birken, birchen.
Birkie, a lively fellow.
Birsie, bristly, warm temper.
Bit, a small piece.
Blackbyde, the bramble-berry.
Blae, blue, livid.
Blaeberry, the bilberry.
Blate, bashful, sheepish.
Blaud, a large piece of any thing.
Blaw, a blast; "tak a blaw," take a whiff.
Blearie, bleared.
Bleezin, blazing.
Blether, idle talk.
Blink, a streak of light.
Bluid, blood.
Blunt, stupid.
Blythe, glad, gay.

Boatie, diminutive boat.
Bodes, omens, foreboding.
Boggie, a hobgoblin.
Bonnie, handsome, beautiful.
Bore, a small hole or crevice.
Bouk, bulk.
Bour-tree, the common elder-tree.
Bouroch, a chamber.
Brae, a hill.
Brag, boasting.
Braid, broad.
Braided, plaited.
Braw, fine, handsome.
Brechan, common fern.
Bree, liquor.
Bricht, bright.
Brither, brother.
Brocht, brought.
Brume, broom.
Broo, broth, soup.
Broose, a race on horseback at country weddings.
Buchted glade, a winding glade.
Buirdly, strong, athletic.
Burn, a rivulet; Burnie, diminutive burn.
Busk, to dress finely.
But, outward apartment; outwards.

Ca, a call; to call, to drive.
Cadgier, happy, pleased.
Caft, bought.
Cairney, loose heaps of stones.
Callan, a boy.
Caller, cool, refreshing.
Cam, came.
Cankert, cross, ill-natured.
Canna, cannot.
Cannie, cautious, frugal.
Cantie, cheerful, merry.
Caper, to dance
Carle, an old man.
Carline, an old woman.
Castock, the core or pith of colewart or cabbage.
Carry, motion of the clouds.
Caucht, caught.
Caul, cauld, cold.
Caup, a drinking cup.
Chaft, chafts, jawbone.
Chanter, a part of a bagpipe; "to sound a chanter," to sound a pipe.
Chaps, fellows.
Chiel, a fellow
Chirt, to squeeze.
Chuckie-bird, a chicken.
Clachan, a village.
Claise, clothes.
Claith, cloth.
Clatter, frivolous loquacity.
Cleedin, clothing.
Cleuk, cluik, a cloak.
Clink, money.
Clish-clash, idle discourse.
Cluds, clouds.
Clung, empty.
Clute, cloot, a hoof.
Cocket, set up, vain.
Coft, bought.
Cog, a wooden vessel.
Coggie, diminutive cog,
Coof, a blockhead.
Coots, the ancles.
Coronach, a dirge.
Cosie, cozie, snug, well-sheltered.
Coudna, could not.
Courin, squatting timidly.
Courit, to crouch.
Couthy, kind, loving.
Crabbit, crabbed.
Cracks, conversation.
Craigie, diminutive rock.
Craig's close, the throat.
Cram, fill up, push down.
Cranreuch, hoarfrost.
Craw, to crow, to boast.
Crawberry, the crowberry.
Crawflower, the wild hyacinth.
Crispy, hard and brittle, like frozen snow.
Croodle, to coo as a dove.
Chroichle, a dry cough.
Chroichlin, coughing.
Chronach, a dirge.

Crooket, cruiket, crooked.
Croon, hum a tune, purr as a cat.
Crouse, speaking boldly.
Crowdie, porridge.
Cruik, a crook; to crook.
Cruiket, crooked.
Cruinet, murmuring sound.
Crummock or crummie, a cow
Cuddle, to fondle.
Cuist, cast away.
Cushat, the wood-pigeon.
Cutty pipe, a short tobacco pipe.
Dabbing, attempting.
Daddie, father.
Daffin, merriment.
Daft, silly, fatuous.
Darna, dare not.
Darnt, sewed.
Dasht, thrown impetuous.
Daudlin, slovenly.
Daunert, wandered.
Daur, dare.
Daut, fond.
Dee, to die.
Deil, devil.
Descrive, to describe.
Deftly, fitly.
Deliered, delirious.
Develt, knocked down.
Diddle, to shake, to jog.
Didna, dinna, did not.
Dizzen, a dozen.
Dirt, dust, mud.
Dochter, daughter.
Doil'd, doilt, stupid, confused.
Dolefu, doleful.
Dorty, saucy, nice, discontented.
Dotard, a stupid person.
Doubtna, doubt not.
Douf, pithless, wanting spirit
Douless, spiritless, incompetent.
Dourin, remaining obstinate.
Downa, do not.
Dowie, worn with grief, fatigue.
Dow, to be able to drive; dove
Dozen, to stupify.
Draff, brewers' dregs; draff-cheap, worthless.
Draigle, draggled in the mire.
Drap, to stop; a drop.
Dredgy, the funeral service before or after an interment.
Dree, to endure.
Dreep, to drop like water.
Drift, flying snow.
Drouth, drought, thirst.
Dule, lament.
Dune, finished.
Dusky, dark.
Dyke, dry stone wall.
Dyvour, a bankrupt.

Ee, the eye; een, the eyes.
Eenin, the evening.
Een, eyes.
Eerie, frighted, dreading spirits.
Eident, diligent.
Eild, old age.
Eldrin, elderly.
Erl-kiss, earnest of betrothal.

Fa, fall, to fall.
Fae, foe.
Faen, fallen.
Fallow, fellow.
Fardin, farthing.
Faun, fallen.
Farm-toun, farm-house.
Farrin, sagacious, cunning.
Fash, trouble, care; to trouble.
Fauld, a fold; to fold.
Fause, false.
Faught, a fight, a struggle. fight.
Faut, fault.
Feberwar, February.
Fecht, a fight; to fight.
Feck, many, plenty.
Feckless, weak in body, spiritless.
Fee, wages, to hire.
Fen, fend, the shift one makes; to shift, to support, to fare in general.

Feth, faith.
Feechanie, fetid, nauseous.
Fey, make haste.
Fettle, to join closely, to repair.
Fient, fiend, (a petty oath.)
Finnin, finding.
Fit, foot, to dance.
Fleuk, a flounder.
Fling, to dance.
Flicht, enjoyment.
Fliskin, skipping, capering.
Flunkie, a servant in livery.
Fouks, folks.
Foul, rainy, evil.
Forby, besides.
Forfaien, distressed, worn out, jaded.
Fou, fu, drunk, full.
Fouth, plenty, enough.
Frae, from.
Fraise, a cajoling discourse.
Fuddlin, continued intoxication.
Furthy, frank, affable.
Fuzzie, mossy.
Fyke, trifling cares; to be in a fuss about trifles.

Gab, the mouth.
Gae, to go.
Gait, a way, a street.
Gane, gone.
Gain, keen, covetous.
Gang, to go, to walk.
Gat, got.
Gait, road, walk.
Gaudie, gay dressed.
Ganger, a goer.
Gart, to force, to compel.
Gaun, going.
Gaucy, plump, jolly.
Gawkie, half-witted, foolish.
Gayley, in ordinary health.
Gecht, disdainful toss of head.
Gear, riches, goods of any kind.
Geck, to deride.
Geir, accoutrements.
Gettlin, a child.
Ghaist, a ghost.
Gien, given.
Giggles, childish laughing.
Gin, if, against.
Girn, to grin.
Glamour, magical deception of sight. Hence to cast glamour o'er ane, to cause deception of sight.
Glintet, glanced.
Gloamin, the twilight.
Glowrs, broad staring.
Gowan, the generic name for the daisy; singly, it denotes the mountain daisy; gowany, abounding with daisies.
Gowd, gold; gowden, golden.
Gowk, the cuckoo; also, a fool.
Graff, a grave.
Grane, a groan; to groan.
Grannie, grandmother.
Gree, to agree, superiority.
Greet, to weep.
Grew, a greyhound.
Gruff, coarse speaking.
Grip, a grasp; to grasp.
Groats, milled oats.
Grun, ground.
Gruntin, sound of pigs.
Gude, guid, good; also used for the name of God.
Gudeman, a husband.
Gudewife, a wife.
Gunk, to gie the, to give the slip, to jilt.
Gush, rush of water.
Gutcher, (corruption of gudesire) a grandfather.

Ha, hall.
Habble, noisy persons.
Hae, have.
Haena, have not.
Haffet, the temple, the side of the head.
Haggis, a kind of pudding boiled in a stomach of an animal.

Haill, whole.
Haflins, a young lad, doubting.
Hags, notches.
Hale, in health, vigorous.
Hallan, lobby of an old cottage.
Hame, home.
Hamert, domestic.
Hap, covering.
Hash, a sloven, a foolish fellow.
Hasna, has not.
Hauf, half.
Hauld, ald, alt, a stream with high banks.
Havers, foolish talk.
Haudin, holding, goods.
Heather, heath.
Hecht, offered.
Hee, heigh, hie, high.
Hel, held.
Herrit, robbed.
Hichts, Heights.
Hidlin, secret.
Hielan, highland.
Hilch, to hobble, to halt.
Hilclung, halting.
Hinmaist, last person.
Hinna, have not.
Hip, to hop.
Hips, fruit of brier.
Hobblin, bad walking.
Holm, the level low ground on the banks of a river.
Hone, delay
Hooly, cautious.
Hoot, dissatisfaction.
Houghmagandie, immorality.
Housin, houses.
Houkit, to dig.
Howdie, a midwife.
Howe, a hollow.
Howk, to dig.
Howlet, an owl.
Hubble, habble, hobble, a hubbub, a riot, a state of perplexity.
Hunner, a hundred.
Hurcheon, a hedgehog.
Hurkle, to squat, to draw the body together.
Hurl, drive in a cart.
Hurryin, running.

I, in.
Ill-faur'd, ill-favoured.
Ilk, ilka, each, every.
Ingle, fire, fire-place.
Inmaist, inmost.
Ise, I shall, or will,
Ither, other, one another.

Jink, to turn suddenly.
Jirgum, to jerk as with a fiddle-bow.
Joe, a sweetheart.
Jorum jirger, a player of tunes on the fiddle.
Jig, to play on the fiddle.

Kebar, (cabbar,) a rapacious person.
Kecklin, laughing violently.
Kell, scarf.
Ken, to know.
Kent, known.
Kennin, acquaintance, a small portion, a slight degree.
Kimmer, a gossip.
Kintra, country.
Kirk, a church.
Kirkward, churchward.
Kirk-yard, a church-yard.
Kittle, to tickle, intricate.
Knowe, a small round hillock.
Kye, cows.
Kyte, the belly.

Labster, a lobster.
Laddie, a boy.
Ladin, a load.
Laigh, low.
Lair, to stick in the mire.
Laird, landlord.
Laith, loathe.
Lamikin, a young lamb.
Lammies, lambs.
Lan, land.
Lane, lone, alone.
Lanely, lonely.

Lang, long.
Lang-kail, coleworts not minced.
Langsome, tedious, longsome.
Langsyne, long time ago.
Lapstane, the stone a shoemaker holds on his knee or lap to beat leather upon.
Lave, the rest, the others.
Laverock, a lark.
Lawin, a reckoning.
Lawlan, lowland.
Lea, pasture ground.
Lea, to leave.
Lear, learning.
Leddie, a lady.
Leel, loyal, true, faithful.
Lee-lang, live-long.
Lewk, look.
Leeze-me ! (leif is me !) dear is to me.
Leuch, leugh, laughed.
Licht, a light.
Lift, the sky.
Lilt, a ballad, a tune ; to sing.
Lingal, a shoemaker's thread.
Linn, a cataract, a pool.
Lippin, to entrust.
List, to hear.
Loe, luve, love.
Loof, (plural, looves,) the palm of the hand.
Loomin, misty.
Loup, a leap ; to leap.
Lowe, a flame ; to burn.
Lown, serene.
Luggie, a small wooden dish.
Luik, a look ; to look.
Lug, the ear.
Luit, loot, did let.
Lum, a chimney.
Lum pig, a chimney can.
Luve, love.
Lyart, grey, a mixed colour.

Mae, or mair, more.
Mailin, a farm.
Maist, most; maistly, mostly.
Mak, make.
Mammie, mother.
Mane, moan ; to moan.
Marrit, married.
Mashlum, mixture.
Maun, must.
Maun na, must not.
Mavis, a thrush.
Maw, to mow, mouth.
Maybe, perhaps.
Measlt, spotted.
Meikle, much.
Mennon, a minnow.
Mense, thanks, dignity.
Messan, a small dog.
Mettle, active, strength.
Mew, the cry of a cat.
Micht, might.
Midges, gnats.
Minnie, mother.
Mirk, dark.
Mirly-breasted, speckled on the breast.
Mischanter, mishanter, misfortune.
Mither, mother.
Mizzly, mizzled, having different colours.
Mole-eet, mole-eyed.
Mony, many.
Mool, to crumble.
Moole, chilblains.
Mools, buried.
Mou, the mouth.
Muckle, much.
Munonday, Monday.
Murky, cloudy.

Na, no, not, nor.
Nae, no, not.
Naething, nothing.
Nane, none.
Nappy, ale.
Naught, nought.
Neb, the nose.
Neer, never.
Neer-do-weel, a never-do-well, a scapegrace.
Neist, next.
Neuk, nook, corner.

Nibblin, eating with front teeth.
Nicht, night.
Nip, a squeeze.
Nocht, nothing.
Norlan, North.

O, of.
Ocht, ought.
Oddsaffs, godsake.
Ony, any.
Oor, our.
Ourie, shivering, drooping.
Owk, a week.
Owre, over, too.
Out-owre, over.

Pairtrick, a partridge.
Parin, thin cut of cheese.
Pawky, cunning, sly.
Pease-strae, pease-straw.
Peep, a look.
Peeseweep, a lapwing.
Pibrocharian, a player of pibrochs, or Highland airs.
Pine, linger.
Pith, strength.
Pitty-patty, all in a fluster.
Plack, a coin equal to the third of a penny sterling.
Plaid, an outer loose garment.
Plaidie, a small plaid.
Plantin, a wood.
Pleuch, plough.
Pook, down on clothes.
Poortith, poverty.
Pouther, powder.
Pow, the head.
Pu, to pull.
Puff, a little smoke.
Puir, poor.
Pund, a pound.

Quaigh, a small, shallow drinking-cup, with two ears.
Quat, to quit, to desist.
Quhat, what.
Quhilk, which.

Racket, an uproar.
Rae, a roe.
Raiks, gathering cinders.
Rair, roar.
Rant, to make merry.
Rantin, merry, cheerful, jovial.
Rattlin, bustlin, running past.
Reave, to deprive.
Redd, cleared up.
Red-wat-shod, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
Reft, snatched away.
Reestle, a blow, to beat.
Revit, deprived.
Rin, to run.
Risp, to make a harsh sound.
Roguie, a petty rogue.
Roose, to praise, to commend.
Roun, round.
Row, to roll, to wrap.
Rowt, to bellowing.
Rown-tree, mountain ash.
Rue, to repent.
Runkled, wrinkled.
Runt, the stem of colewort or cabbage.

Sae, so.
Saft, soft.
Saip, sape, soap.
Sair, sore.
Sandy, Sanners, Alexander.
Sanes, signs.
Sang, a song.
Santer, a slow pace.
Sappy, plump.
Sark, a shirt.
Saugh, the willow.
Saul, the sole.
Saw, to sow.
Sax, six.
Scant, scarcity.
Scart, to scratch.
Scaud, scaul, a scald; to scald.
Scauld, to scold.
Scone, a flour cake.
Scours, running.
Scraichin, shrieking.
Screed, to tear; screed aff, to do anything quickly.

Scrimpit, scanty, deficient.
Scroggie, thorny, briery.
Scullion, a low fellow.
Scuttle, to cook, to pour from one vessel to another.
Sey, to essay, to try.
Seggs, the sedge.
Serse, preserve us.
Shantrews, a dance.
Shaw, a small plantation, to shew.
Sheen, pupil of eye.
Shielin, a hut, or shed.
Shortsyne, a short time since, lately.
Shouther, shoulder.
Shune, shoes.
Sic, such.
Siccan, such kind of.
Sich, to sigh.
Sicht, sight.
Sidelins, sidelong, indirectly.
Siller, silver money.
Simmer, summer.
Sine, since, to rinse.
Sinsyne, since.
Sinks, drains.
Skellat, a small bell.
Skelp, a stroke; to strike, to slap.
Skelper, a low fellow.
Skep, a bee hive.
Skiff, to blow out.
Skinkle, to sparkle.
Sklent, sklint, slant, to look askance.
Sklintet, to look askance.
Slae, a sloe.
Slake, to drink.
Slavert, saliva, spittal.
Slee, sly.
Sleeky, faining, deceitful.
Slidder, slippery.
Slicht, to jilt, slight.
Slippit, went out covertly.
Slocken, to quench.
Sma, small.
Smiddy, a smithy.
Snaw, snow.
Snod, in order.
Snood, a fillet for binding.
Snool, to submit tamely.
Socht, sought.
Sodger, a soldier.
Sonsy, good-humoured, plump, well-conditioned.
Soop, to sweep.
Soud, should.
Sough, sugh, a rushing or whistling sound.
Souple, supple.
Souter, a shoemaker.
Southron, an Englishman.
Sowdie, or powsowdie sheeps's-head broth: milk and meal boiled together.
Sowther, to solder.
Spankie, moving with quickness and elasticity.
Spat, spit.
Spawl, a limb.
Speat, or spate, a sweeping torrent after rain or thaw.
Spiel, to climb.
Spier, to ask, to inquire.
Spunkie, the will o the wisp, or *ignis fatuus*.
Spool, weaver's pirn.
Squal, scream.
Squat, to sit down.
Sta, a stall.
Stabs, coarse pailing.
Stan, stand.
Stane, a stone.
Starn, a star.
Stey, steep.
Stirk, a bullock or heifer between one and two years old.
Stodgin, sulky humour.
Stour, dust, more particularly dust in motion.
Strae, straw.
Stragglin, falling out of order.
Stran, a gutter.
Strawns, gutters.
Streek, to stretch.
Sughin, wild wind.
Sumph, soft fellow.

Sune, soon.
Surly, rough.
Swarf, fainting.
Swirlon, destorted.
Swither, irresolution in choice; to hesitate.
Swurds, swords.
Syne, since, ago, then.

Tae, to.
Taent, taken it.
Taes, toes.
Taigle, to detain.
Tak, to take.
Tane, the one.
Tap, top.
Tauk, talk.
Tauld, told.
Tautet, or tautie, matted hair or wool.
Theek, to thatch.
Thegither, together.
Thir, these.
Thocht, thought.
Thole, to suffer, to endure.
Thrang, throng.
Thrave, thrive.
Thrawart, cross, perverse.
Thretty, thirty.
Thrift, prosperity.
Thrum, to purr like a cat.
Timmer, timber; to toom the timmer, to empty the (wooden) drinking cup.
Tine, or tyne, to lose; tint, lost.
Tither, the other.
Tip, information.
Tocher, a marriage portion.
Toom, empty; to empty.
Toots, expressive of dissatisfaction.
Towmont, twelve months.
Tramp, traveller.
Triggin, decking.
Trowth, truth.
Tryst, an appointment to meet, to engage.
Tugs, draws.
Tuik, took.
Twa, two.
Twal, twelve.
Tyke, a dog.

Vaunty, boastful.
Vera, very.
Vogie, vain.

Waw, a wall.
Wad, would; to let; a pledge.
Wadna, would not.
Wae, wo; (adject.) sorrowful.
Waeful, woful.
Waes me! waesucks! wo is me! alas!
Waff, shabby, worthless; to throw into the shade.
Wair, to lay out as expense.
Wale, to choose.
Wallet, a vallet.
Wallop, a quick motion with much agitation of the clothes, as in dancing.
Wame, the belly.
War, were.
Wark, work.
Warl, world.
Warlock, a wizard.
Warsel, to wrestle, to strive.
Warst, worst.
Wassells, articles in a house.
Wat, wet; I wat, I wot.
Wauk, walk.
Wauken, awake.
Waukrif, wakeful, not apt to sleep.
Waur, worse.
Wean, a child.
Wee, little.
Weeds, widows' mournings.
Weel, well.
Weel's me! (weel is me!) happy am I.
Weel-hain'd, well-saved.
Weet, wet, rain.
Weir, war.
Westlan, western.
Wha, who.
Whack, a piece, a stroke.

Whamlet, turned upside down.
Whan, when.
Wheesht, be silent.
Wheetlet, wheedled.
Whiles, sometimes.
Whilk, which.
Whiskin, quick motion.
Wheep, small ale.
Wi, with.
Wicht, a person.
Widna, would not.
Wuds, plantations.
Wifie, a little wife.
Wilyart, wilzart, wild, shy, timid.
Wimple, to meander.
Win, wind.
Winna', will not.
Wizen, throat.
Wuddie, a rope of willow twigs.
Wyse, to wyse awa', to wheedle, to entice.
Wyly, cunning.
Wyte, blame.

Yeldrin, yellow-hammer.
Yestreen, yesternight.
Yett, a gate.
Yill, ale.
Yird, earth.
Yocket, yokit, yocked; engaged.
Yon, further.
Yont, beyond.
Youff, to bark.
Yowl, to howl.
Yunkers, youths.

INDEX.

Page

Abolition of Slavery, - 75
Address of Provost Hugh Macfarlane, - - 500
Address of Provost David Murray, - - - 509
Address of Bishop Wishart, 54
Advertisement with 1st Edition, - - - 477
Acquaintanceship of M'Laren and Smith, - lix.
Airs, Poet collecting old xlix.
Alms House, - - xxx., 489
Altar Tomb in Saint Mirin's Aisle, - - 54
American Ornithologist, 57, 481, 490
Appendix, - - - 453
Auld age and youth, - 34
Application to Archibald Constable, - - lxxxii.
Apprenticeship of the Poet, - - - - xlv.

Bagpipe competition, - 94
Band of Argyleshire Militia, - - 316, 385
Bargain, A Willie Glassford, - - - - 121
Battle of Aboukir, 2, 5, 11, 29, 30
,, Alexandria, 3, 11, 29
,, Bannockburn, - 245
,, Corunna, - - 252
,, Culloden, - 237, 40
,, Falkirk, - 243, 44
,, Flodden, 152, 54, 230
,, Langside, - - 232
,, Salamanca, 5, 11
Bird nesting, - - 89, 108
Birth and Childhood of the Poet, - - - xliii.
Birth of Burns, 54, 56, 439
Births of James Tannahill's Children, - - xxxix,
Births of Thomas Tannahill's Children, - xxv.-

Page

Births, Marriages, and Deaths of the Tannahill Family, - lxxxviii.
Book Clubs in Paisley, xxxvii.
Bouroch of the Sun Tavern, - - lxxx., 315
Bracket, The Tannahill - 476
Brodie families of Langcraft, - - xxxiii, 266-71
Buildings in Paisley in 1756, Public - xxviii.
Burning of Tannahill's Songs, - lxxviii., 478
Burning of Wilson's Poem, - - - - 62
Burns Club, Formation of, lxii.
,, ,, Kilbarchan, - 114
,, Favourite Caup, 129-30
,, Portrait of - - 117
Bust of Tannahill, Marble 475
Buttons, Dollar - - 97

Caller Herrin, lxxvi., 349, 425
Cameron Highlanders, - 4, 11
Cash in the bank, lxxxiii.
Caup, R. Allan's song of the - - - - - 130
Caup, The Craigielee - 193
Centenary of Robert Allan, - - - - 123
Centenary of Tannahill, - 505
Certain Curious Poems, - 487
Certificate of Burns' birth, - - - 56, 439
Chairmen of the Tannahill Club, - - - - - 497
Changes in the Tannahill Family, - - - li.
Champion of Scotland, - 243
Chaplain at Funeral, lxxxviii.
Chartulary of Paisley, - 485
Chinese Whang, - - 18
Club criticism, - - lxi.
Club, Formation of a social, - - - - lvii.

Page
Club Meetings, Combined lxv.
Collecting Irish Airs, - lxxv.
Concert Handbills, 21, 307, 412, 34
Concert for Thomas Boyd, 98
Concert of Smith and Stuart, - - - 97, 98
Contributions to Periodicals, lxv., lxvi., lxvii., lxviii., lxix., lxxvii.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Barr, From James - 443, 445
Barr, To James 367, 74, 80-81, 90, 405, 19, 24, 35
Bishop, To James - - 389
Borland, To Alexander - 437
Clark, From James 367-91, 403
Clark, To James 372-82, 400-13-23-27-33
Crawford, From John 368, 442
Crawford, To John - - 398
Finlayson, From William, 448
Finlayson, To William - 408
Kibble, From William 386, 407-15
Kibble, To William 365-87
King, From James - 391-93
King, To James 401-15-21-28-29-32-33
Lang, To Robert - 388, 438
Livingston, From Wm. 365-72
Macfarlane, To John 397, 410-22-30-32
Porteous, To William 443, 45
Smith, From R. A. - 426-38
Smith, To R. A. - - 419
Stewart, To Thomas - 435
Tannahill, To Matthew - 442
Tannahill, From Robert 365, 371-72, 374, 380-1-2, 387-8-9-90, 397-98, 400-1, 405-6-8, 410, 413, 415, 418-19, 421-22-23-24, 427-8-9-30, 432-33, 435, 37
Tannahill, To Robert 365, 368, 372, 386, 391, 393, 403, 407, 415
Thomson, To G. 413, 418, 430
Page
Thomson, To William - 387

Cost of building a Cottage in 1775 - - - xxxviii.
Country Rambles of the Poet - - - -xlvi.
Courtship of Queen Marie, 230
Courtship of Tannahill 1, 209
Cousins of the Poet still living, - - lxxiii., lxxiv.
Croft Society, - - 85, 86
Crocston Castle, - 230, 441
Crookston Dollar, - - 231
Cyrus, Tannahill's dog - 143

Dancing in Paisley, xlvii., 211
Death, The Years of the Great, - - li., lii., 4
Death, - - 82, 83, 106
Death of General Sir Ralph Abercromby, - 2, 30
Death of James Tannahill (father), xlii., lv., lxxxviii., 66
Death of the Poet Tannahill, - - lxxxiv., 107
Dedication of several Editions, - - iii., 477-79-94
Defamation, - - 111, 410
Delivery of 1st Edition, lxxiii., 387-88-89
Description of property, 32 Castle Street, - 504
Description of property, 6 Queen Street, - - xl.
Description of Paisley by Willie Glassford, - - 121
Description of Tannahill, 114
Destroying his Poetry, Tannahill, - lxxviii., 478
Diffidence of Tannahill, xliii., 198
Dinner to Professor Wilson, - - - - 74
Disconsolate Wren, - 64
Discovery of Tannahill's body, - - lxxxvi.
Dispensary, James Tannahill elected Director of, - - - - xliii.

Page
Distress in Paisley, - lii.
Dog, Sagacity of a, - 147
Dogs are honest creatures, - - - 143
Drama, The, - - lxxv., 404
Drawing of Tannahill, Jn. Morton's, lxxxvii., 471-94
Drawing of caricatures by Motherwell, - - 486
Drawing and Painting by Alex. Wilson, - - 490
Dress of Paisley *Beaux* and *Belles*, - xlviii.
Dress of Tannahill, - - lx.

Edition of Tannahill's Works, - 1807, 477
,, - 1815, 478-79
,, - 1817. 479
,, - 1819, 483
,, - 1822, 489
,, - 1833, 491
,, - 1838, 493
Edition by the Author. Proposed *Second*, lxxviii., 436
Education of the Poet, - xliii.
Emigration of R. Allan, - 123
Emigration of Alexander Wilson, - - - 60
Engagements of the 79th, 11
England, Poet's residence in, - - - - liv.
Engravings of Tannahill, 474, 84, 89, 94
Erection of Monumental tombstone, - - - 498
" Ettrick Shepherd, " Meeting with the, lxxix.

Fac-simile of Tannahill's songwriting, - 187
Ferguslie, Lands of, 189, 191
Filial Vow, - - lvii., 65
Fingal's shield, - - 46
First lines of poems in all the Editions, xiv.
First lines of songs in all the Editions, xvi.
Freedom of Paisley denied to the poet Campbell, 74

Page
Freemason? Was Tannahill a, - - - lxxxii.
Friendship, - - - 112
Fountain gardens, - - 191

Gælic kirk, Queen of the, 5
Genealogy of Prince Leopold, - - - - 233
Gentle corps, - - 20, 246
Glencraigie's wife, - - 32
Glossary, - - - 519
Golden dream, - - 17-18
Gouden ring, The, - - 32
Grannie, Lochwinnoch, - 435
Guide to Gleniffer Braes, xi.
Gun of Alexander Wilson, ornithologist, - - 57

Habbie Simpson, or Robt. Simpson, - - - - 128
Hall of Argyle, - 316, 443
Hardyknute, Author of, 179
Harmonica, Universal, 473
Harp of Renfrewshire, 483-488
Health of the Poet, lx., 432-437
High church steeple, 10, 28
Hindoo Mythology, - 75
Historians, - - 119-20
Hogg, Meeting with James, - lxxix., 437, 444
Hope Temple, Building of, liii.
Hospital, J. Tannahill chosen Director of, - xl.
House in Queen Street, Building, - - xxxvii.
Houses in Paisley in 1756, xxvi.
Humanity, - - - 108
Husbandry, Address on, 266-67

Improvement of the Town, lxx.
Index to correspondence, xxii.
Institution of Tannahill Club, - - - - 496
Interview of Hogg and Tannahill, - lxxix., 437, 444
Interview with John Ross, 392
Invasion of Britain, - 246
Inventions of John Morton, - - - - 472
Iona, Ruins of, - - 180

Page
Jean, the daughter from Glenfeoch, - - - 221

Kilbarchan Farmer Society, - - - xxxiv.

Lairs in West Relief cemetery, - lxxxviii., 211
Landing of troops in Egypt, - - - 29
Last Letter of Tannahill, 437
Last Piece of Tannahill, - 318
Last Visit of Tannahill to Glasgow, - - lxxxiv.
Letters, see *Correspondence.*
Life of Arthur Sneddon, lxxxvii.-viii.
Life of the Renfrewshire Bard, - - - - - 482
Life of Tannahill in this Edition, - - - xxv.
Lighting of Saint Mirin's Tomb, - - lxxviii.
Lighting of Weaver's Looms, Paisley, lxxviii.
Likeness of the Poet, Drawing, - lxxxvii, 471
List of Papers kept by Miss Barr, - - - 93
Lyre, Number of strings in the, - - - 74

Man of Feeling, - - 57
Manufactures of Paisley in 1790, - - - xlvi.
Manuscript song, - - 187
Marriage of James Tannahill, - - xxxii.
March the Eighth, that memorable day, 2, 5, 29
Map of the Land of Tannahill, - - - x.
Meal Market, - xxix., 427
Memorandum or Notebook of Poet's Father, xxxvii.
Merit, Pride, and Interest, - - - - 387
Misery, - - - 111

Page
Mistake in the date of Burns' birth, - 55, 439
Moderation, - - - 111
"Modestus," 37, 44, 141, 148, 167, 287, 308, 378, 399.
Morneen I Gaberland, 18, 220-1
Mortality in the Tannahill Family, - - 365
Muses, Names of the nine, 48
Museum of J. Buchanan, 93, 113
Museum and Library, Free, - - - 190
Music teaching in Ayr, R. A. Smith's, - - 438
Musical tour of Fraser Family, - - - 389

Names of Persons, see *Persons.*
North-British Fusiliers, 4, 11

NOTES BY AUTHOR AND EDITORS.

Finlayson, - - - 409
Lamb, 18, 25, 36, 220, 347
Motherwell, 54, 152-55, 202-5, 43
Muir, - - - 341
M'Kenzie, - - - 65
M'Laren, 60, 65, 195, 234, 63
Purvis & Aitken, 84, 117, 161
Ramsay, 41, 42, 43, 55, 61, 65, 70, 72, 81, 95, 99, 106, 13, 15, 21, 24, 26, 27, 28, 52, 55, 65, 71, 76, 82, 84, 92, 93, 99, 205, 8, 25, 28, 30, 31, 35, 37, 44, 46, 52, 55, 64, 66, 69, 72, 73, 74, 81, 82, 85, 90, 92, 97, 304, 13, 15, 19, 25, 27, 29, 33-35, 38, 41, 414, 34.
Semple, xxvii., xxix., xxx., xxxi., xxxv., xlii., l., li., liii., lvi., lxii., lxiii., lxiv., lxvi., lxvii., lxviii., lxix., lxx., lxxii., lxxiii., lxxv., lxxvi., lxxviii., lxxxv., lxxxvi., lxxvii., 2, 4, 7, 9, 11, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19,

Page
20, 22, 23, 26, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 34, 35, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 53, 54, 55, 61, 64, 66, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 78, 81, 82, 84, 87, 88, 89, 90, 92, 93, 94, 95, 97, 98, 99, 100-2, 104, 106-7, 109, 113, 115-9, 120-2, 125-9, 130-7, 139, 141, 143-4, 146, 148-9, 152, 154-5, 159, 161-5, 167-9, 173, 176, 179-80, 182, 184, 186, 189-92, 195-6, 200-6, 209, 213-4, 217-8, 221-3, 225-9, 230-1, 233-9, 240-1, 243, 245-6, 248-9, 251-4, 256-7, 261, 264, 266, 269-73, 275, 278-9, 280-2, 284-7, 289, 291, 293, 295-7, 300, 303-4, 306-7, 313, 316-9, 325, 333, 342, 345, 348-9, 351-3, 356, 358-9, 360-1, 365, 367-9, 372, 377-9, 380-5, 389-90, 394, 397, 400-401, 404-5, 409, 411, 419-420, 424-7, 429-33, 436, 448, 457-8, 460, 462-3, 466, 468, 469, 473, 486, 487, 511, 512, 514, 516.
Smith, 192, 195, 198, 203, 208, 220, 300, 315, 318.
Tannahill, 70, 76, 79, 93, 115, 117, 120, 139, 142, 161, 169, 182, 186, 256, 351.
Numbering of houses in Paisley streets, lxxi., lxxii.

Oddfellows, Paisley, - 63
Opinion of Wordsworth and Tannahill Poetry, 235
Opinion of Ross's Music, 12
Ornithologist, Alexander Wilson (The), 57, 60, 481, 490

Painting of Burns by Tannock, - - - 117
Paintings of Tannahill, - 474
Page
Palace of Inchinnan, - 230
Patriot and the Patriot Bard, - - - 53, 54
Pavements a Promenade, The, - - - lxxi., 432
Personal Appearance of the Poet, - - - lx.

PERSONS, NAMES OF
Earls of Abercorn, - - xxix.
Sir Ralph Abercromby, 2, 5, 30
William Adie, - - 84
George Allan, - - - 215
G. Allan, - - - 406
Mary Allan, - - 215-16
Robert Allan, - 122-23, 129-30, 215, 457
The Allans, - - - - 374
Alexander the Great, 109, 120
George Alexander, - - 308
Robert Alexander, - - 201
John Till Allingham, - 125
Marion Allison or Tannahill, - - - - - lvii.
John Alston, - - - 475
Alexander Anderson, - 12
David Anderson, - - 63
David Anderson, - 349, 425
James Anderson, LL.D., - 264
William Anderson, - lxiv., 88, 225, 367, 374, 460
James Andrew, - - xli.
James Archibald, - - 469
Archimedes, - - - 182
James Armour, - - 129
Mary Arnot or Buchanan, 114
James, Earl of Arran, - 190
James Arthur, - - 502
Ann Auchencloss, - - 360
John Baliol, - - - 54
Bank, Glasgow Union, - lxxv.
Bank, The Paisley, 139-40
Bank, Paisley Union, - lxxv.
Bank of Scotland, The Union, - - - lxxv.
Sir Joseph Banks, - - 74
William Banks, - - xlvii.
John Barbour, - 155-56
Jean Barclay or Tannahill, li.

Page
James Barr, lxxix., lxxv., lxxxi., 92-3, 113, 118, 192, 245, 251, 269, 349, 367, 374, 384, 390, 399-400, 405, 419-20, 424-25, 435, 443, 445, 447.
Eliza Barr or Bannerman, 93, 269
Janet Barr, - - 92, 269
John Barr, - - - 384
Mary Barr or Tannahill, - li.
Matthew Barr, - - 93
William Barr, - - - 270
Walter Barr, - - - 93
James Beattie, - - 132
William Beith, - - 474
Miss Bell, - - - 13
William Bell, - - - 377
E. Bellchambers, - - 489
Bellman & Kelly, - - 373
W. H. W. Betty, - - 95
Margaret Biggar or Tannahill, - - - xxxi.
James Bishop, - - - 389
Alexander Bissland, - 184
Thomas Bissland, - - 185
Thomas Bissland, lxviii., 184-5, 191
Rev. Thomas Bissland, - 185
Alexander Black, - - 491
Blackie & Sons, - - 492
Andrew Blaikie, lxxx., 50-51 53, 245, 382, 444
Hugh Blair, - - - 120
Matthew Blair, - 371, 374, 421, 499, 502
Robert Blair, - - 416, 421
Rev. Walter Blair, - - - 5
Rev. Robert Boog, - lxx., 21, 361, 441
Alexander Borland, lxviii., lxxxii., lxxxiv., 106, 396, 437, 455, 457.
Geordie Bowse, - - 270
Thomas Boyd, - - - 98
John Braham, - 212, 420, 446
"Matthew Bramble," - 430
Admiral Bruix, - - 377
Andrew Brodie, xxxiii., xxxiv., xl.
Andrew Brodie, xxxiv., 266
Page
Hugh Brodie, xxxii., xxxiii., xxxiv., xl., 152, 213, 266-7, 271
Janet Brodie or Pollock, xxxii., xxxiii,
Robert Brodie, xxxiv., 271
Callum Brogach, - - 290
Allan Brown, - 161-62, 168
Agnes Brown or Burns, - 56
Andrew Brown, - - xxxi.
Isaac Brown, - - 485, 487
Matthew Brown, - - 162
Robert Brown, Provost, 162, 348
Brown, Sharp, & Co., - 98
Thomas Brown, - - 375
Thomas Brown & Son, - 161
Robert Bruce, - - - 54
Duke of Brunswick, - 116
Patie Brydie, xxxv., 17, 22, 271
Patrick Buchan, - - 207
Jas. Buchanan, 92-93, 113-14, 481
James Buchanan, *tertius*, - 114
John Buchanan, - - 114
Thomas Buchanan, 385, 400, 405, 428
James Bunten, - - xxv.
Mary Bunten or Tannahill - - - - xxv.
Napoleon Buonaparte, - 246-7
Edmund Burke, - - 109
Peter Burnet, lxxxv., lxxxvi.,
Gilbert Burns, - - 303, 436
Robert Burns, lxiii., 37, 39, 41-2, 49-50, 54, 56, 382, 440-9
William Burns, lxxxvi., 66
William Burns, - 56, 440
Jean Burton or Dewar, - 5-6
Samuel Butler, - - 120

James Caldwell, 193, 368, 380, 419, 425
George Caldwell, - - 485
William Caldwell, - - 215
Sir Alan Cameron, - - 4
Gibbie Cameron, - - 271
Thomas R. Cameron, - 139
Archibald Campbell, xii., 233
David Campbell, - - 497

Page
Flora Mure Campbell, - 247
Thomas Campbell, lix., lx., lxxxii., 12, 49, 73-4, 261-62, 382, 434, 437.
Caroline Amelia, - - - 116
George Carswell, - - 391
Thomas Carswell, - - 475
Michael de Cervantes, - 120
John Chalmers, - - l.
King Charles II., 120, 139, 448
Prince Charlie, - 237, 240
King Charles III., - - 240
Charlotte Augusta, - - 116
Cicero, - - - - 94
Queen Charlotte, - - xlvi.
Allan Clark, - - - 495
Clark & Ramsay, - - 495
James Clark, lxxvi., 12, 98, 245, 315-16, 367-8, 382, 391, 393, 400, 403, 405, 413, 423, 427, 433, 443
Robert Clark, - - - 461
Dr. Clelland, - - - 359
Sir Peter Coats, - - 64, 190
Thomas Coats, - - liii., 191
Gavin Cochran, - xxvii.
John Cochran,- - - 191
Margaret Cochran or Tannahill, - - - li.
Robert Cochran, - - 497
William Cochran, - xxvii.
Thomas Cockburn, - - 140
J. & J. Cogan, - - 397
King Coilus, - - - 49
A. Constable & Co., lxxii., 479
George F. Cooke, - - 390
James Cook, - - - 94
James Cook, - - - 503
John Cook, - - - 497
Robert Corse, - - - 101
Hugh Cowan, - - - 233
Daniel Craig, - - 441-42
Robert Craig, - - - 427
William Craig, - - 427
Archibald Crawford, - 117
George Crawfurd, - 190, 230
Helen Crawford, - - 127
Jean Crawford or Smith li., 209-10

Page
John Crawford, - 74, 496-7
John Crawford, 290, 351-2, 368-9, 371, 398, 442-3
Patrick Crawford, - - 127
Robert Crawford, - - 127
Thomas Crawfurd, - - 190
William Crawford, - - 127
Hugh Crichton, - 412, 478
Robert Croc, - - - 230
R. Crosby & Co., - lxix., 278
William, Duke of Cumberland, - - - 240
Allan Cunningham, 293, 492

Henry, Lord Darnley, 230-31
William Dalrymple, D.D., 56
Sir David Dalrymple, - 119
R. F. Dalziel, - - 502
Robert Danyelston, - 196
Robert Deans, - lxxiv.
William Deans, xxxiii., lxxiv.
Isobel Dewar, 5, 6, 16, 19
Robert Dewar, - - 5
David Dickie, - - 403
Mary Donald or Pollock, xxxiii.
J. N. Dickie, - - 463
Margaret Douglas, Countess of Lennox, - - - 230
Janet Drummond or Tannahill, - - - lvi.
James Drummond, - - 74
Earls of Dundonald, xxix., 85, 191
Widow Dunn, xxxviii., 163
William Dunn, - 297, 504
John Dryden, - - - 78

King Edward I., xxviii., 53
Robert Elwalde, - - 128
James, 13th Earl of Errol, 479
William Erskine, - - 231
Mary Ewing, - - 86

William Falconer, - - 489
Robert Farquharson, - 74
James Ferrie, - - 497
James Fillans, - - 476
John Fillans, - - 476
Findlay, Ure, Bryce, & Co, 85

Page

Fingal, - - - - 261
Alexander Finlay, - 377
John Finlay, - - - 375
William Finlay, - 375-77
William Finlayson, 238-39, 408-48
John Fisher, - - - 497
Walter Fitzallan, - - 199
Rev. Oliver Flett, - - 503
Johnnie Flint, - - 70
George Fowler, - lxxii.
James Roy Fraser, - - 512
John Fraser, - - 389, 512
Archibald Fullerton & Co., 494
Humphrey Fulton, - - xxxi.
Robert Fulton, - xxxiv., 266
Robert Fulton, - 4-246
Robert Fulton, yr., - - 4, 5
Fultons and Pollock, xlvi., 4
William Fulton, - xi., 497

Gaffer, - - - - 3, 7
William Galbreath, 272, 368
Gale, Curtis, and Fenner, 479
Mary Gardner or Lochhead, - - - - 32
Doctor Garnet, - - 264
James Gavan, - xxxiii.
William Gemmil, - - lxiv.
King George I., - - 233
King George II., - - 233
King George III., - - 233
King George IV., 116, 247, 425
William Gibb, - - 140
Alexander Gibson, - - xl.
P. Gibson, - - - 197
Rev. George Gilfillan, - 465
Rev. Colin Gillies, - - xlii.
William Glassford, - - 121
Countess of Glasgow, - 479
Oliver Goldsmith, - 17, 342
Gordon and Barclay, - 492
Mrs. James Gordon, - 218
James Graham, 231, 285, 355
John Graham, - - l.
John Graham, - - 355
Thomas Graham, - - 440
Francis Grose, - 113, 346
Nathaniel Gow, - - 199
John Gunn, F.S.A., - 265

Hab, Habbie, - - - 128
Jean Hamilton, Dowager, 197
James Hamilton, - - 463
John Hamilton, Abbot, 8, 190-91, 232
John Hamilton, 12, 203, 385
John Hamilton, - - 504
Margaret Hamilton or Wallace, - - - 191
Hamilton and Power, - 165
Hardyknute, - - 152, 179
John Harkness, - - 103
Blind Harry, - - - 244
Hielan Harry, 3, 8, 12, 449
James Hastie, - - lxii.
Flora Hastings, - - 248
Francis Rawdon Hastings, 247
Marquis of Hastings, 246-48
Jean Hattrick, - - lxv.
Robert Hay, - - 497, 502
William Hector, - - 487
King Henry VIII., 154, 230
Matthew Henderson, - 43
Robert L. Henderson, - 497
Rev. John Henry, - xxxv.
David Herd, - - - 293
"Hob the King," - - 128
Hob, Hobbie, - - - 128
Louis Hoeck, - - 189, 501
James Hog, - - - 140
James Hogg, lxxx.-i, 81, 107, 285, 354, 444
William Holms, M.P., 64, 233
Andrew Houston, - 184-5
Margaret Houston or Bissland, - - - 184
George How, - - - 114
John Howard, - 57, 109
John Howie, - - 291-2
Alexander Hume, - - 11
Alexander Hume, - - 194

Cosmo Innes, - - - 317
Isaac D'Israeli, - - 76

Peter Jack, - - - 494
King James I., - - 176

	Page
King James IV.,	154, 233
King James VI.,	233
King James VII.,	448
King James VIII.,	240
John Jamieson,	285, 292
John Jamieson,	386
Jean,	3, 5, 6
Souter Johnnie,	63, 438
Harry Johnston,	88
Barnabas Keir,	70
William Kennedy,	488
James Kerr,	197
Robert Kerr & Son,	233
John Kemble,	390
Margaret Kibble or Bissland,	184, 185
William Kibble,	184
William Kibble, liv., lvi., 365, 386-7, 407-8, 415, 417	
Alexander Kilpatrick,	249-50
James King, lvii., lxxvi., lxxvii., lxxxi., 81, 106, 266, 274, 297	
Jeanie King,	215
John King, lxiv., 49-50, 88, 205, 215	
John Knox,	116
James Lamb,	348
James Jamieson Lamb, 18, 25, 36, 270, 496-97, 503, 505	
Jeanie Lang,	90
Robert Lang, lxiv., 56-7, 388, 438	
Robert Howard Lang,	57, 389
Alexander Laing, lxvi., 226, 420, 491-2	
David Laing, LL.D., 176, 356, 428	
Andrew Laird,	504-5
The Laird,	3
John Lamon,	298
John Kaspar Lavater,	144
John Lawrence, jun.,	474
Thomas Leishman,	491
William Leggat,	367
William Lennie,	484
Matthew 4th., Earl of Lennox,	230-1
H.R.H. Prince Leopold,	viii., 233
A. & G. Leslie,	lxviii., 69
Matthew G. Lewis,	173
James Lindsay,	496
Linwood Cotton Spinning Co.,	xxx.
Janet Linton or Bunten,	xxv.
John Livingston,	416
Peter Livingston,	416
William Livingston, lxxv., 88-89, 225, 365, 372, 374	
W. H. Lizars,	197
Robert Lockhart,	105
John Lochhead,	32
William Lochhead,	282
Alexander Lochore, D.D.,	378
Robert Lochore,	378
John Lorimer,	10
Countess of Loudon,	247
John 4th., Earl of Loudon,	247
John Love,	xxx., liii.
John Love,	406
Margaret Love or Barr,	92
William Lyle,	118
Marcellus,	182
King Malcom III.,	180
William Malloch & Co.,	389
John Mann,	429
William Manson,	122
Queen Marie,	190, 230, 233
Charles Marshall, lxiv., 374, 428, 462	
Rev. Charles Marshall,	462
William Marshall,	475
George Masson,	510
Robert Maver,	308
William Maver, lxvii., 44, 308	
Charles Maxwell,	184
James Maxwell,	490
John Maxwell,	197
Sir John Maxwell, 230, 232,	448
Sir Robert Maxwell,	196
Henry Meldrum,	425
James Millar,	502
John Millar, lxviii., 19, 73,	179
William Millar,	466
Mirren,	3, 5, 6
John Mitchell,	70, 462

Page

John S. Mitchell, - 497, 516
Earl of Moira, - 246-47-48
Alexander Mollison, lxxvi., 424
Ezekiel Montgomery, - 190
Henry Monteith & Co., - 465
J. and R. Monteith, - 424
Sir John Moore, . - 252
Thomas Moore, - 49, 125
Regent Moray, - - 232
Ellen More, - - 275-76
John Morgan, - - - 101
Lady Morgan, - - 342
Sir Thomas Charles Morgan, - - - - 342
Robert Morgan, - - lxiv.
James Morton, - - 389
John Morton, - lxxxvii., 471, 473-4, 476, 478
James Moss, lxxv., 125, 212, 383, 84
John Mossman, - - 63
James Motherwell, - - 496
William Motherwell, lxxxi., 36-7, 54, 60, 123, 155, 304, 315, 318, 426, 483-4, 489.
James Muir, lxiii., 364, 433, 79-81
William Murdoch, - 466
David Murray, Provost, 64, 233, 498, 503, 505, 509

James M'Alpie, - - 478
James M'Alpine, - - 408
Rev. John M'Dermid, xxxviii.
William M'Dermont, 56, 440
Andrew M'Donald, - - 430
Hugh MacDonald, 25, 235, 465
Alexander M'Donald, - 391
William M'Dowall, - - 126
Daniel Macfarlane, - - 472
Rev. Duncan M'Farlan, - 468
John Macfarlan, 262, 280, 397, 410, 422, 430, 432
Hugh Macfarlane, - - 500
Margaret M'Farlan or Muir, 480
R. F. M'Gibbon, - - 509
J. R. Macgregor, - - 511
Malcolm Macgregor, - 94
P. C. Macgregor, - 498, 510
Rob Roy Macgregor, - 237
Harrow M'Intyre & Co., 465

Page

John M'Intyre, - - 466
Archibald M'Kay, - 460, 480
Robert Mackay, - - 441
William Mackean, - 501, 502
Robert M'Kechnie, - - 480
Henry Mackenzie, - - 120
William M'Kenzie, - - 474
Jane M'Kerrell or Fulton, 5
John M'Kerrell, - - 5
William M'Kerrell, - 211, 246
William M'Laren, lix., lxii.-v., lxxxii.-iii., 44, 52, 60, 65, 212, 214, 318, 364, 374, 378, 460, 477.
John M'Lauchlan, - - 440
Andrew M'Lean, - xxxvi.
Patrick M'Lerie, - - lxiv.
John M'Math, - - 118
Neilie M'Nairn, - - 272
Alexander M'Nab, - - 272
Alexander M'Naught, - lxx.
Alexander M'Neil, xxxiii., 385
Duncan M'Neil, - - 468
Hector Macneil, lxxxii., 265, 437
John M'Neil, - - - 177
Mall M'Neil, - - - 177
Matthew M'Neil, - - 385
Roderick Macneil, - - 182
Will M'Neil, lxviii., 113, 176-83, 273, 300, 367, 374
Robert M'Nish, - - 488
James M'Queen, - - 488
Donald Dubh M'Rimmon, 272
John M'Watters, - - 421

Alexander Napier, - - 252
Emperor Napoleon, - - 395
Alexander Naysmith, - 117
John Neilson, xxxvi., 377, 482
Horatio Nelson, 116, 377-78
William Niven, - - 448

Turlough O'Carolan, 341-2
Mrs. Odger, - - - 404
Olympias, - - - 109
Thady O'More, - - 327
Robert *alias* Hob Ormeston, - - - - 128
Peggy O'Rafferty, - 338-39
James Orr, - - - 62
Robert Orr, . . . xl.

Page
William Orr, . . xxxiii.
Oscar, ... 261
Ossian, ... 261
Sydney Owenson, . 341-42

John Parkhill, lxxxvi., lxxxvii., 270
James Paterson, . . 270
Allan Park Paton, . . 399
E. Paton, . . . 199
Saint Patrick, . . . 178
Albert L. Peace, . . 501
James Peacock, . . 504-5
James Peddie, . . . 481
John Peddie, . . . 484
Lady Perth, . . . 247
Ebenezer Picken, . . 394
Peter Pindar, . . 72, 431
—— Philips, . . . 169
Philip 109
Pliny . . . 94
Agnes Pollock or Orr, xxxiii.
Alexander Pollock, . . 502
Anaple Pollock or Stevenson, . . . xxxiii.
Ann Pollock or Deans, xxxiii., lxxiv.
Ann Pollock or Hastie, lxxiii.
Archibald Pollock, lviii., lxxv., 2, 37, 88, 125
Janet Pollock or Tannahill, xxxii.-iv., lvii., lxxxv., lxxxviii., 65-6, 266, 271.
Jean Pollock or Craig, xxxiii.
Margaret Pollock or Gavan, . . xxxiii.
Margaret Pollock, . . 282
Mary Pollock or M'Neil, xxxiii., 385
Matthew Pollock (1st), xxxii.
Matthew Pollock (2nd), xxxii.
Matthew Pollock (3rd), xxxii.-iii., lxxiii., 282
Matthew Pollock (4th), xxxiii.
William Pollock, . . 496
John Polson, . . . 502
Alexander Pope, 31, 37, 49, 78
William Porteous, 443, 445, 472
Robert Purdie, . . 197

Page
Janet Purdon or Pollock, xxxiii.
John Ralston, . . 163
Allan Ramsay, 36, 37, 203, 308
James Ramsay, . . 494
P. A. Ramsay, lxvi., lxvii., lxxvii., 42, 55, 61, 65, 313, 15, 55, 488, 93, 94.
——Ramsay, . . . 265
John Rannie, . . 218
James Reid, 498, 503, 508
Alexander Renfrew, . 512
Daniel Richmond, . 475, 98
Thomas Richmond, . 377
John Riddle, . . 273-74
David Rizzio, . . . 231
King Robert III., . . 196
Archibald Robertson, . 128
James R. M. Robertson, . 390
John Robertson, . . 394
John Robertson, . 394-95
J. and M. Robertson, . 346
—— Robertson, . 389-91
William Robertson, . 119
Alexander Rodger, 305, 10, 11
Roscius, . . . 94
Roscius, The Young, . 95
Charles Ross, . . . 101
John Ross, lix., lxxii., lxxiv., 11-3, 20, 25, 195-6, 218, 222-3, 229, 308, 391-2, 400, 403, 412, 426, 428.
Robert, 4th Lord Ross, 197
William Ross, . xxxiii.
Robin Roughhead, . . 125
Lewie Roy, . . . 238
Peter Paul Rubens, , 117
M. R., ... 511

James Scadlock, lxi-, lxiv., lxvii., 84, 85, 87, 88, 90, 99, 101, 4, 37, 225, 26, 367, 73, 74, 96, 97, 458, 60.
Frederick Schenk, . 422
James Sclater, . . 62
Janet Slater or Orr, . xl.
John Slater, . . xxxvi.
R. Scott, . . 474-75
Walter Scott, lxxxi., 49, 155, 232, 434, 37
Sultan Selim III., . . 5

Page
Andrew, master of Sempill, xxvii.
David Semple, - ii.-iii, ix., 193
Francis Sempill, . 127-73
James Semple, . . 118
Sir James Sempill, . . 128
Hew 11th Lord Sempill, . 126
Robert, Great Lord Sempill, 230-32
Robert Sempill of Belltrees, 128-317
William Semple, xxxiv.-xxxvi., 101, 61, 267
William Shakspere, 34, 49
George Schaw, Abbot, xxviii., 511
William Sharp, . . 61
Sir John Shaw, . xxxii.
John or Jack Shaw, 212, 15, 420, 45, 46
John Shaw, . . . 215
Margaret Sheddan or Dobie, . . xxxiii.
Robert Sheddan, . . 190
William Shenstone, 78, 137
Habbie Simpson, 127, 128. 272, 317
Robert Skimming, 270, 306
John Skinner, . . 295
Agnes Smith, . 291, 92
Alexander Smith, . . 466
Andrew Smith, xxxvi., li., 209, 504
Andrew Smith, li., 209, 10
James Smith, xlviii., 504

R. A. Smith, lix., lx,, lxiv., lxxii., lxxiv., lxxviii., lxxx., 18, 21-2, 25, 50-1, 53, 55-6, 98, 114, 118, 130, 195, 197-8, 202-3, 208, 112-3, 222, 226, 234, 239, 246, 259, 263, 278, 281, 292, 300, 302, 304-5, 307, 315, 364, 368, 371-2, 382, 392-3, 400, 403, 405, 410-1, 419-20, 426-7, 438, 442, 447, 481, 484, 391, 493, 495, 499, 501.
Robert Smith, . . 20
Robert Smith, . 489-91
Page
William Smith, . . 489
Arthur Sneddon, lxxxvii.-viii.
Alexander Speirs, . . 177
Archibald Speirs, . . 5
Mary Spreul, . . 193
James Stevenson, xxxiii., 270
John Stevenson, . . 378
James Steven, lxxix., 92, 212, 420, 46, 47
Allan Stewart, lviii., 102, 14, 15, 482
Charles J. E. Stewart, 240
James Stewart, . 98, 316
Janet Stewart or Allan, . 215
Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, Bart., . . . 486
Thos. Stewart, lxxviii., lxxix., lxxiv., 303, 315, 430, 435
Walter Stewart, 7, 190, 233
William Stuart, lxiv., lxxx., lxxxviii., 50, 51, 53, 98, 114, 315, 16, 68, 74, 82, 83, 92, 93, 443.
William Stuart, . . 184
William Stewart, 476, 497, 514
Peter Still, . . . 466
Thomas Stratton, . . 262
John Struthers, 99, 379, 83, 94
Mr. Sutherland, . . . 39
Donald Sutherland, . 507
Andrew Tannahill, . xxxix.-xl., lvi., lxxxviii.
Hugh Tannahill, . xxxix.-xl., liv., lxxxviii., 4, 65, 266, 365
James Tannahill, . xxv.-vi., xxxii.-iii., xxxv., xxxvii-viii., xl.-i., xlv., lxxxv., lxxxviii., 66, 184, 266, 498.
James Tannahill, xxxix.-xl., li., lvi., lxiv., lxxxv., lxxxvii.-viii., 66, 472.
James Tannahill, . . 399
Janet Tannahill, . . xxv.
Janet Tannahill or Smith xxxix.-xl., xliv., xlviii., lvi., lxxxviii.
George Tannahill, . lxxxv.
John Tannahill, xxv., xxxv.-vi., 184
Marion Tannahill, . . xxv.
Mary Tannahill, . . xxv.

Page
Matthew Tannahill, xxxix.-xl., lvi., lxxxv., lxxxviii., 25, 66, 246, 250, 345, 368, 442, 466, 472, 476, 499.
Peter Tannahill, . . 496
Robert Tannahill, . . xxv.
Robert Tannahill, . xxv.-vi.,
ROBERT TANNAHILL, xxx x.-xl., xliii., xlv-vi., 128, 205, 211
Robert Tannahill, . . li. xxxv., 184
Thomas Tannahill, . xxv.-vi.
Thomas Tannahill, . xxv.-vi., xxxi., xxxv.
Thomas Tannahill, xxxix.-xl., xlvii., li., lvi., lx., lxxxviii., 66
Thomas Tannahill, . . li.
James Tannock, lxiii., 117, 481
Nanse Tannock, . . 129
Jenny Tennant, . 1., 209 10, 212, 216
David Taylor, . . . 474
John Tennant, . . 56
George Thomson, lxxvi., 338, 413, 418, 430
James Thomson, . 49, 139
William Thomson, 102, 387, 412
Timotheus, . . . 74
John Tolmie, . . 114, 412
Davie Tulloch, . . 310
Ullin, the Bard, . . 261
David Vedder, . 420-22
Vernor and Hood, . lxvi.-vii., 41, 71, 173
Queen Victoria, 7, 200, 233, 425
Publius Virgilius, . . 78
Prince of Wales, . 116, 233
Alexander Wallace, xxvii.
Sir William Wallace, 49, 243-44
John Walker, . . . 218
Margaret Walker, . . 177
Robert Walkinshaw, . 483-4
William Walkinshaw, . 176
James Waterston, . . 496-7
John Watson, . . . 212
Richard Watson, . . 497
Robert Watt, . . 480, 484
Alexander Weir, . xxxvi.
Alexander Weir, . xlviii., 9
Benjamin West, . . 117

Page
Alexander Whitelaw, 250, 293, 345, 358
Muirlan Willie, . 3, 6, 16 449
Alexander Wilson, . 60-4, 126, 233, 267, 481, 490
John Wilson, . . 200, 481
John Wilson, 74, 121, 181, 235, 494
John Wolcot, . . 72, 431
Mrs. John Wright, . 107, 398, 423, 432-3, 437 451,
William Wylie, lxiv., 55, 104 5, 367, 434
William Wylie, . . lxiv.
Whang the miller, . . 17-8
Ann Whitcher or Smith, 20
John White, . . xxx.
James Wight, . . 186
Thomas Willoughby, . 165
Elizabeth Wilson , . 200
John Wilson, . . 232
Robert Wishart, bishop, 53, 54
Rev. John Witherspoon, xxvii.
William Wordsworth, . 235
Luckie Wright, . . 45
Mary Wright, . . 237
Thomas Wright, . . 407

James Yool, . . . 466
James Young,. . . 56
James Young, . . 379
Stephen Young, . . 477
S. and A. Young, . . 448
Rev. Walter Young, . 21

George Zimmerman, 101, 144

Phantom of Crookston, . 232
Philanthropists, . 57, 109
Pindaric imitation, . . 72
Pipers, King of, . . 94
Plantations of Loudon, . 247
Plantin taps, . 25, 26, 224
Plunkin Street, Definition of, . . . 359, 486
Poems of Tannahill, see Songs, . . . 542
Poems of other persons, see Songs of others. . . 544

Page
Pollock families of Boghall, xxxiii.
Portrait of Burns for Kilbarchan Club, . . 117
Portrait of the Author, *Frontispiece.*
Portrait of the Editor, ii.
Port wine, . . . 162
Preface, ... v.
Presidents of Tannahill Club, ... 497
Prospectus of 1st edition, lxxiii.
Printing commenced in Paisley, . . xxxvi.
Publication of the first edition, . . . lxxii.
Quaint appearance of Merksworth gate, . 485
Queen's Birthday, . . 200
Queen of the Gaelic kirk, 5
Queer Sir John, . . 116
Raven's Glen, *Glenfeoch*, or the, ... 19
Rebellion of 1745, . . 240
Recruiting in Paisley, . 4
Regiment, The 79th, . 4-5, 11
Removal of outside stairs, lxxi.
Renewal of the Poet's companionships, . . lvii.
Resuming the Muse by the Poet, . . . lvii.
Return to Paisley, Poet's, lv.-vi.
Review of Paisley Volunteers', ... 246
Reward of £30,000, . 240
Ring, The gold, . . 32
Robin Roughhead in the play, ... 125
Rosinante, . . . 120
Roup of steadings in Broomlands, . . 504
Royal Visit of H. R. H. Prince Leopold, . . 233
Sampler, Miss Tannahill's, xliv.
Scandal, ... 110
Scenery of Lochwinnoch, 12-67
Scenery in the "Soldier's Return," . . . 7
School, Storie Street, . 377
Scotish, or Scottish, The word, ... 197
Scribbling of rhymes, . 426
Selector, Author's Pieces in, . . lxvii. 378-9
Sempill Poets, . . . 127-8
Sensualist, The, . . 110
Sherry wine, . . . 162
Shield of Fingal, . . 46
Shirts without seams, . 425
Singing of Jack Shaw, . 445
Singing of the Poet's Songs, lxxvii., 432
Slavery abolished, . . 75
Smoking, . . lxi., 114
"Soldier's Return," The composing of the, . . lviii.
Solitude, ... 137

SONGS AND POEMS OF TANNAHILL.

POEMS, TITLES OF.*

Allan's Ale, . . 161, 393
Ambitious mite, . . 148, 378
Assumed sanctity, . . 159
Bachanalians, . . 167, 378
Baudrons and the Henbird, ... 150
Burns' Club or Society, Odes at anniversary meetings of, 44-5, 50, 54, 378, 38
Burns' funeral dirge, 41, 372
Bowlman's Remonstrance, 69
Character, Man of . . 160
Character, Mode for attaining a . . . 160
Choice, The . . . 136
Cock Pit, The . . . 167
Connel and Flora, . . 152
Contrast, The . . . 137
Departed Friend, . . 68
Eild, ... 131
Elegy on Will M'Neil, . 176
Emigration of A. Wilson, 60
Epigrams :—
Dick to Bob, . . . 175
French invasion, . . 175

* Index to first lines of Poems in all the Editions will be found at pages xiv.-xv.

Page

Laming, . . . 358
Women's tongue, . . 175
Epistles to Robert Allan, 122
,, James Barr, 92, 378
,, Alex. Borland, 106
,, Jas. Buchanan, 113
,, James King, . 81
,, J. Scadlock, 84, 99, 378
,, W. Thomson, 102
,, William Wylie, 104
Epitaphs on
Thomas Bissland, . 184
An old maid, . . 186
A farthing gatherer, . 186
An intoxicated person, . 186
Evil Speaker, . . 142
Filial Vow, . . 65
Flatterer, On a . . 141
Fop, passing old beggar. 138
Guinea Note, The 139, 140
Hauntet Wud, The. . 155
Jealousy, Ode to . 141, 378
Lesson A, . . . 143
Moralist, The . . 142
Old Beggar, The . 352, 369
Parnassiad, . . . 75
Parody on Tom Wilioughby, . . 165
Pleasures of Hope, 73, 74
Portrait of Guilt, The . 173
Prayer under affliction, . 67
Prologue to Gentle Shepherd, . . 37, 38
Purse proud, - - - 158
Recruiting service drum, 351
Resolve to give up rhyming, 132
Rich Grip-us, - - - 158
Riddle, A, - - - 358
Scotch Drink, - - 169
Self-sufficiency, - - 72
Siller stands for sense, - 156
Sincerity. - - 71, 369
Soldier's Return, 1, 366, 384 385, 401, 436
Spider darting on a fly, . 157
Storm, The, - - - 39
Successor to old Charon . 161
Tap room, The, . . 171
Towser, ... 143
Trifler's sabbath-day, The 172

SONGS, TITLES OF. *

Page

Adieu sweet Erin, . 340
Amang Lomond braes, . 348
Amake my harp, . . 339
An war ye at Duntocher burn, . . 297, 420
Banks of Spey, . . 314
Bard of Glen-Ullin, 261, 397
Bard, The wandering . 260
Barochan Jean, . 266, 435
Bonnie Hielan laddie, . 356
Bonnie winsome Mary, . 286
Bonnie wood o Craigielee, . . . 192
Braes of Balquither, . 237
Braes of Gleniffer, The, 195, 401, 426
Brave Lewie Roy, . 239
Caller Herrin, . 349, 425
Coggie, The, .321, 378, 403
Coggie thou heals me, . 323
Come hame to your lingels 326
Companion of my sports, . 252
Contentment, . . . 294
Cruikston Castle's lanely wa's, . 187, 229, 422
Davie Tulloch's Katie, . 310
Defeat, The, . . 254
Desert Isle, . . 303
Despairing Mary, . 300
Dirge of Carolan, . 341
Disabled Seaman, 259, 546
Dusky Glen, The, 25, 223
Early spring, . 204
Ellen More, Faithful, . 275
Echoes of the woods o Bowgreen, . . 213
Eveleen, or Green Inismore, ... 231
Fareweel, The, . . 214
Fair-haired Nannie, . 288
Fickle Frien'ship and caul misfortune, . . 299
Fill, Fill the merry bowl, 324

* Index to first lines of Songs in all Editions will be found at pages xvi., xvii.

Page
Five Friens, The, 315, 434, 443
Flower of Levern side, . 228
Gem of Pearly dew, 280, 397
Gloomy Winter's now awa, . . . 193, 437
Grey pinioned lark, The, 189, 401, 403
Harper of Mull, . 263, 447
Hey, Donald, how Donald, 304
Highlander's invitation, 320
How can you gang, lassie, 305
How to win a bonnie lassie, 290
I'll lay me on the wintry lea, ... 306
Irish farmer, . . . 322
Irish teaching, . . 333
Jessie the flower o' Dunblane, . 208, 445, 46
Kathleen owns she loves me, ... 327
Kebbuckston weddin, . 269
Killochburn, . . . 225
Kisst yestreen, . . 312
Kitty More, . . . 330
Kitty O'Carrol, . . 327
Kitty Tyrell, . . . 328
Lass o Arranteenie, 234, 447
Lassie o merry auchteen, The 309
Lassie, tak the lad ye like, 295
Lassie, will ye tak a man, 16, 219
Lone, silent grave, . . 279
Loudon's bonnie woods, 246, 402
Lad I loe sae dear, . . 206
Laddie, can ye lea me, . 217
Lament for poor Drimindu, 335
Lament of Wallace, 243, 381, 84, 85
Langsyne beside the woodlan burn, . 20, 222
Maniac's song, The . 307
Marjorie Miller, . . 314
Mary is a bonnie lass, . 284
Meg o the Glen, . . 311
Mine ain dear somebody, 287,
Molly my dear, . . 335
My ain kind dearie, . 335
Page
My days hae flown wi' speed, . . , 295
My dear Hielan laddie, 18, 220
Negro Girl, . . 308, 378
Och hey! Johnnie, lad, 291, 394
Our Bonnie Scots lads, 11, 218
Peggy O'Rafferty, . . 338
Plunkin Weddin, . . 359
Rab Roryson's bonnet, 273, 428
Return of gallant tons, . 258
Romantic shades, . . 227
Rude bustling camp, 33, 224
Shelah, my darling, . 336
Sheelin hill, . . . 289
Simmer gloamin, . . 205
Sing on, sweet warbler, . 288
Sleepin Maggie, . . 281
Snowstorm, . . . 276
Soldier's adieu, . . 249
Soldier's funeral, . 256, 369
Soldier's Widow, . . 253
Unrequited love, . . 216
Weel o'er the braes o Yarrow 346
Weep not, my Love, . 251
Why unite to banish care, 318
Will you gang to Sherramuir, ... 354
Winter is gane, . 202, 371
Witless wish, . . . 302
Worn Soldier, . 257, 402
Wreck on Isle of May, . 278
Young Donald and his Bride; or, The Hielan Plaid, . . 241, 400, 408

SONGS AND POETRY OF OTHERS.

Abbey waw inscription, xxviii.
Almshouse inscription, . xxix.
Bard of Caledonia, . . 130
Braes of Balquither, . 238
Brave Lewie Roy, . . 240
Burns, The comet, . . 51
Burns' favourite caup, . 129
Burns, The Wreath of, . 427
Centenary ode to the memory of Tannahill, . 516
Come hame to your lingels, 326
Critic, The, . . . 410
Davie Tulloch's Katie, . 310

Page

Description of Lochwinnoch parish, . . . 267
Description of Paisley, . 121
Despondency, . . . 370
Epistle to Robert Tannahill, 448
Farewell, my Home, . . 248
Gloamin, The, . . . 89
Harp, The, . . . 130
Hey Donald, Ho Donald, 304
How can you gang lassie, . 305
Husbandry, Address on, . 267
I'll lay me on the wintry lee, ... 306
Kisst yestreen, . . 312
Lad I lo'e so dear, . . 207
Lament on Scotia's bard, 131
Lord Nelson's victory, . 377
Lucy, ... 235
Marjorie Miller, . . 313
Meg o the Glen, . . 311
My old uncle John, . . 375
No rest where the bugles sing, ... 396
Odes to the Memory of Tannahill, . . . 455
By Robert Allan, . . 467
,, James Archibald, . 469
,, Alexander Borland, 455
,, Robert Clark, . . 461
,, James King, . . 460
,, Hugh MacDonald, . 464
,, John Mitchell, . 462
,, William Murdoch, . 466
,, William M'Laren, . 469
,, Duncan M'Neil, . 468
,, James Scadlock, . 458
Pæan, A, . . . 511
"Spring" and "Levern banks," . . . 90
Sonnet by M— R——, . 511
Tribute to Tannahill, A, . 514
Will you gang tae Sherramuir, ... 354
Winter is gane, . . 202

Sowen brods and seat-trees, 434
Spendthrift, The, . . 110
Sphinx, The, . . 5, 11, 23
Statue of Habbie Simpson, 128, 129

Page

Statue of Alex. Wilson, 63, 233
Steadings, Sale of building, ... xxxvi.
Steeple, High church, 10, 28
Snuff boxes, Craig's, . 441
Streets of Paisley in 1756, ... xxvi.
Strings in the Lyre, . . 74
Suppressed couplet, . 107
Sweet Ferguslie, . 189, 190
Sweethearts of Tannahill, 209, 215

Tablet of birth, Fixing, . 503
Tannahill, Character of James . . . lxxxvii.
Tannahill Club, . . 496
Tannahill Club, Chairmen of, ... 497
Tannahill by Struthers, Sketch of, . . . 383
Tannock, Caup of Nanse, 129-130
Temperance, . . . 110
Theatre, Paisley, . 37, 39
Theatres, . 95, 383-4, 390, 404, 420, 445
Theatrical profession, . 366
Thorn, . . . xii., 270
Tinging of plantin taps, 25-6
Toasts at Burns' Club anniversary, . . lxiv.
Tomb in St. Mirin's Aisle, 54
Tombstone, Articles deposited under Poet's, . 499
Tombstone, Erection of, . 498
Tombstone, Expense of, . 502
Tombstone of W. MacNeil, 178
Toom Meal Pock, . . 394
Trades' Library, . . lxx.
Trade of Paisley in 1756, xxx.
Traditions of Crocston, . 231

Umbrellas introduced into Paisley, . . . 9
University of Glasgow, . 177

Verse-making Weaver, . lxvi.
Verses of Scadlock, . 90
Vice, ... 111

	Page
Visit of Tannahill to Coila,	xlix.
Visits to Paisley, Royal,	233
Volunteers of 1803,	211
Wabster Pate,	17
Wallace Monument,	245
Water works, Paisley,	197
Weavers' coat of Arms,	85
Weavers' society, Paisley,	xxxv.
Weavers' corporation, J. Tannahill elected Deacon of,	xli.
Wealth,	112
Wedding of Jean and Harry,	32
White swan, The,	162
Will of John Mann,	429
Wilson's juvenile drawing,	26
Windy Saturday,	274
Woodside, Lands of,	189-90
Wren, The Disconsolate,	64
Yeomanry cavalry, Renfrewshire,	16
Yew Tree of Crocston,	230
Zealot,	110

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